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FROM MED TO MUM

An Adventure of My Own

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

MAN has long been a seagoing animal, and I have no doubt that if the recorded tales of his misadventures at sea were to be gathered together in one place the building to house them would cover an area larger than that occupied by the British Museum or the United States Congressional Library. As for the unrecorded tales, the air exhaled in vocal narratives by the shipwrecked must equal, in cubic content, the earth's atmosphere as far as the stratosphere, or that, in violent motion, which has piled vessels on lee shores since the dawn of maritime adventure.

Why then, it may be asked, do I add another bit of superfluous salvage to the enormous mountain heaped up by my predecessors in shipwreck? I can find no adequate reason for doing so. I will merely say, in apology, that one's first experience of shipwreck seems, somehow, unique, different from the experiences of others, and, I believe, would open up an unsuspected

seam of garrulity in the most monosyllabic of men. Of a sudden he is gifted — not, like the Ancient Mariner, with a strange power of speech, but only with a strange and deplorable need for it; and, to carry unlikeness further, he stoppeth, not one of three, but all three, and as many more as he can persuade into listening to his tale. So, I fear, I mean to do, but I take comfort in the thought that no auditor of our times need be in the position of the wedding guest who could not choose but hear.

To begin at the beginning of this affair, I must go back one hundred and forty-six years, to a day late in December 1787, when His Majesty's armed transport, *Bounty*, sailed from Spithead for the island of Tahiti, in the South Sea. The *Bounty's* errand, it will be remembered, was to collect a cargo of young breadfruit trees for transportation to the English plantations in the West Indies, where, it was hoped, the trees would thrive,

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providing a cheap and perpetual supply of food for the slaves of the planters.

The results of that expedition are too well known to require retelling here. Every English-speaking school-boy has at least heard of the *Bounty* mutiny. 'Ill-fated,' shopworn though it be, is certainly the term to be applied to that vessel and her breadfruit voyage. It is possible that Captain Bligh may have had a premonition of disaster on the morning of December 23, when, after long delays, he at last saw the cliffs of England vanishing in the mists astern; but, whatever his misgivings, they could not have carried him, in thought, close to a century and a half into the future. He could not have fancied that one James N. Hall would say (or, rather, think), as he clung to the starboard rail of a two-masted, ninety-ton schooner, at three o'clock of a pitch-black night in September 1933, while the vessel pounded with appalling violence on a coral reef: 'I have Captain William Bligh to thank for this!'

Nevertheless, that is what I did think at about 3.10 A.M. on that day, and the realization brought the only trickle of risible juice I was able to extract from the situation. A deal of blame was heaped upon Captain Bligh's head during his lifetime, and more has been mounded up over his ashes these past six generations. It is with reluctance that I add a small burden of responsibility to this memorial mountain. As I place it gently there, 'Sir,' I say, 'forgive me. Though the responsibility is yours, I well know that you were not guilty of malice aforethought.'

Then I hear, or seem to hear, a short, harsh, explosive, mirthless laugh issuing from somewhere beneath the centre of the mound. 'Damme, sir!' comes the reply. 'Have no compunc-

tions. Lay on what you will — more if you like. I'm used to it.'

I wish that I had something of Captain Bligh's direct and forthright nature. He would say that I have no clearer conception of a straightforward course in a narrative than 'that mutinous rogue,' Fletcher Christian, had of his duty to his commander or his King. Nevertheless, though I know that he would heartily disapprove and condemn, I must proceed in my own way, with, perhaps, a deal of backing and filling. Furthermore, since I am writing this tale, in part at least, to while away the hours and the days following shipwreck on an uninhabited island, I see no reason why I should not be as leisurely in method as I choose; and it interests me to trace back some of the delicate threads of Chance which drew me, as though with the strength of wire cables, to this tiny atoll in the mid-Pacific, three hundred miles from Pitcairn Island, nine hundred miles from Tahiti, and geologic years, it seems, from the day in the late autumn of 1916 when I first became interested in the story of the *Bounty* mutiny.

II

Paris was the place where this strongest thread of Chance seized me round. I was then learning to fly at the French Blériot school at Buc, near Versailles, and had already made my first 'hop' of several hundred metres in a Blériot equipped with a 25-horse-power Anzani engine, the same type of plane in which Monsieur Blériot himself had made his flight across the English Channel in the summer of 1909. Curiously enough, I was spending a holiday in England at the time of that first Channel flight, and I well remember going to Selfridge's store, in London, where the plane in which Monsieur Blériot had made it was

placed on exhibition. I remember, too, the steady stream of Englishmen who passed before the little ship, gazing at it in silence — thoughtfully, soberly. Where now was Britain's isolation? Of a sudden the Channel moat seemed narrow indeed — a mere thread of shining water. It was a memorable day. I too had more than a vague realization of its significance, and, as I stood before that frail contraption of wires and ribs and linen fabric, I was conscious of a feeling of mingled uneasiness and disapproval. Not only the English Channel, but the world as a globe, seemed to have shrunk perceptibly; it was nothing like so large as it had appeared to me a few days earlier when I was biking southward from Scotland, thinking of anything but aeroplanes. I peered apprehensively into the future, but my misgivings at that time were by no means so strong as they should have been. I saw there a world unquestionably smaller, whirling about the sun, but it was not the wrinkled pea we now inhabit, where humanity jostles elbows, wrangling with and snarling at one another, fighting for standing room, and all the while engaged in perverse efforts to make it smaller still.

Least of all, as I stood in Selfridge's sumptuous emporium, did I see myself, seven years and three months later, walking the streets of Paris, a half-fledged Blériot pilot. I was a happy man that gray autumnal afternoon. Had I not made my first flight? Was I not in the process of becoming a *pilote de chasse* in the French Air Service? Meanwhile I had forgotten, for the moment, the plight of Mother Earth, or, better, that of her misguided and multitudinous children.

Youth learning to fly in these days can know little, I fancy, of the keen delight of the youth of 1916, trying their wings for the first time. The

conquest of the air was then so startlingly recent, and nothing of the bloom had been lost from our sense of the strangeness and wonder of the achievement. And then, too, there was the war in the background, just beyond horizons which we could push back at will — widen and enlarge in a few moments of soaring flight. The Great War! We were all bound for it as soon as we had learned to fly. Small wonder that many of us thought of it in terms of adventure, and, in more reflective moments, as the beginning of a new world rather than as the annihilation of an old and better one.

Paris could never have worn her autumnal weeds with a more pensive and becoming grace than she did on that November afternoon. The pavements were wet, shimmering softly in the gray light, and the voice of the streets was the mingled intermittent toot of taxi horns — those chugging little taxis that had helped to win the first Battle of the Marne. As I turned into Brentano's bookshop (or was it that of W. H. Smith and Son?) I paused to look back through a drizzle that was becoming something much damper; then, entering the shop, I asked an attendant whether he could tell me of any volumes of verse by an Irishman named Francis Ledwidge. A few days earlier I had read, in an English newspaper, a poem by this to me unknown writer, which began: —

Had I a golden pound to spend
My love should mend and sew no more;
But I would buy her a little quern
Easy to turn on the kitchen floor;
And, for her windows, curtains white
With birds in flight and flowers in bloom,
Gaily to front the road to town
And mellow down the sunlit room.

This had convinced me that I wanted to read more of Francis Ledwidge's verse if it was obtainable. But the attendant could tell me nothing of

him, which was not strange at that time; so I loafed about the shop, picking up volumes at random, adding fragments to a large store of literature pilfered in this fashion. Presently I found myself in front of a shelf of small cloth-covered volumes — the World's Classics series of the Oxford Press. *The Mutiny of the Bounty*, one of the titles read. I recalled having read something concerning that episode in English maritime history. I remembered Captain Bligh, and that Pitcairn Island was the refuge of the mutineers, but this was about the extent of my knowledge.

The volume I took from the shelf was Sir John Barrow's narrative, first published in 1831: a clear, factual account of the breadfruit expedition, the long sojourn at Tahiti, the mutiny and the chapters of consequences. My interest was immediately engaged and held, to such an extent that I bought the volume to carry with me back to Buc.

A boyhood interest in the islands of 'the great South Sea,' as it was called in George the Third's time, was thus reawakened, and I promised myself that, if I should survive the war, I would visit the archipelagoes toward which I felt particularly drawn: the Society Islands, the Marquesas, the Tuamotu Group, the Cook Group, and the Australs. And, further, that if an opportunity to visit Pitcairn Island should present itself, I would by no means let it pass.

III

Two years later I was again on leave, in Paris, where I met a fellow countryman and fellow airman whose wishes, with respect to the South Seas, coincided with my own. The war was ended, the Armistice signed, and we were awaiting orders for home.

Meanwhile, we discussed plans for the future, now that a future seemed reasonably certain. But what kind of future would it be? We were none too sanguine as we discussed the matter. The moment of hope, of splendid opportunity, when, it seemed, humanity was in truth about to take a new turning, — to profit by the mistakes of the past, — had come and gone. There were the statesmen, at Versailles, led by the Tiger, sowing dragon's teeth, and tiger's teeth, to every corner of the habitable world. How soon would the harvest be? We believed that we should see it and continue to see and partake of it to the end of our days, and our children after us. 'Our best course,' said my friend, 'is to retire as far as possible from the mess and muddle to come.'

I agreed. We were neither of us conceited enough to believe that our joint disapproval of the Peace Conference proceedings could affect them in any way, or that the mess to come would be any the less messy if we should be struggling in the midst of it. A discreet withdrawal before we should be sucked into the bog seemed a sensible proceeding, and what better refuge could we find than on some remote island in the Pacific?

My friend was an amateur in the literature of South Sea exploration and travel, and he put me in the way of many a fascinating volume — in particular, those concerned with Polynesia. Meanwhile we had arrived at home, to discover that the war was far from ended in many sections of the U. S. A. So fiercely did the winds of hatred yet blow that the Teutonic blood in the body politic was still flowing, perforce, in secret subterranean channels. And there seemed to be a kind of hysteria everywhere, a natural reaction, perhaps, to the sudden release from the strain of war.

My friend urged me on to the point of joining him in making definite plans for departure, but another six months was to pass before we were ready to leave. By that time the army of Babbits, as yet unnamed, was gathering numbers and impetus and confidence. They were organizing their battalions, and their leaders were beginning to shout the ecstatic battle cries from the fortieth-floor windows of Chambers of Commerce. 'Produce — Consume!' was gathering currency as the watchword, and the word 'SERVICE,' in capital letters, was used to describe the latest brand of commercial ethics. Presidents of universities, attended by trustees and boards of regents, were laying the corner stones of the sumptuous palaces to house the Schools of Business Administration where, among others, would be taught the new economic doctrine that thrift was no longer a virtue, and that those who failed to consume more to-day than they had yesterday were enemies of the state.

My friend and I were more than ever convinced that the Golden Gate would be a beautiful sight viewed from the stern of a vessel bound in a south-westerly direction across the Pacific. Therefore we hastily packed our bags, and, late in January 1920, we were outward bound, with Tahiti as our destination.

IV

I will now pass over twelve years as rapidly as, in truth, they seem to have passed. They were years of pure gain, and, as I looked back over them, my only regret was that I could not promise myself a cycle of lustres to be spent in the same quiet way. I had ample time for the pleasures of reading and reflection, and to make a belated start at raising a family. I had time, as well, for those periods of reverie so

refreshing to the spirit; one comes out of them feeling renewed, reborn, and seems to leave behind a scaly integument like the cast-off skin of a snake.

To return to Captain Bligh and the rest of the *Bounty's* company, they had been often in my thoughts during these years. My home, on the island of Tahiti, was within a quarter of an hour's walk of One-Tree Hill, which encloses the western side of Matavai Bay, where the *Bounty* had first anchored. A five minutes' walk in the opposite direction would bring me to the place of her second anchorage, where she had lain during the early part of the austral summer, and so accurate was Bligh's chart of that bit of coast line that I could paddle to the precise spot in the lagoon where the ship had swung gently at moorings over her mirrored reflection. Near by flowed the small spring-fed stream where the casks had been filled before the departure for the West Indies and home, as they then thought, with the cargo of more than two thousand young breadfruit trees, in tubs.

My house stands at the entrance to a little valley between these two points, within fifty paces of the lagoon beach; and many an afternoon, as I sat on my verandah, I had only to close my eyes to see Captain Bligh striding along the strip of foreshore on one of his multitudinous errands. He must have made many journeys back and forth, past the very spot, and, in doing so, seemed to have left something of himself there: an impalpable dust of energy to mingle with the rich volcanic soil; a spiritual hardness and stubbornness, so to speak, which appeared to have lacquered, among others, a great boulder in my back yard, giving it increased resistance to the weathering action of wind and rain. As for Fletcher Christian, I felt his presence, his mercurial spirit, vari-

ously: sometimes on sunny mornings, when the sea was as blue and placid as the sky; but more often on nights of tempestuous weather, when the chafing limbs of the *purau* trees groaned and complained, and the broad leaves of plantains were frayed and tattered by the wind.

Yes, mine was an excellent vantage point for viewing, not alone the principals in the *Bounty* tragedy, but the other members of the company as well: the skylarking midshipmen; Mr. Huggan, the hard-drinking surgeon, who was to leave his alcoholic carcass on the island, to inebriate the very soil for a hundred yards around; Purcell, the carpenter, who was, apparently, an inferior Bligh in character and temper, and who was to have his inferiority pointed out to him so unmistakably during the open-boat voyage to Timor; Mr. Cole, the boat-swain, whom I saw invariably as a broad-shouldered, powerfully built man, rather below middle stature, with a rugged, kindly face, and a disposition as gentle and forbearing as his character as a seaman was trustworthy. Officers and men alike, they passed and repassed along the Arué beach, with the glamorous aura of far-away-and-long-ago enveloping each one, and none of them knowing what I knew: that, within a few weeks' time, they were to be scattered far and wide over the Pacific, to meet ends as various as the points of the compass to which they were dispersed.

But Pitcairn was still unvisited. In the imagination, I seemed to know it as intimately as I knew the decks of the *Bounty* and the men who had trod them, but I longed to go there in the flesh. Although the island is but little more than twelve hundred miles from Tahiti, it is rare, in these days, that an opportunity for direct communication presents itself. I had been com-

pelled to pass by two such opportunities, widely separated. I resolved that the third — should there be a third — would find me attached to it with octopus-like tentacles.

It came precisely forty-eight days ago. I had biked into Papeete for my monthly mail from the U. S. A., and while at the *bureau de poste*, glancing over the list of trading-schooner sailings, I read: '*Pro Patria*: Îles Tuamotus — Manga Reva — Pitcairn. Le 17 août.'

The *Pro Patria* is, or was, a few weeks since, a two-masted, ninety-ton schooner owned by a firm of Chinese merchants who sometimes used her for their own affairs and sometimes chartered her for other ventures. I lost not a moment in making inquiries, and when I learned that she was under charter, for the Pitcairn voyage, to Monsieur Pierre Miller, I was more than ever content with my opportunity. I knew that the companionship on board would be as enjoyable as the food would be excellent, and the schooner as free from the customary cockroaches, copra bugs, and dirt as a man with a passion for order and cleanliness could make her. I learned that the ultimate destination, Pitcairn, had been decided upon for no other reason than that Mr. Miller himself wanted to see the place.

'I've always meant to go there,' he told me, 'and I think it high time I did, after all these years.'

We were to sail at eight o'clock that same evening, and I biked home to make my preparations. A considerable amount of schooner travel in the eastern Pacific had acquainted me with the needs for such a voyage, but, as usual, I halted in doubt before my bookshelves. What should I take for reading matter? After the customary period of painful indecision, I chose Wordsworth, my old and well-worn Sir John Barrow (to refresh my mem-

ory on points in the *Bounty* story), and, at random, a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I had only recently acquired my set of the *Britannica* — having longed for one in vain for at least twenty years. For the Pitcairn voyage I chose Volume XVIII, covering that area of human knowledge extending from MED to MUM. It occurred to me that a voyage across this immense tract would be as profitable as one over any of the others; therefore I laid the volume, with Wordsworth and Barrow, on top of the spare shirts in my suitcase, and, thus provided, set out for the Low Islands, Manga Reva, and Pitcairn.

V

My thoughts were often with Fletcher Christian as we proceeded on our leisurely voyage. It will be remembered that after the mutiny, which occurred near Tofoa, in the Friendly Islands, as they were then called, and after Captain Bligh had been set adrift, with eighteen loyal men, in the ship's launch, the *Bounty* eventually returned to Tahiti, the mutineers having first made a disastrous attempt to establish themselves on the island of Tubuai. At Tahiti the men parted company, most of them having decided to remain on the island, come what might. But Christian well knew that Tahiti offered no safe refuge, remote though it was, in those days, from Europe. Therefore, having taken in a supply of fresh provisions, water, and live stock, consisting of fowls, goats, and pigs, he set out again, with eight of the mutineers, six native men, and twelve women who had been persuaded to follow him. He knew of Pitcairn Island, which had been discovered, in 1767, by Captain Carteret, in the *Swallow*. It was far from the tracks of any vessels likely to cross the Pacific in whatever direction. If he could be safe anywhere from

the long arm of the British Admiralty, he would be safe there.

It is known that the *Bounty* sailed on this last voyage late in September 1789, and that Christian, having found Pitcairn, — one hundred and fifty miles from the position as given by Carteret, — carried ashore his supplies, partly dismantled the vessel, and then burned her, on January 23, 1790. The presumption is that he must have spent two months at least, possibly three, in reaching Pitcairn. Following him to the same destination, one hundred and forty-four years later, I wondered how nearly our course coincided with his own. Not closely, perhaps, except in general direction, and yet we must have crossed the *Bounty's* track more than once during our voyage. The *Pro Patria* proceeded, first, to Niau, in the Low Archipelago, then to Apataki, after which, heading southeast, we sailed down that vast 'cloud of islands' to Fakarava, where we deposited two Mormon missionaries. We then crossed the forty-mile Fakarava lagoon, studded with innumerable small islands, and went out at the pass in the southern reef. Then, having called at Hikueru and Amanu, we set our course for Tematangi — Bligh's Island, to give it its English name, for Bligh discovered it on April 5, 1792, when on his way to Tahiti in the *Providence*, on his second, and successful, breadfruit-tree voyage. In these days the island is as lonely as a dream of loneliness, lonelier even than when Bligh passed it, for its handful of inhabitants have long since gone, leaving the small islands threaded along the reef to the sea fowl and the hermit crabs, and its lagoon as a mirror for clouds and moon and stars. Here the *Pro Patria* stood off and on for a day while some of us went ashore in the whaleboat to fish and to cut firewood for the galley stove. I did neither the one nor the other, but

immediately set off alone toward the far end of the island.

I have often been tempted by the prospect of an experiment in solitude. It was the war, I think, and the herded, minutely regulated existence soldiers were compelled to endure in the battle areas of northern France, that set me to dreaming of solitude as an actual, realizable state of being. I discovered in myself, during the years 1914 to 1918, a hoarded-up, seemingly immeasurable capacity for it — for solitude as distinguished from mere privacy. This latter was well enough, I thought, but it was a good precariously held, at the mercy of Chance and the first passer-by. Solitude was one man alone in nature: in a desert place; on some uninhabited island in the farthest seas. It was that I wanted — at least, what I then believed I wanted.

Often, during my years on Tahiti, I have gone so far as to make plans against the day when I might be free for an authentic experiment in solitude. My idea would be not to depend for food upon my own resources and those of an island. On the contrary, I would take an adequate supply of necessities, even luxuries, for the physical man, so that I should need to waste no time in thought or worry over such matters. Mine would be what might be called a spiritual experiment, for the purpose of learning something of the nature of pure solitude, and of an average man's capacity for enduring and, perhaps, enjoying it over a considerable period of time.

For an authentic experiment one would need to be thus cut off from the world for at least six months, on an island such as Tematangi, uninhabited, remote from any other, where there could be no possibility of companionship other than that of sea fowl, hermit crabs, the fish and sharks in the lagoon, and that of one's own thoughts.

Mr. Santayana, in one of his Soliloquies, says: 'That the wilderness to which hermits flee must be peopled by their fancy, could have been foreseen by any observer of human nature. Tormenting demons or ministering angels must needs appear, because man is rooted in society and his instincts are addressed to it. . . . If ever he finds happiness in solitude, it can only be by lavishing on objects of his imagination the attentions which his social functions require that he should lavish on something. Without exercising these faculties somehow his nature would be paralyzed; there would be no fuel to feed a spiritual flame.'

Musing over this observation, I have sometimes, but not often, doubted its wisdom. I have tried to persuade myself that none but the ministering angels need appear; and they would, I believe, appear early, in shapes of surpassing loveliness. But how long could they hold the field against the tormenting demons? What forms would these latter take? And how many might one be forced to entertain as the long months passed? The demon of Self-Doubt — that is, doubt of one's own identity — might easily be among the most formidable. What stored-up resources of humor, of spiritual health, might have to be drawn upon to exorcise this mocking demon, if, indeed, his persistent, insidious attacks could be as persistently repelled!

At Tematangi I went far from the little knot of Tahitian sailors spearing fish along the leeward reefs. I crossed the narrow strip of land to the lagoon beach, where, behind me, lay my solitary footprints in the yellow sand. I imagined that my experiment in solitude was begun — that I was, indeed, alone. The silence was that purity of stillness which only a lagoon island can hold in such perfection,

enclosed, locked up, within its narrow fringe of reef and scrub and palm. The faint thunder of the surf on the outer reefs and the sound of the small waves in the lagoon, sparkling in the morning sunlight and lapping gently on the coral sand, seem to be the silence itself, made visible and audible.

On I went, crossing the wavering tracks of the hermit crabs and the occasional petal-like prints of sea fowl. There were only a few coconut palms here — I counted no more than twenty in all; the island was covered, for the most part, with pandanus trees and the pithy *kahaia*, and there were thickets of *vavai Paumotu* and *parahirahi*, vines that creep everywhere over the broken coral, finding their nourishment, it would seem, in the coral itself. Two small shadows passed swiftly across the smooth sand in front of me. Looking upward, I saw a pair of ghost terns, the most beautiful, surely, of all the great family of sea fowl. They fluttered round and round my head, almost within reach, as though they were the first of the ministering angels, destined to appear in this form. But, as I observed them more closely, I noticed that the alert, jet-black eyes had in them nothing of a compassionate, angelic light. They were turned upon me curiously, it seemed, but with an aloof, disinterested curiosity, soon satisfied. A moment later I lost sight of them far in the depths of blue distance.

VI

It was late afternoon when I retraced my way toward our landing place at the leeward end of the atoll. I had had what might be called a specimen day, not of pure solitude, but of something approaching it; for, on an island so fitted to contribute to the illusion, it was easy to add what was lacking, or, better, to conjure away what was

incongruous: the *Pro Patria* and her company. Rarely have I spent a happier day, but, at the close of it, I was not certain that I should have found six months of such days, on end, equally happy. Perhaps, I mused, it may be best to leave this wished-for experiment untried; to let the dream content me.

I walked slowly back, over outcroppings of ancient reef, mounds of heaped-up corals, and along the sandy beaches where my outgoing track of the early morning now appeared, somehow, forlorn, infinitely lonely, in the clear westering light. The footprints appeared to be another's — those of someone who had gone that way not to return; who was in search of the farthestmost, innermost recesses of mid-ocean solitude. I shivered, inwardly, as I thought of him there at the undoubted end of his quest, in the very presence of the mighty spirit he had gone to seek. Taking up a fragment of purple sea-urchin spine, I wrote in the sand beside his track the date, September 6, 1933, and, having done so, stuck the pencil upright, beneath, as a memorial to his adventurous spirit. I regretted leaving him, and yet I was glad that it was he and not I who trusted so confidently to his own self-sufficiency and the powers of the ministering angels.

I was belated in reaching the landing place. The sailors had gone aboard with their load of fish and firewood, but the schooner was at hand, and a boat was sent off to pick me up.

'I was beginning to think you were lost,' said Mr. Miller as I clambered aboard. 'What kind of a day have you had?'

'A very profitable one,' I replied.

'You've at least had ample time to explore Bligh's Island. When was it, did you say, that he discovered the place?'

'In April 1792.'

The boat was hoisted in and made fast, sail was gotten on, and we proceeded along the southern reef. Mr. Miller and I were standing by the rail, looking across stretches of reef awash to the islands on the far side of the lagoon.

'Seventeen ninety-two,' said Mr. Miller, musingly. 'Nearly a century and a half ago. And in all the time that has passed since, how many white men, I wonder, have ever set foot on the place? This is my first visit in forty-five years.'

Yes, it was still Bligh's Island — his more than ever now that there were none but sea fowl to dispute the claim. An hour later it was only a wavering thread of black outlined against the afterglow.

We were still more than three hundred miles from Manga Reva, our last port of call before proceeding to Pitcairn. The wind was at east, a head wind for us. It occurred to me that the occasion favored a departure, at least, upon my 968-page voyage across the MED to MUM sea of human knowledge; so I went below, switched on the light at the head of my bunk, and propped Volume XVIII of the *Britannica* against my updrawn knees.

MEDAL (Fr. *médaille*, from Lat. *metallum*), strictly the term given to a memorial piece, originally of metal, and generally in the shape of a coin, used however not as currency but as an artistic product. . . . Although the striking of medals to commemorate important events is a practice of considerable antiquity, yet the custom of using the medal as a decoration, and especially as a decoration to do honor to those who have rendered service to the state in time of war, is comparatively modern. . . . No medal awards were made to either the naval or military services for the Seven Years' War, and the American War of Independence. In fact George III had been more than thirty years on the

throne when the first medal award by the Crown was given, in the shape of the navy gold medals, first issued in 1794.

I read with considerable interest, and with undivided attention, to this point, and with the virtuous feeling one has when adding to one's store of useful, or even useless, information; but, with the mention of George the Third, His Majesty's armed transport *Bounty* again appeared over the horizon of consciousness. It was during his reign and at his express command that the *Bounty* set out on the breadfruit voyage; and, in 1794, all that remained of the vessel was the blackened hulk sunk in the small cove on the northern side of Pitcairn Island.

It was curious to reflect that, had Fletcher Christian been a more self-restrained and patient man, under Bligh's command, willing to endure in silence the outbursts of unmerited abuse, he might easily have lived to be the honored recipient of one of those navy gold medals first issued in 1794. He was a man of good birth, breeding, and education, a fiery-spirited, courageous, and thoroughly competent officer. His later career in the navy might well have been a distinguished one.

VII

I read no more that evening in Volume XVIII. Instead, I returned on deck and sat by the rail, aft, looking out over the moonlit sea; and, as often before, I gave my thoughts over to speculation as to what had happened on Pitcairn between the year 1790, when the *Bounty* arrived there, and 1808, when Captain Folger came, in the *Topaz*, and carried to the outside world the news that the refuge of the mutineers had at last been found. We have a meagre outline of the principal events, but it is wavering and

uncertain at best. The only authentic source of information was Alexander Smith (or John Adams, as he later called himself), the solitary survivor of the mutineers at the time of Folger's visit. The story he told Folger differs from those he told later arrivals: notably, Captain Staines, in 1814, Captain Beechey, in 1825, and Moerenhout, in 1829. The tale as Captain Beechey recorded it at the time of his conversations with Adams is probably as near as we shall ever come to the truth of the Pitcairn tragedy.

It will be remembered that matters went smoothly enough during the first year or two at Pitcairn. Then Williams, the blacksmith, lost his native woman, Fasto, in a fall from the cliffs where she was searching for birds' eggs. Williams demanded, and eventually seized, the wife of one of the Tahitian men. This led to serious trouble, resulting in the massacre, on one day in 1793, of Christian, Williams, Brown, Martin, and Mills, followed shortly afterward by the massacre of the four remaining native men. Four of the mutineers were thus left: Midshipman Young, Smith (Adams), Quintal, and McCoy, with eleven native women and the increasing flock of small children. As though there had not been trouble enough, McCoy had to start more by converting one of the *Bounty's* copper kettles into a still by means of which he made alcohol from the roots of the ti plant. It was certain to be a Scot who would set that Pandora's kettle to brewing. At length, in a fit of delirium tremens, he threw himself from the rocks into the sea and was drowned. Quintal was next. Young and Adams together killed him with an axe, to preserve their own lives, so Adams told Beechey. That was in 1798. Midshipman Young died of asthma, two years later, — the first person on the island, white or brown, male or female,

to die from natural causes, — and Adams was left alone at the head of the little colony of women and half-caste children.

Tragedy enough for one small fertile rock in mid-ocean to contain — for one man to see and to carry in memory to his last day. But I have always been glad that it was Adams and not Christian who survived to bear such a burden of memories. Adams was a simple man, by all accounts, with the rugged, cheerful, unreflecting disposition of the average British tar. Furthermore, although he had taken an active and willing part in the mutiny, it was none of his ordering, and he was thus free from the awful burden of responsibility which Christian had carried. Had Christian been the survivor, he must have gone mad long before the arrival of the *Topaz*.

My desultory musings concerning him were broken in upon three days later when land was sighted from the masthead. Going aloft to view it, I saw a triangle no larger than the corner of a five-cent United States stamp, and as blue, appearing and vanishing on the horizon. It was one of the twin peaks of Mount Duff, the highest land on Manga Reva. The other peak appeared immediately after, and it was a beautiful sight to watch the land emerge during the course of the afternoon: a pinnacle here, another there, to be joined as we came up the slope of the world.

It was another English vessel that placed Manga Reva and the other Gambier Islands on charts of the Pacific. The name of the highest peak commemorates the discovery, for it was Captain Wilson, of the *Duff*, who thus added to the world's knowledge.

The *Duff*, it may be remembered, sailed into the Pacific only ten years after the *Bounty*, but she had come, not for a cargo, but to bring one: a cargo

heaped up with piety and running over with zeal for the salvation of the souls of the heathen — the first band of missionaries sent out by the then recently organized London Missionary Society. Their destination was Tahiti, where, thanks to the earlier visits of Wallis and Bougainville and Cook and Bligh, they might hope to be received in a friendly spirit; and so they were, although they labored for eighteen years before they made their first converts from heathendom.

But let me say no more of the Gambier Islands matter, nor of their conquest by fathers of the Picputian Mission; for, the moment I begin to discuss the work of missionaries in Polynesia, prejudice comes in to cloud my vision.

It will be best to leave a hole in my narrative at this point, one with the forty-mile circumference of the Gambier Islands lagoon, and proceed on the last three-hundred-mile lap of our outward journey to Pitcairn.

(To be continued)

THIS QUESTION OF SALARY

BY NICKERSON SOUTHWARD

I

ON August 25, Mr. Joseph B. Eastman, Federal Coördinator of Transportation, issued a statement in which he said:—

‘Under normal conditions I believe that it is best to leave the fixing of salaries to the managements, so long as the railroads are privately owned and operated. Nothing else is consistent with the theory that they can be managed better by private enterprise than by the government. It is the essence of that theory that the self-interest of the private owners will insure efficient management, and the selection and payment of officers lies at the very heart of management. If the theory is unsound, there should be a change, but the right change would most certainly not be to create a duplicate public management, in the

guise of a regulatory body, alongside of the private management. Only confusion and division of responsibility would result. Public regulation can do certain things well, but control over details of management and operation is not one of them. . . .

‘The Regional Coördinating Committees have considered the matter at length and thoroughly, and they report that they believe that the railroads of the country, with one possible exception where a definite conclusion is still to be reached, are willing to reduce salaries so that \$60,000 will be the maximum, this figure to embrace compensation received from all companies, carrier or non-carrier, included within a system. This corresponds with a peak maximum, within the past five years, of \$150,000. This \$60,000 some-

what exceeds the maximum which was in my mind.'

The highest railroad salaries were finally fixed at \$60,000. For Mr. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania, that meant a reduction of 60 per cent from the \$150,000 of 1929. No other employee had his pay cut by so large a percentage. When Mr. Eastman advocated these reductions in the remuneration of officers, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation had already insisted on drastic cuts of all railroad salaries above \$4800 on those roads to which it lent money. Management was in this way held up to public scorn. At the same time, the law which made Mr. Eastman the Coördinator for the purpose of effecting savings provided that he was not to make savings that displaced labor. In this there is something reminiscent of

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water.

It would have been inconsistent, of course, for a government which had in process a National Recovery Programme based upon spreading work to allow Mr. Eastman to make savings which would affect labor—and he will have a hard time finding savings that won't. But it is questionable whether it is wise or fruitful for national recovery to discourage management while encouraging labor.

A picture of the railroads as institutions in which no one will be paid very much, but in which more people than necessary will be paid something—such a picture will not call young men of ambition and imagination into the railroad business. Mr. Eastman very truly says in his statement that 'money is by no means the only compensation received by a railroad executive, or even a lesser officer. The best compensation of all, in my judgment

a much more effective one than is commonly supposed, is the joy of creative work well done, particularly when it involves the element of public service. Lower in rank but very influential is the compensation which lies in the sense of power which such a position carries with it. Public recognition of eminence also plays a part.'

There are probably enough of those elements in the railroad job to keep the present executives there. It is very doubtful if there are enough of those elements to draw good recruits for the future. The railroads are under scrutiny by Congress and commissions most of the time. If the investigations find good management, nothing appears. If the government finds something it does not like, the headlines follow.

So the young man looking at the railroad business as a career can, from the present evidence, be fairly certain that if he succeeds in his profession,—and the present attitude of the government continues,—he will have a restricted money compensation and silence, but that if any action of his fails to satisfy any one of half a dozen agencies of government, he will appear in the headlines as a public enemy.

II

Mr. Eastman made a report to the Senate covering the railroad salaries as of March 1932—that is, prior to his pressure to have these salaries cut. At that time there were five men receiving more than \$100,000. But there are thirty-nine railroad presidencies, and these positions are the prizes for which, so far as money is concerned, the million men in the railroad industry strive. These thirty-nine salaries not only provide payment to the men who at present receive them, but they also give a stimulus all down the line, for,

in spite of all the discussion of leveling, the average young American still is eager to rise and wants a fair recompense for his services. It is probable that neither the public nor the stockholder spends any money, directly or indirectly, from which as much genuine value is received as that which comes in the way of stimulus to the whole organization from high salaries at the top.

And it is interesting to note how small the cost of that stimulus is. On the Illinois Central in 1930, — and this is typical of the larger railroads, — the amount paid in salaries to the executives, officials, and staff assistants (every one receiving \$10,000 or more) was only 3 per cent of the total pay roll.

Of course, there is a firm tradition in the American mind that regulated industries are different from competitive industries; that they are 'affected by a public interest,' and that this gives government a right to exercise control over them. There is no question about the government's right to regulate them; the only question is whether it is wise in so doing to discount management and forgo the stimulus of such salaries as the railroads have been accustomed to pay. In fact, from the point of view of building up the ability in the railroad organizations and of improving service, it would seem that the problem is to provide more stimulus, in the long run, rather than less.

When the reverse is true, the railroads cease to be a part of the land of opportunity. Young men of ambition, either those who seek money or those who want the respect of their fellow citizens, will do better to apply elsewhere.

The government takes this attitude because it believes the public feels that way. Probably the public does feel that way; and it may continue to do so,

for the government is by far the ablest centre of propaganda in the country, and as long as it thinks that a criticism leveled at railroad management is an asset to government reputation, the railroads are a good place for any young man who thinks he is worth more than \$4800 to stay away from.

It is only fair to Mr. Eastman to say that, whatever may have been his attitude earlier in his career, he is now engaged heart and soul in trying to rehabilitate the railroads. And, while Congress has given him the power of a dictator, he must, as he implies, use the present managements to accomplish his ends. To attack their morale and reputation by implying to the world that they were not worth what they were getting, and that their recompense should be reduced more than anyone else's, cannot encourage the present managements or attract able men as their successors, particularly those with sensitiveness about their reputations.

III

If the railroads are outside the land of opportunity for the young man, what about the light and power industry? That has been a rapidly growing business. In the last thirty years it has equipped a nation of 120,000,000 people with electric facilities. In the next thirty years it can expect an increasing use by a growing population, but it will have no vast population to equip anew as it had in the past. Yet the industry ought to provide great opportunity for able young men. But it may not. In the era of exuberant growth, men made large fortunes. It is true that no one in a public utility ever made so large a fortune as Mr. Ford did in a public necessity, but the public has fixed in its mind that fortunes made in utilities come out of the public, whereas for-

tunes made in automobiles or real estate come out of the air. Why this belief came to be fixed in the American mind is an interesting, but a different, question. However, the young man seeking a job can count upon its being a part of the world he lives in. If his desire is to get rich, the operating end of the light and power business will not offer him the opportunity. Even if he wants to speculate in public utility stocks, he will be better off to follow the example of Mr. Baruch and adopt the profession of speculator with no responsibilities of management.

But, aside from speculation, there are great opportunities for the display of administrative and executive capacity in the light and power business. Is it wise for a young man to try for these opportunities? Present events are determining this question. It may be that the government will feel about the light and power companies as it does about the railroads, and in the long run expect them to take care of as many low-priced people as possible, paying the executives small salaries with a bonus of governmental hostility sufficient to prevent their jobs from being attractive. It is quite possible that this will take place. The government plans to set up government competition with the light and power companies in Tennessee, Oregon, and elsewhere. Undoubtedly these plants will be run without any high salaries. And there would be a natural tendency on the part of the government to have the private companies conform to its standards in this matter, regardless of whether or not the government plants, directly or indirectly, dipped into the Treasury for support.

The young man contemplating a career in the light and power industry cannot afford to neglect the letters in the *vox populi* columns of the newspapers to the effect that 'no utility

executive can be worth more than \$25,000.' If this is to be the maximum that anyone in these businesses can make, the young man must consider that the other salaries will grade down from that, and perhaps he had better stick to speculation, real estate, automobiles, brewing, or some enterprise in which the government believes it proper to accumulate a competence. He may make as many million dollars as he chooses as a newspaper owner criticizing hundred-thousand-dollar salaries, or in lawyer's fees investigating or counseling receivers for utilities, but the present temper of the government is against his making a competence by wise and able management of a utility. This great business may also be outside the land of opportunity for the young man. Logically, also, trucking companies, air transportation, and other public agencies would fall in the same category, and, since these companies are smaller, their maximum salaries would probably be \$5000 or \$7500.

But these very factors of discouragement offer the real opportunities in the great and essential businesses of railroading and power and light distribution and other public services. Both the stockholders and the public need all the ability that can be gotten in the administration of these enterprises, and the government likewise, for profitable and well-run businesses are the only ones in the long run that can meet the government debt. When the electrical business was in its infancy it was a speculation. A man who put his money into it stood a good chance to make a 100 per cent loss. Senator McAdoo, when he was a young man, tried electric traction in Tennessee, and did just that. It was reasonable, therefore, with such risks, for men to expect a high profit on their money and effort. But in large degree that situa-

tion is changed. There is much less risk, and in large measure the public has put up the money for the enterprises. The public generally did so with the facts before it, but the public did not have the time or inclination or experience to study the facts. Lots of people made money in Mr. Insull's holding-company securities at a rate which must have indicated to them that some speculative element was in the enterprise, and the press made it abundantly clear that Mr. Insull had made a vast fortune. The lesson of his debacle is not only that such manipulations are illegal, but that the speculative era in the utilities is over.

That being true, what is the opportunity for the young man in that business? The opportunity, and it is a great one, is to take speculation out, so far as possible, and so manage these enterprises as to deserve and acquire the confidence of both the rate-paying and the stockholding public. There is room in the business for bigger men than it has had, for it takes a bigger man to work with human beings than with electricity or balance sheets. Mr. Insull understood the generation and transmission of one kind of power very well. He understood the responsibilities of the other kind very little. He knew electricity, but not democracy. He was a materialist, and handled materials ably. But as a philosopher or humanitarian he was a failure. The opportunity for statesmen in the utility business is as great as it ever was.

IV

And if the young man enters the public utility field and becomes a statesman, what will be his reward? His first reward will be the observation of the change he has wrought. If he and the others who run the industry do their work successfully, the public

hostility to their business will cease, and with it governmental hostility.

What should such a man receive when he gets to be president of a large utility corporation? A very outstanding man who works his way up through the ranks of an operating utility will have a financial record something like this:—

Hired at 21 at \$	1,500
By 25 is paid	3,000
By 30 is paid	7,500
By 35 is paid	15,000
By 40 is paid	20,000

Even in the largest enterprises only a very few of the most successful will have come up as fast as this. The incentive to the whole group is the possibility at the top. From the age of forty up to fifty or fifty-five, the numbers that continue rapidly to mount the ladder diminish even more rapidly, for there are but few places at the top. The man who reaches the top position, say at fifty-five, will then get \$100,000 or \$150,000 a year.

Up to that time he can hardly have saved \$100,000 out of his salary. If for the next ten years after he becomes president he saves half his salary, — which would be remarkable, — he will have accumulated \$500,000 or \$750,000 by the time he is sixty-five. Adding interest to the higher figure will hardly bring it up to a million dollars. And there is now present a further factor which must enter in. The tax on a salary of \$100,000 in Massachusetts is \$1025 state and \$29,500 federal, or \$30,525 in all. On \$150,000 the figure is \$52,570. From \$200,000 a year up, the taxes would amount to about half. This means that under present taxation a \$200,000 salary would net its recipient about \$100,000. If the requirements of his position made him spend \$50,000 a year (probably it would be more than that), he would be

able to save \$500,000 in the last ten years of his life. That is about one fiftieth of the amount Senator Couzens acquired by a short association with Henry Ford, about half what Mr. Untermeyer got as a single fee — in fact, less than is made by countless men managing small enterprises all over the United States.

Mr. Eastman's \$60,000 for a railroad president would call for about \$15,000 of taxes, leaving \$45,000. If the man stayed president for ten years and saved 20 per cent of his salary, he would have accumulated a competence of \$90,000. To have one man in a billion-dollar enterprise able to accumulate \$90,000 in a country in which every little town has at least one man worth more than that will hardly attract talent to the business.

If Mr. Eastman feels the necessity of contributing some scapegoats to the depression, that is a temporary matter. If as railroad dictator he intends to build up the railroads on this basis of compensation for talent, he has very seriously increased the difficulties of his task.

If we were not in an angry mood it would appear as foolish as it really is to expect to recruit first-class talent to operate the railroads, utilities, and other public businesses at a figure below what that talent is worth, and what it can get, in other enterprises. If the public could be sure that none of the ability would be turned toward making \$10,000,000 or \$20,000,000 for itself on the side, but that all would be used for the benefit of the company, then the public would probably be glad to pay salaries of \$150,000 or \$200,000 to men of ability. In fact, the public ought to insist on it, for fair or generous payments are a prerequisite of a high standard of ethics in management coupled with a high standard of ability. Underpaid man-

agement is an invitation to speculation. Often it also promotes corruption or stupidity, as is only too evident in many city administrations.

V

From time to time the salary of the President of the United States is injected into discussion of the payment of business executives. 'Why,' it is asked, 'should a utility or railroad executive get more than the President of the United States, whose salary is \$75,000 a year?' It is a fact that this country has grown up with all business remuneration on a different basis from government remuneration. But the President of the United States is in reality an exception to this.

The *United States News* points out that 'the last three Presidents, including the incumbent, have been authorized to spend about \$182,000 a year entirely in what is classified as personal as distinguished from all office expense. This does not include the automobiles for a President or his family, but does include a \$75,000 salary, a \$20,000 entertainment and travel fund, and about \$87,000 for the 58 servants, employees, and workers in the Executive Mansion and on the grounds.

'Now let us take the case of a corporation president who gets \$75,000 a year. His company does not furnish him with a \$20,000 fund for his entertainment expenses, nor does it give him a home with rent free and the cost of servants and employees on his estate all paid for by the corporation. Nor is he exempt from the payment of federal and state income taxes.'

If a corporation tried to pay the personal expenses of its president, he would probably land before a Senatorial Committee charged with evading the income tax. If the corporation

wanted to pay its president so that he would have \$182,000 to spend, it would have to give him a salary of about \$364,000, of which just about half would go for taxes. The salary of the President of the United States is in reality equivalent to about \$364,000. His remuneration is, therefore, a more potent argument for large salaries than for small ones.

But the conditions in industrial life and political life are so different that political salaries are not a useful criterion for industrial payments.

VI

It has been the practice of certain businesses to pay men less in salaries than they are worth and make it up to them in bonuses on sales or production or some other criteria. There are many difficulties in the management of these bonus systems, but, so long as the one responsibility of the business is to make money, the bonus system is a matter between owner and manager. In the great public businesses, however, there is a serious question about the wisdom of the bonus system at all. The fundamental difficulty with the bonus for these businesses is the philosophy that underlies it, which is that every pressure should be put upon the executives to make the most money possible. That may be all right in certain enterprises. That is not the function of a great public business. Its function is to give the most service it can to the public at a proper profit — and what a proper profit is depends on the kind of business and the time and circumstances. But it is essential that the executives of a great public business be left free of undue pressure to determine what that profit is. There are, of course, a great many stockholders who have no more conception of this fact than Mr. Insull had, and

these stockholders would like to see business operated on the hit-and-run basis — that is, make a killing and sell to someone else who can take the consequences. But a public business ought to be operated for the long run, and the undue pressure of the bonus plan on executives is likely in the end to prove embarrassing.

For example, it has been a practice of some banks to pay low salaries and high bonuses. The low salaries were public camouflage. The bonuses were to attract ability. The bonuses not only attracted ability, but put terrific pressure on that ability to make the most money it possibly could. High profits go with high risk. To make every last cent it is necessary to take a chance. Perhaps if public sentiment had stood solidly for adequate salaries to attract ability and had opposed bonuses to attract speculation, the banking situation might have been better. The object of a bank is not to make the last cent it can for its stockholders. Its object is to safeguard the depositors' money, serve the commercial needs of the community, and make what return it can for the stockholder consistent with these other duties. The executives ought to be free of the personal pressure of the bonus or of speculation so that they may give their whole attention to these duties. A careful analysis of the testimony before the Senate Committee will show that the evils disclosed arose, not from high salaries, but from bonuses, speculations — methods of making money outside of the salaries.

The big public businesses — railroads, utilities, banks, and the like — offer the greatest opportunity to the young man. It is the opportunity to prove that there are character and wisdom enough which can be drawn into the management of big business to enable it to serve the public. The

requisite which the very size of these organizations demands turns out not to be organizing, managerial, or technical ability, but character, social philosophy, and a sense of trusteeship. For the young men with these qualities big business offers a rare opportunity, and, if they succeed, the conditions they create will allow these businesses to pay good salaries with public approval. With that done, the bonuses and extra pickings of all kinds can be eliminated. The era of capacity and a high sense of responsibility in these public enterprises can be delayed by governmental insistence that ability in these businesses shall have small compensation when the same ability in competitive business can have large compensation. The young men will still go to the land of opportunity. They will want some money, if they are successful, and the 'decent respect of the opinion of mankind.' If these are not to be had in the great enterprises, the able youngsters will go elsewhere, and these great enterprises will tend toward stagnation.

Prior to the reign of Clive in India, the East India Company gave its

agents great powers and had them handle vast sums of money — and paid them small salaries. The inevitable happened. They made it on the side. That very intelligent observer, Sir Thomas Roe, in the reign of James I, strongly urged the Directors to apply a remedy to the abuse. 'Absolutely prohibit private trade,' said he, 'for your business will be better done. I know this is harsh. Men profess they come not for bare wages. But you will take away this plea if you give great wages to their content; and then you know what you part from.'

This advice is still good. Attract the ability to run the great enterprises by paying 'great wages to their content' — wages that will allow the head of a great public utility or bank to amass as great a competence from his salary as is made by thousands of men of lesser ability in small businesses; and then see to it that that is all he makes — that he gives his full ability and effort for his salary, and that he does nothing 'on the side' to distract his attention, confuse his relationships, or obscure his moralities.

CHARLES W. ELIOT

'Enlarger of the Common Life'

BY LOUISE CROTHERS

I

MR. CROTHERS always said that he thought it would be impossible to convey to the next generation the remarkable effect produced on his contemporaries by President Eliot. His written words are comparatively commonplace, and you could not reproduce — for those who never saw him enter a room — that subtle thing we call 'presence.' Other men are tall and commanding, although it might be said that almost no other man had his voice — whatever the quality was, it carried with it the expectation of his hearer's being impressed, which is half the battle in public speaking.

I remember reading a letter of one of Lord Chatham's contemporaries in which he described an episode of the day. Lord Chatham had made a vigorous plea for a very unpopular measure. Silence reigned as he slowly left the chamber, but, as he passed out the door, an excited member of the opposition sprang to his feet and began an angry rejoinder. He was going full tilt when he saw, in the doorway, Lord Chatham returning. The orator stopped, became confused, and sank slowly to his seat. The narrator went on: 'This may seem surprising to anyone unacquainted with Lord Chatham, but not a man present thought it anything but natural — nay, even fitting.' There is something about the incident that

made me think of Mr. Eliot. He clothed even an unimportant fact or statement in a garment of such dignity that it did not shuffle in and out of the conversation, but remained as an intrinsic part of it.

I remember an insignificant episode to which he gave real meaning. It occurred in the First Parish Church, of which he was a member. A meeting after the morning service was called to acknowledge a legacy given by a maiden lady in memory of her brother. Those who remained were conscious of that little stir of excitement which an unknown benefaction always produces. The chairman called the meeting to order and, in that perfectly colorless monotone which seems to belong to a presiding officer, as such, read the donor's brief statement, that she wished to give to this church, of which he was long a devoted member, a gift in tender memory of her brother. The gift was three hundred and fifty dollars, of which the annual interest was to be used for the charities of the church. The chairman continued: 'Is there a motion to receive this gift?' For just a moment there was that awful silence which comes when people are hastily adjusting their minds to the unexpected. Mr. Crothers was rising to his feet when, from the seat behind, came that wonderfully rich, mellow voice of

President Eliot, speaking in the first person and repeating slowly, word for word, the terms of the gift. 'I move that we of the First Parish receive the gift of Miss —— of three hundred and fifty dollars, the interest to be used for the charities of the parish, a gift given in tender memory of her brother, long a devoted member of this church. It is such gifts that bind us together.' There was not a person present who did not feel that the little gift had been suddenly ennobled and clothed in imperishable garments.

Mr. Crothers once wrote an essay on seventeenth-century prose. As I read it over the other day, it seemed to express just what I want to say about President Eliot. The essayist had been discussing Izaak Walton, Thomas Fuller, Jeremy Taylor, John Milton, Lord Clarendon, and John Bunyan. He wrote, 'If I were to indicate the chief characteristic of these men, I should say it was their ability to give an uncommon expression to common sense. Prose does not need to soar, it is pedestrian in its habits. It is at its best with its feet on the solid earth. But with his feet on the ground a man may dawdle on the path till we lose all interest in his progression. Or he may walk with a firm confident stride as one who knows where he is going and who enjoys the wholesome exercise. The characteristic of the great prose writers of the seventeenth century was a huge heroic common sense.' Then he went on, 'There is a prose which for power to stir us is surpassed only by the rarest kind of poetry.' Of Mr. Eliot's writing I do not think that is true, but when he was there in person to say what he had to say with that wonderful voice, it was extraordinarily impressive. Our common language stood out word by word. I have said when he was there to *say* it — for he was preëminently a speaker, not a writer.

He had the gift of words. I see him coming down the linguistic highway of mankind bringing with him words freighted with meaning, words freshly coined, words not yet used and battered about until they had lost all their sharp edges. He brought out their primary meanings. His thoughts of our life here upon earth were full, rich, deep thoughts, but they were simple and uncomplicated. We have an ample vocabulary in which to express delicate shades of meaning or no meaning, but he had no use for words like 'intriguing' or 'meticulous.'

As I speak of words, memory will recall to those who knew him the phrasing of some honorary degree, or of those inscriptions for which he was so famous. How beautiful some were, and how dignified and adequate all of them! The absence of exaggeration suggests that they were understatements, but it seems quite otherwise to me. He brought to view the basic romantic reasons that use and custom have obscured. He had the ability to make us see, perhaps for the first time, the deep underlying meanings which only the thoughtful sense. I love particularly the inscription on the Washington Post Office in which he and Woodrow Wilson shared: —

MESSENGER OF SYMPATHY AND LOVE
SERVANT OF PARTED FRIENDS
CONSOLER OF THE LONELY
BOND OF THE SCATTERED FAMILY
ENLARGER OF THE COMMON LIFE

The final phrase is the very one for which my mind was searching, it so entirely expresses his attitude — that of the essentially democratic man. So long as we judge the value of our lives by the standard of experiences common to all men, we do not get estranged from democracy. 'Enlarger of the common life.' To President Eliot that life was capable of wide and rich variety, but it

never ceased to be the common life, and, although he had a certain spiritual awkwardness that separated him from the common man, he had none which separated him from the common life. He was free of the artificialities, the cynicisms, that divide.

I remember once hearing him speak on 'The Durable Satisfaction of Life,' and was a little shocked to hear him mention food as one of them. We are amusingly inconsistent about food. For all the painstaking effort, the time and money we spend on it, we rather despise those who talk much about it. But as I listened to Mr. Eliot while he slowly brought forth the homely joys that man has had from the beginning of time, I suddenly felt the pleasant physical satisfaction of shelter and home, and rest and food. To all the experiences that have lifted primitive man into something better, he paid the highest tribute. Building the home, providing food and shelter, the love of wife and children, were always to him of very deep and fundamental importance, and he never elaborated their interrelations into the dangerously complicated pattern that so often obscures — especially in the present-day novel — these vital relations and responsibilities. His deep happiness in an unusually rich and tender family life was the pleasure that every right-minded man since Adam has been able to enjoy.

II

One cannot speak of Mr. Eliot without dwelling and liking to dwell on his tenderness in illness, not only of his own family, but of others. A father who went to him about a student son who was drinking too much, or who was getting into evil ways, might receive what seemed to him scant sympathy, but the parent with a physically handicapped son who was 'making good'

found in him an interested and sympathetic listener.

During our first years in Cambridge there descended upon us one of those domestic cyclones with which all families are familiar. The influenza had run its devastating course. Mr. Crothers had taken his turn perpendicularly, as he always did, but the rest of us were in various staggering stages of convalescence when the baby came down with pneumonia and, at the same time, the plumbing suddenly became useless. President Eliot heard of our plight. At nine o'clock the next morning he was at our door. He had already interviewed the doctor, the owner of the house, and the plumber, and from all three he had serious reports. The trouble with the plumbing would involve tearing up floors and putting in new pipes. It might take two weeks. He had come to ask us to move to his house for that time. The two older children had already been taken into the homes of friends, but Mr. Crothers, the nurse, the four-year-old, the baby, and I accepted the generous hospitality. One does not forget such kindnesses! There was nothing too trifling to do for us if it would add to our comfort. Noticing that the nurse was an Englishwoman, he asked her if she would like beer with her meals. She reluctantly declined. Instantly the desire to know, which was such a marked characteristic, asserted itself. I heard him ask kindly, 'Is it a conscientious objection or is it your liver?' It was her liver.

And Mrs. Eliot! For, after all, generosity of that size and nature comes out of the housekeeper in the end. Yet she took it all so easily, almost as a matter of course, that five people — one a very sick baby — should literally take possession of their orderly house.

The family life was delightful. Beside the deeper feeling, they both had an indispensable liking for each

other's society. She had none of that reforming fervor that often makes a devoted wife so trying. His little foibles were observed with a quick smile and dismissed, as if she said, 'So like Charles.' I should suppose she was probably the only one who took him lightly.

She was so handsome — so adequate to the demands made upon her. Her singing was a delight, and her sense of humor supplied a felt need. She was an irresistible mimic, and he would draw her on to telling us, as recent arrivals, of old Mrs. — and her lap dog. He would sit beaming with anticipatory pleasure as she began the tale — and no wonder! I cannot think we should have enjoyed the old lady herself half so much. She told us of a second-hand furniture dealer, whom we already knew, who had endeared himself to her by confiding that he lived in Brighton but had social privileges in Allston. She retailed the conversation with him over an old desk she thought of buying. Suddenly she was the man himself, head on one side, weighing as a lover of antiques the desk and its appropriate setting in her library. 'Ah, Mrs. Eliot,' he would say, 'I can see the room as it is now,' — an expression of cold disfavor crossing his face, — adding with an ecstatic smile, 'and as it will be when this desk is placed.'

During those two weeks I saw an entirely different side of President Eliot, the very human, simple person behind the imposing exterior. He sat on the floor and built block houses for the four-year-old. He was directly, very directly, interested in every detail of our lives. One day at dinner he said to me, 'How much salary did you have in your former parish? Did you save anything?' Curiously enough, the question seemed neither impertinent nor ill-timed. I recognized that his interest was impersonal. What he wanted to

know was how early it was possible for young people to marry. How much could they live on? How much could they save? I told him that we had started with a salary of \$1500, which had been increased to \$3500 by the time we left, eight years later. That we were a family of five, including Mr. Crothers's mother, and that, during the eight years, we had acquired two additional babies. That, aside from a life-insurance policy, we had not been able to save. He nodded comprehendingly. 'I see,' was all he said, but I felt that I had passed my examination.

III

He had, I think, one of the most radiant smiles I ever saw. It lighted up that rugged, scarred face in a strangely beautiful way. You were so warmed and welcomed by it that you wanted to enter right into the intimacies of friendship, but there was always some little difficulty about the door. It usually ended by his coming out and standing on the mental doorstep, where you had a brief but pleasant conversation, and then you went your way. In his familiar world of family and kindred he moved freely, but he never seemed to me to have any way of giving easy access to people outside that circle, and was shut in rather than unwilling to go out.

His terse, succinct way of talking had an immediate effect on the people with whom he conversed. There was a prompt delivery of whatever idea one had, but no lingering on the way. Into even the most inconclusive, wandering style of discourse there crept a sudden incisiveness. It was not that one was consciously hurried, but the little personal observations, the things not directly bearing on the matter in hand, quickly dropped to the bottom.

Some of his interviewers must have

thought a little of Victoria's plaintive remark that Mr. Gladstone always addressed her as if she were a public meeting. It was not that President Eliot had a hortatory style in private life. He did not 'address' you, but he did have something of the Socratic method of question and answer. Such a technique had an alarmingly devastating effect on conversation. He failed to get the little intimate glimpses of the people with whom he talked which would have been revealed in desultory, leisurely discussion, but he did get the facts. He had, of course, the stimulus of opposition, for it was built up rather solidly about him, but he could never have had the pleasure of verbal fireworks, nor the easy give-and-take that helps one to understand how the other man feels.

His mind was always interested in the reason why. Success or failure he accepted at once; no time was lost in the contemplation of an accomplished fact; but the question remained: Why did it succeed or why did it fail? He left no mental stone unturned to ascertain. With the little irrelevant facts left over, his mind refused to deal.

Is n't it in *Our Mutual Friend* that Dickens tells of the speculative junk dealer who among his wares finds a collection of bones, conceives the idea that an entire skeleton would be salable, and gets a medical student to assemble them? To his surprise, there are some bones left over, and he frugally puts them up on a shelf labeled 'Human Wariious.' Mr. Eliot would have sympathized with the effort to make the scattered bones serve an orderly purpose, but he would have given no shelf room to anything as vague as 'Human Wariious.' When he had assembled what he considered the relevant facts, he closed the conversation or the investigation, with a promptness that was often disconcerting. As a concrete example of what I mean, there is the story of the violent ringing of the

doorbell at 1 A.M., taking Mr. Eliot to the door to find a distraught young man who immediately addressed him on the subject of his soul's salvation, and ended with, 'Something tells me that you are going to Hell.' Mr. Eliot replied briefly, 'You have been misinformed,' and closed the door.

His attitude toward education and toward trade-unions was, it seemed to me, essentially democratic. He felt that the classical education was our inheritance from those who planned a gentleman's career, and therefore inappropriate to a modern democracy; and he feared the trade-union as a despotic force curtailing the common man's liberty to work where and when he wished.

As for the higher education of women, he saw it, during his long life, struggle for birth; he saw its precarious infancy and its sturdy youth. During the formative years of Radcliffe College he stood steadily its friend when friends were few, but the whole question of the education of women lay very distinct and separate in his mind from the education of men. He wished all the riches of the intellectual life to be made available to women in order that their development might be more interesting and varied, but a doubt always lingered in his mind lest, as a result of such training, women might be lured from the home and the cradle.

I remember meeting a former dean of Radcliffe College just after the Radcliffe Commencement and asking her casually how it went. She spoke of various incidents, ending with, 'And President Eliot, looking so magnificent, warily avoiding any reference to higher education, but rocking the cradle as usual' — and she gave a long-drawn sigh.

I understood how she felt. There was something about that aloof look of the President's that was final. He had not appeared worried, nor had he

pleaded for domestic life, but he had stood there to remind them that erudition — that a Ph.D. — was to be judged only by the candidate's attitude toward the real things of life. If higher education meant that our college women were to be diverted from marriage and from the happy rearing of children, it could not and ought not to take deep root. It was another instance of his insistence on keeping the big human relations clear-cut. All the little fluttery theories folded their wings before a certain massive common sense.

His active career was so prolonged that he inevitably lived to be called old-fashioned. He never, indeed, took extended flights from his base — but his base was an extraordinarily broad one and made of tested material.

IV

There are endless stories of President Eliot. I am inclined to think that the stories that are told of a person are more valuable than most biographical material, and that it does not so much matter whether they are true or not. I used to be disturbed by the entirely, or largely, apocryphal stories that were attached to Mr. Crothers, but I stopped trying to deny or correct them, for the only ones that stuck were the ones that were like him, even if they did belong to somebody else. I think the stories of Mr. Eliot are likewise most revealing. To anyone who knew him, the stories are better than any description.

I like the story of his observing a little newsboy with a twisted face, surrounded by a jeering circle of boys who, for the moment, were not boys, but primitive savages. Ignoring the tormentors, he spoke across to the victim. 'Don't mind them. Do you see,' pointing to his own face, 'I have something, too? Just go along with your work and

don't mind.' The advice was his own method of dealing with such difficulties — no self-pity, no 'love your enemies,' and, more than all, no dwelling upon it. 'Go along with your work and don't mind.'

I always liked the one about his buying a horse. He went to the stable to inquire about the possibilities. The owner was not there, but the man in charge brought out a horse, and, after much talk and a trial drive, Mr. Eliot said he would take him. When the owner returned, his employee informed him of the sale.

'But,' asked the owner, 'did you tell him that the horse would n't back?'

'No,' replied the man, 'I did n't tell him.'

Then this remarkable horse dealer said, 'I guess I'll go up and tell him myself,' which he did.

Mr. Eliot was gravely concerned and hesitated some time.

'He should have told me,' he said, more than once, 'but I like the horse. He has points that are important to me — and I seldom back.'

His granddaughter relates a delightful incident. In summer President Eliot always took over the housekeeping, gravely ordering the meals and attending very efficiently to all the details. Late one afternoon, at Northeast Harbor, a man and his wife from the summer colony called. They were generous benefactors of Harvard and great admirers of Mr. Eliot. As they rose to go, Mr. Eliot said he was sorry Mrs. Eliot was not at home, but that he would be very glad to have them stay to supper, which was their evening meal in summer. They were delighted to accept. As Mr. Eliot passed through the hall, he met his granddaughter. 'Please tell Mary [the cook] that the friends will stay to supper.' The little girl whispered, 'Shall I tell her to cook something else?' 'Let me see,' said Mr.

Eliot, 'we are to have liver and doughnuts — no, that is enough.' They sat down to the frugal meal. As the liver appeared and was passed, the lady quietly declined. Mr. Eliot looked at her, smiled kindly, and said, 'It is all there is.' Thus admonished, she meekly took the liver. When it was removed, a large plate of doughnuts appeared. Again the lady absent-mindedly declined, and again Mr. Eliot smiled — she was reminded, and took a doughnut. The husband felt that something must be done to redeem his wife's slips, and he said to her, 'Oh, Anna, if we could only have doughnuts like these!' Anna responded feebly, 'I wish I knew how to make them.' Mr. Eliot said quietly to the waitress, 'Please ask Mary to come here,' and, as the cook appeared, he observed, 'Mrs. — would like to have you give her the recipe for the doughnuts.' A paper and pencil were forthcoming and the details written down then and there. Both the simplicity and the literal-mindedness were so like him.

His absolute directness of speech was a matter of course to those who knew him, but Matthew Arnold, with his weary, disillusioned, but subconsciously superior attitude, must have been surprised when it was directed to him. Mr. Eliot was making a brief stay in London soon after Mr. Arnold had returned from his visit to the United States. He sent, as he had been requested to do, a note to apprise Mr. Arnold of his arrival. Mr. Arnold responded at once. What would Mr. Eliot enjoy? Was there anyone he would like to meet? Would he dine here, or go there?

'No,' Mr. Eliot replied, 'I have not time enough here to do much, but if you are still school inspector in East London, I should like to go on your rounds with you.'

Mr. Arnold said that he was to visit

the board schools in his district on the next day, and would call for him. They visited school after school, and in each one went through the same dreary round. The children were called up to recite, class after class. Then from the platform, in the presence of the children, Mr. Arnold put the teacher's shortcomings plainly before her. Finally, when he arrived at the pupil teacher, a poorly prepared, pitiful older girl, her faults were found to be almost too many to enumerate — but Mr. Arnold did his best.

'In every instance,' said Mr. Eliot in telling of his experience, 'we left the pupil teacher in tears, and in several instances the teachers as well.' He continued, 'At luncheon, Mr. Arnold asked me for my impressions of the East London schools and of our morning together. I said something about the schools, and then I told him that his method of inspecting would not, I felt sure, be tolerated even in the backwoods of America. He seemed a good deal surprised,' Mr. Eliot concluded drily.

I was a victim of the same directness when, about fourteen years ago, we bought our first Ford. As I came down the aisle after church, a few days after the purchase, Mr. Eliot greeted me with, 'How is the new Ford?' I replied that it was all that we had dreamed it would be. 'But,' asked he, 'who drives the car?' I said, 'The youngest is already driving. The next youngest gets her license next week. I am observing them and soon I shall drive.' He shook his head. 'It will take you a long time.' 'Oh no,' I replied, 'I feel more cheerful about it. I look out the window any hour of the day and see the stupidest people driving Fords, and I feel certain that, if they have learned to drive, I can.' 'But,' said he, smiling, 'perhaps they began younger.'

Mr. James has told the story of

Harvard's conferring an honorary degree on Prince Henry, and of President Eliot's rather reluctant part in it. I suppose one would have had to be present to have got the full flavor of the occasion. The nervousness of Professor Münsterberg, the entire serenity of Mr. Eliot, the full rounded sound of that 'from the oldest of republics to the youngest of empires,' and the conferring of the degree as to the 'grandson of Queen Victoria' — it was so perfectly consistent throughout.

The next day, on the way to the square, Mr. Crothers stopped to speak to a professorial friend, who was amusedly relating how Professor Münsterberg had sought out the President early in the week, to be sure that he knew what a member of the imperial family would expect in the way of etiquette. President Eliot brushed it lightly aside. Prince Henry had come to visit a republic. It would seem suitable to receive him according to the usual custom of conferring degrees at Harvard University. Professor Münsterberg, picturing the scene, felt he must make one last effort.

'But surely Prince Henry will be given the central chair?'

'No,' said President Eliot. 'I had not thought of making a change. That is the chair I usually occupy in conferring degrees.'

As the two men were laughing over the incident, they saw President Eliot crossing the street to speak to them. The professor turned to him and said, 'I hear that Professor Münsterberg has taken to his bed after the excitements of yesterday.'

'Ah,' said President Eliot, smiling, 'I understand that he did not like my allusion to the young man's grandmother.'

He went on to speak with real liking of Prince Henry, whom he had found unpretentious and agreeable.

The Prince had told Mr. Eliot that he found this American trip pleasantly varied. At home his official duty, as the Kaiser's brother, was usually representing him at funerals.

Once in a while you hear a story about President Eliot that most people are surprised to find true. There is one that his architect tells of him. Behind his newly acquired Brattle Street house was a row of apartment houses. The architect suggested that they should be 'planted out' with a line of poplars. Mr. Eliot's reply was, 'No, I think not. That would cut off their view of the sunset.'

V

A sense of humor is usually listed after the sterling qualities have been enumerated, but, curiously enough, it is more honored in the breach than in the observance. No one likes to have it omitted from the list of his characteristics, and many a victim of biography would rather sacrifice some of the more imposing virtues that lead the procession than have this insignificant attribute withheld.

One of the older professors at Harvard, in speaking of President Eliot's magnanimity toward those who opposed him, said, 'He never minded opposition. He expected it and was prepared to meet it. But let anyone ridicule his plan ever so mildly and he was undone. He did not abandon his idea, but he was disconcerted, and for the time being his forward movement was interrupted.'

Mr. Crothers used to say that the seeds of immortal fame rarely germinate in the soil of a successful career. A man like Mr. Eliot conceives an idea, such as the elective system, which is a great step forward in education, and he carries it through. To those who come after him the achievement seems only part of the natural process of evolution,

and they cannot, even if they would, go back over the path which he has made into a road. The one who does a piece of really important constructive work has great allies. The old system is, in the minds of many, already discredited. Abortive attempts at improvement have cleared away the underbrush for the future road builder. The fiery radical has advocated changes so destructive that his ideas seem safe and possible. He needs keen intelligence, a discriminating sense of what can and what cannot be done, and, above all, strength to overcome the inertia which is the deadliest enemy of the reformer, and courage and conviction to keep up the pressure until the work is completed.

It is not easy to estimate President Eliot's accomplishment in looking back. The forces of the opposition dwindle in perspective. The disheartening failures which he had the insight to recognize as incidents and not finalities, a public opinion which, for twenty years, continued to be antagonistic, demanded a patience beyond praise. He did not have the temperamental inability of many idealists to do what we call 'spade work.' He said, 'My life has been much more varied and interesting than that of most men, but I should say that nineteen twentieths of it was drudgery.'

One cannot take the word 'drudgery' quite as literally as he did, for not only did the intelligence with which he went through the daily round give it dignity and worth, but much of it was highly decorative. To walk along in a procession, arrayed in academic splendor, doubtless became drudgery to him, but to many it might seem the very topmost feather of fortune's cap.

Not long ago I reread his little book, *John Gilley*. The reading of it was like an hour spent with him. The introduction begins, 'This little book describes

with *accuracy* the actual life of one of the to-be-forgotten millions. Is this life a true American type? If it is, there is hope for our country.'

All through this *accurate* account you feel Mr. Eliot's constant pleasure in contemplating the activities of an intelligent fisherman on the Maine coast. He describes his work in clearing his rocky acres, his experience in building a new boat. The details are immensely interesting to him. He does not simply state that one of John Gilley's ventures was loading cobblestones on a boat and selling them to the city of Boston for an unexpected profit. He inquired about the labor involved. John Gilley had to go quite a distance for the stones. Then he had to select them with an eye to uniformity. They had to be picked up and carried to a pile near the boat. A second handling loaded them, and a third threw them out on the dock in Boston. It was hard work, but it paid. As a method of earning a living, it could have been made as dreary as Markham's 'Man with the Hoe,' but in Mr. Eliot's narration there is none of the sodden despair that we feel in reading the poem. John Gilley stood upright and won through. His life exemplified toil attended by success.

During the Civil War a crude oil made from a coarse fish, locally known as porgy, became suddenly valuable, and John Gilley set up a rough mill for its production. Mr. Eliot writes, 'The refuse from the press was a valuable element in manure. All of John Gilley's porgy-chum went to enrich his precious fields.' He adds, characteristically, 'We may be sure this well-used opportunity gave him great satisfaction.' This was what Mr. Eliot meant when he talked about 'joy in work.'

In his later years John Gilley's fellow townsmen honored him by electing him to public office. He was a selectman and served on the school board. As a

town officer he exhibited the same uprightness and frugality which he had shown in all his private dealings. To have been chosen to represent them by his neighbors, every one of whom knew him personally, was to him a source of rational satisfaction.

One's mind goes back to the phrase, 'Enlarger of the common life.' John Gilley was born to the same life as the

Man with the Hoe, but as Mr. Eliot interprets him he is that man 'enlarged.'

He ends the little book, 'In these public services John Gilley had occasion to enlarge his knowledge and undertake new responsibilities.' Mr. Eliot could not have more accurately and concisely described his own work as president of Harvard University.

ELEGY OF THE COUNTRY STOREKEEPER

BY MARGARET DANA

THE history of the small-town store is arbitrarily the story of the small town, that most vital and picturesque of America's institutions, retaining more than any other the sturdy independence and individual effort with which the nation's beginnings were wrought. Perhaps the future will evolve something better, but it seems doubtful. One can only mourn the almost inevitable passing of the stores along Main Street, knowing that, as the small town is itself the backbone of the great American public, so the small-town store has been the support to which has clung with failing strength the old-fashioned spirit of village life. With neither apology nor hesitancy I present the conviction that the death of storekeeping along Main Street will affect nearly every life in the country.

Probably three out of every five American adults treasure, tucked away in their minds, wrapped in sentiment and bound with old ties of friendship, memories of some small town some-

where in these United States. The details of the picture vary, — sometimes there is a white-spired Vermont church against green Vermont hills, sometimes Main Street is in the deep black shade of magnolias and chinaberry trees, — but the memories are otherwise strangely alike. The memories are incorrigibly sentimental, veiled by time into softness and vagueness. They make comedy scenes for dramatists and popular hits for song writers. The pseudo-sophisticates have taught their audiences to laugh at Main Street, but somehow it is never a whole-hearted laugh; behind it is a strange nostalgia.

But, aside from the sentimental interest we all may have in the small storekeeper's losing fight for existence, there is also a deeper significance. The history of the Main Street stores all over the country offers substantial food for thought to economists and business men as well as to the homesick wanderer. Perhaps not the least re-

markable feature of the situation is the ironic fact that the tragedy is unnecessary.

I remember being greatly impressed in my childhood by a sentence with which a teacher illustrated the misuse of the auxiliary verbs 'shall' and 'will.' The example runs like this: 'I *will* drown, no one *shall* save me!' To my young eyes it brought a dreadful picture of a drowning man fighting off his rescuers. And often in these days as I meet and talk with small merchants I am forcibly reminded of that schoolroom experience, almost expecting to hear from their lips the defiant words, 'I *will* drown, no one *shall* save me!'

I

The condition is intricate. To understand it we must go back to the days of the early nineteenth century, when towns had become for the first time really cohesive, and small-town businesses had acquired entities of their own. Until then, while settlers and colonists far from cities were still each supplying his own family needs or individually ordering articles sent out from England or elsewhere, there were no small-town merchants and few enough in the cities. A ship's captain was the real trader then, inviting the public to inspect his merchandise cargo collected from his various ports of call. It was a familiar sight, when a ship had dropped anchor in the harbor, to see sailors bearing on their backs large signs — considerably like the twentieth-century sandwich man — informing the town that a packet was in, laden with Oriental silks and French damasks, barrels of Jamaica rum, and India spices, and other items calculated to catch the prosperous citizen's eye. A crude but highly efficient forerunner of to-day's retail advertising.

By the time of the War of 1812,

however, the storekeeper had become a prominent figure in the life of every small town. The limitations of transportation and communication accomplished two things: they confined the storekeeper's activities to his immediate community, and they restrained the members of that community from diverting their business away from their home towns. The conditions worked together admirably to benefit the small business man. Those early merchants who replaced the sea captain traders and itinerant peddlers became important persons, sharing with the 'cloth' and the banker the respect and reverence of the populace. They were shrewd and vigorous, and the world prospered them.

The simple principles of primary economics were unobscured in those days by noise and numbers. A storekeeper was well aware that, for him to succeed, not only must people buy his goods, but, first, they must desire them, and, next, they must possess the purchase price. Consequently, we find those early merchants leaders of affairs and projects whose ultimate object was to put money into the pockets of potential customers, and eventually into their own.

I have before me the diary of a man born in New England in 1786. He relates how, at the age of eighteen, he and a friend availed themselves of a water privilege in a dense forest and erected with their own hands a machine shop. Here they set up a turning lathe and manufactured bedsteads, chairs, and wagons, with 'such other articles as the settlers could be persuaded to order.' Later we find him enlarging his activities, inventing and patenting machinery for woolen mills. In 1816, when many merchants were overstocked with woolen goods bought at the high rates provoked by the War of 1812, he was inspired to embark in

the mercantile business himself, buying woolen goods from abroad at rates so low that he was able to supply his customers at prices below the wholesale costs of his competitors.

A sharp young man, obviously. He did well, according to his own record, until 1821, when his business began to decrease alarmingly, because 'the attention of the local farmers was directed generally to the raising of grain, of which there was a large surplus so that it might not be disposed of at remunerating prices.' How familiar the sound of this passage is, written though it was to describe a situation over one hundred years ago! However, at his suggestion and under his direction, the farmers turned their attention to dairy pursuits, to which their land was well adapted. He inaugurated an annual 'Cheese Fair,' at which time as much as two hundred thousand pounds of cheese was brought into town and marketed to buyers from the cities. He offered prizes for both quality and quantity, and planned and worked throughout each year to make the event a financial success. On one of the yellowed leaves of the diary appears the following entry: 'The new industry contributes largely to the wealth of the farmers and is not without a greatly beneficial effect on my own.'

Twenty years later the son of this man, writing to a friend at the time of his father's death, says of him, 'He was emphatically the architect of his own fortune, a self-educated, practical, sagacious, and prudent merchant, having risen unaided and by dint of his own perseverance and industry to enjoy a competence of this world's goods. For many years past he has avoided accumulating property, preferring to give away all his income over and above the economical and reasonable wants of his family.'

Here is a perfectly sketched portrait of the early American small-town merchant, an example, and not an isolated one, of what the small town could boast in its infancy. From the standpoint, however, of an inquiry into the causes of the rise and fall of the Main Street retailer, the outstanding, noteworthy facts in this simple story are two: first, that he led, never followed, his market; second, that the only lasting prosperity in any community is founded upon the general prosperity of all its members. To exert his ardent efforts to create income for those whose resources had failed must have added hours of hard and trying labor to his already well-filled days, yet that it paid in hard cash as well as in affection and honor we may find recorded in many places.

II

The annals of most small towns show that throughout the nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries the Main Street merchant was a figure of dignity, of power, of leadership in his community. We find banks being organized by storekeepers; we hear of factories backed by storekeepers, of schools fostered and protected by the same men. Even the owners of those outposts, the general stores at the 'four corners,' were modestly well to do, lending money on mortgages, buying farms, and installing tenants. But the most vital characters were those county seat merchants whose little shops grew with the spreading population centring about the county seat, and whose merchandise, even with the changing times, held its own against all outside competition for nearly a hundred years. Transportation was still too uncertain and difficult even so late as 1905 for the average rural or small-town family to visit personally

the more sophisticated city shops, and to order by mail was so unsatisfactory as to be rare indeed.

But as the hand of prosperity touched the large rural population, and cash began to appear freely in transactions, the shopping trend changed. Pioneering days were over, and in the Victorian eighties and nineties the feverish necessity for conquering the soil and bringing it to heel had ebbed. Farmers and small-town folk alike could relax and enjoy the fruits of their labors. And it is exactly at this point that we remark the first definite dividing of the ways for the storekeepers.

Two paths there were to follow, one an easy, let-well-enough-alone passage, the other a laborious, experimental climb. It is difficult to estimate just what proportion of our country storekeepers went to the left and what to the right, but a study of the back files of country newspapers affords very plain evidence of the division. As an example, consider the old issues of a little newspaper which for one hundred and ten years has never failed to bring out its weekly edition. There are frequent mentions of the town merchants through its pages, and its advertising alone tells a fascinating story of retailing along Main Street. But to an observing reader it is curiously saddening to remark the diminishing importance of certain of the merchants' names as the pages turn, until, as the eighties swing along into the procession, their advertising has shrunk to that monotonous bane to retailing success, the 'business card.' There is evident a slow but steady downhill course for some, and a definitely growing upward trend for others. By checking over all the data I have at hand I am inclined to believe that the proportion must have been almost two down to one up.

This particular country newspaper

to which I refer is of especial interest here because it is not only the perfect representative of its kind, but also the organ of expression of an equally typical rural community. Furthermore, its unbroken continuity throughout those fluid years of growth and quickening nationalism presents an intricately woven but remarkably clear panorama of small-town history in the making. Looking through the issues of 1825, for example, we see a total absence of news of local or national life. And the advertising is of that sturdy variety which stands firmly on two honest feet and says, 'I, John Blake, do offer fine leathers and harnessings made by mine own hand and that which I know to be of excellent workmanship. I therefore do myself guarantee you of pleasure in your purchase an you so choose to favor your obedient servant.'

The note he strikes emphasizes that unique asset of every honest small-town merchant, then as to-day: the personal endorsement of merchandise by the dealer, backed by his integrity and earned reputation. It is a point to remember, because as we trace the downfall of storekeeping along Main Street we discover that that priceless factor is left more and more often to gather dust on the shelf along with other first principles of merchandising. The mushroom growth of great city department stores has, by removing the merchant himself to an increasingly remote background and by substituting impersonal corporations and organizations, automatically debarred the city store from the use of this warm, vital contact with its customers. But to the end of the chapter it might have been the splendid, unbeatable asset of the small-town man. Bitterly enough, it has been stolen from him first by his indolence, and last by his ignorance.

During the middle century and until the beginning of the eighties, practically all the advertising approaches the reader from this so-called 'you-me' angle. But shortly after the Civil War there begins to be a little more emphasis on style rather than quality alone, and by 1885 a number of progressive shops in the little town begin to announce the return of the proprietor at intervals of six months or so from the nearest large buying centre, bearing the latest fashions and those fearful innovations, ready-made 'Mother Hubbards.' Until that time no ready-made clothes had ever been sold through small-town shops, except occasional rough work clothes for men. Piece goods and trimmings were all that a dry-goods merchant stocked; the banker's fine black broadcloth and his good wife's fine black silk were alike bought in the piece and constructed (no other word seems so perfectly to fit the process) by a journeyman tailor or seamstress. The invasion of ready-made merchandise was indeed the immediate rock upon which the storekeepers split, some clinging, as we have noted, to the familiar items long upon their counters, grieved at the defection of their customers who were following after new gods, and the others, the minority, accepting the exhilarating challenge of innovation and change.

From 1890 to 1910 was surely the golden age of Main Street stores, those, at least, which had taken the upward trail. Comparative wealth had descended upon a few landowners, farmers who bought and worked many farms, bankers who saw deposits and investments growing, small self-contained manufacturers supplying local needs. And moderate means were the lot of many. Physical barriers to easy traveling still maintained cohesion for the storekeeper's clientele, cash was liber-

ally present, luxury was the order of the day. It required only the exercise of intelligence and energy for a merchant to hold his 'carriage trade.' His most efficient prestige builder was his biannual trip to the big city, and a long and tiresome journey it generally was, too. But the merchant shrewdly knew where lay his best interests, and his philosophy of life was built upon the belief in the rightness of earning his profit.

A delightful era, this, of leisurely, careful buying, of high standards of quality and fair dealing, of ungrudging payment for both.

III

But the tempo quickens, the subtle recession of placid Victorian days and the equally inconspicuous rise of twentieth-century changes are finally complete; and as the old order passes away it carries with it many of those fine and splendid citizens, the successful storekeepers along Main Street. Their span has reached from the middle years of the old century to the first decade of the new, and they, with their knowledge of hard-won pioneer accomplishment removed but one generation from the grim reality, with their own sturdy independence and integrity contributing a proud chapter to the country's history, have gone to sleep one by one beside those churches in which they believed and which they so loyally helped to sustain.

And now, in quick succession, new elements enter the picture between 1905 and 1915, the old régime inevitably overlapping the new and the transition being from the bottom up rather than from the surface down. The first of these new facts to be felt was the change in ownership of the small-town stores. Sons inherited from fathers, other men's sons bought out

businesses from owners too old and tired to carry on. Gradually, in all parts of the country, we find behind the store counters men just beginning their adult careers. Too often, with that tender fallacy of the self-made man, the fathers of these newcomers had passed on to them along with their prosperous businesses neither training nor experience, much less responsibility and energy. For many years life had been a smooth and pleasant path for the sons. They had seen only the hard-won success of their elders, with none of the shrewdly vigorous campaigning of their fathers or the desperate struggle of their grandfathers. They saw merchandise arrive in the store, and saw it sold. That was the beginning and end of storekeeping to their indolent minds. They had looked at the finished product and never seen the long and painful work of construction. Successful storekeeping was to them a simple matter of stocking one's shelves with merchandise and opening one's doors to customers.

The next new face in the picture is that of the ubiquitous traveling salesman. It is not actually his first appearance, but it is the first time he acquires importance. To the earlier generation of storekeepers the salesman was less an emissary of the manufacturer than a sort of oral digest of current events. News of the world he brought vividly if inaccurately to Main Street, and for that he was welcomed. But to buy to any large extent from his samples was against the principles upon which that early merchant did business. He preferred with shrewd wisdom to do his own looking and buying, trusting his own instinct and experience as he was never willing to trust the smooth story of the traveling man. Where cautious trial proved a salesman reliable, many storekeepers found it

practical to order staples in this manner, but the orders were restrained and every shipment critically scrutinized as it appeared. Even upon such little things as good needles and thread the small merchant had built his reputation, and jealously he guarded it.

But the sons of these men founded a new dynasty, with the traveling salesman as the king's familiar. He offered a method of procuring merchandise so perfectly fitted to the new generation's policy as to appear a miraculous solution to all their problems. No longer need the storekeeper bother with a long and tedious journey to buy his goods in person, no longer need he puzzle over changing dress styles or innovations in housewares; the salesman told him what to buy, when to buy, and presented him with ready-made advertising, window displays, and self-selling counter racks. With a sigh of relief the young storekeepers abandoned all individual effort, trusting the salesman's judgment implicitly, and contentedly proud of their own progressive efficiency. Inevitably, as longer and longer intervals passed between the small-town man's contacts with the outside merchandising world, he came to lean with increasing heaviness upon the unofficial oracles, and, as he learned less and less by personal observation, so, in the same ratio, he accepted as truth whatever the salesman found to say.

This dependence was heady flattery to the hitherto inconsequential traveling man. It meant a tremendous accession of power to personalities previously commonplace and submerged. For the salesman who covered Main Street in those days was not a commanding figure, nor was he intended to be. Small-town markets were until then too unimportant for a manufacturer or jobber to waste good ammunition upon. The old-time mer-

chant had raised so hearty a resistance to the drummer that making the rounds of the Main Street stores was merely a matter of routine. But as soon as the quality of the storekeeper changed, the salesmen would have been less than human if they had failed to take advantage of the unquestioning and lazy confidence of the merchant. They were, after all, neither missionaries nor altruists, but commercial travelers out to sell as large a bill of goods as possible.

IV

What began to happen to storekeeping on Main Street then was behind the scenes, silent except for faint whisperings, invisible except for gentle ripples in the back drop. The founders of these small stores had built so well, their names and their characters were so firmly interknit with their business dealings, that the fabric was too stout to be easily destroyed. It resisted sturdily for years the corroding influences of careless buying, indifferent selling, and store properties permitted to run down into shabbiness and confusion. But slowly, surely, these very stores which should have been fighting with alertness the new enemies creeping daily over the horizon were actually preparing the minds of their 'carriage trade' for the discovery that shopping in city stores and by mail was both practicable and profitable. Almost overnight they had been presented with new roads, hard-surfaced, with more and better railroad facilities, and, above all, with motor cars to render each family independent of distance or time. The natural obstacles which had preserved the home markets for the old storekeepers were gone. The rural consumers who made up the carriage trade were free agents and gloried in it.

The World War affected Main Street but slightly. Yet during its course the mischief continued to be worked with the stores' accustomed trade. And when the war was over we find one great change complete: the best of the trade — best in the sense of the largest spenders — had finally and wholly deserted the home-town stores.

The unmistakable effect of this defection upon the accounts of the merchants' bookkeeping might then have been a sufficient shock to startle them into awareness of impending disaster but for three things. It was not to any jobber's or salesman's interest to have the little storekeeper see clearly what he was doing or where he was going. Main Street had become a valuable outlet for all the merchandise the jobber could not sell to larger, better stores; if the country merchant should suddenly discover what he ought to be buying and demand it, this would entail a complete reorganization of distribution. That eventually it would have paid enormously in future business for manufacturer, jobber, and salesman, they were too shortsighted to see.

Aside from this condition, however, two things prevented the storekeeper's understanding his situation. Two nation-wide forces followed with great rapidity upon each other's heels. One was the post-war depression, which offered a convenient hook upon which to hang the blame for those disturbing bookkeeping totals, and the other was the Great Era of Prosperity, which so swiftly wiped out memory of those totals with a fast and furious profit-taking that most storekeepers found opportunity for but one thought — a smugly complacent self-assurance that their original estimates of successful storekeeping were more miraculously right than ever.

Gone were doubts and fears, tossed

away were any last remnants of caution or hesitation. What did the carriage trade matter, when before a man's doors was a gathering crowd of excited consumers feverishly anxious to spend? Storekeepers bought madly, wantonly, and their customers responded as witlessly. Like a crazy wildfire the whisper ran, — from manufacturer to jobber, jobber to salesman, salesman to retailer, with advertising lighting the way, — the whisper which played the world's most colossal joke on the public: 'They want to spend — never mind what they get for their money. Sell 'em anything and charge 'em plenty.'

Whatever mistakes the small-town storekeeper had made hitherto had been mistakes of ignorance or carelessness, never the mistakes of downright intention to defraud. And very probably no one would be more astonished than the storekeeper himself to hear the small-town merchant accused of deliberate and malicious intent to swindle his customers. Yet what else can one call a process which consistently overcharges for every item sold? To evade naming it is not to evade the stigma attached to it. I do not wish to imply that Main Street stood alone in the rather fearful picture of retailing during the years of the Ten Profits. What went on in the cities and among certain groups of merchandisers was hair-raising enough, but somehow the same things against the background of the small town, with its inheritance of fair dealing between friends and neighbors, look infinitely worse and sorrier.

In many and many a little store these past three years I have found merchandise stuffed under counters, piled in lofts, shoved away into dark corners, all relics of those good old days when storekeepers bought like madmen, reaching out with greedy hands for every possible sale, fearing,

with a Midas lust, to lose one single lovely coin. If one day the store up the street sold half a dozen hairbrushes, rush orders went in to jobbers from a dozen little stores for several gross of hairbrushes; if another day the report was circulated that the corner store had sold ten pairs of khaki trousers, within an hour every store in town would have the wires humming with orders for identical khaki trousers. That there might be a saturation point beyond which it was not safe to go occurred to no one. The jobbers, cutting off their noses to spite their faces, encouraged the silliness without thought of the future. Consequently mountains of stock began to pile up in all the little stores along Main Street, and there they are to this very day for anyone to see, a sad memorial to the good old days, the days of the Ten Profits.

V

There seem to be no words adequate for describing the tangle that Main Street swiftly got itself into. The contagion of 'things one must have' was virulent, and those previously well-balanced small-town people who had been content with mild comfort and plenty demanded luxury, ostentation, speed. The home-town retailer delightedly saw his chance, and, just as years before the salesmen had abused the retailer's trust, so now the retailer, not always maliciously, abused the faith of his townspeople, and made a splendid profit out of fooling his neighbors. These customers, these friends of his, had few concrete standards by which to judge the quality of this new merchandise that represented elegance and luxury to them. The mail-order catalogue is not, after all, a textbook on princely spending, and price was almost their only gauge. By hearsay, by radio, on the moving-

picture screen, or in the newspaper they caught the stress on figures — the price of someone's fur coat, the cost of that one's furniture, this one's shoes.

Consequently, when they went shopping, price was their sole measuring rod; a thing *must* be good because it cost so much. With confidence in the storekeeper fostered by a reputation three generations old, they demanded, let us say, a pair of fifteen-dollar shoes. And they received shoes for which they happily paid fifteen dollars, the same shoes concerning which I hear the storekeepers moan to-day, when they say almost with tears in their eyes, 'Oh, for the good old days, when I could sell a customer a pair of three-dollar shoes for fifteen dollars and have them waiting in line for more!'

It occurs to me that perhaps the balance of the story of the three-dollar shoes which 'sold for fifteen dollars' would describe more vividly than a dozen witnesses the next four years, from 1929, along Main Street.

When the bottom fell out of the business world in 1929, the small towns were not immediately affected, physically at least. But there was an intangible result, a rebirth of caution among buyers, a gradual return of common sense and native mental balance. It began once more to matter what one spent — suddenly fifteen dollars seemed a great deal of money. Too much to pay for one pair of shoes, and shoes, mind you, that lasted no longer than cheap shoes. The complacent little merchants, who for several years had been flooding the banks with deposits and had delightedly watched those banks turn their deposits into more money for them on Wall Street, these merchants began to know a sudden feeling of anxiety. Their stores and warehouses were packed with goods bought to sell at high prices, and there had come creeping upon them the

preface to disaster. They discovered a thinning of those lines which so short a time before had waited at their doors to buy. Slowly, then with terrifying swiftness, came the change, until there ceased to be any customers for fifteen-dollar shoes.

With perhaps a pricking of the conscience, and yet a feeling that price would cure all, the storekeeper advertised with great headlines a sale of fifteen-dollar shoes for ten dollars! No one bothered about it at all. In a few months he made another desperate gesture, plastering signs all over his show windows — a sale of fifteen-dollar shoes for five dollars! Still his public made him no response. They were too absorbed in the spectacle of a world turning upside down to notice one more sale when every city paper was screaming 'Sale, sale!' But the little storekeepers were not yet thinking in terms of the relations between their businesses and the world; they were intent upon one thing alone — saving their own skins. So with great mountains of stock, much of it optimistically unpaid for, burdening their stores and their credit, they essayed one more plunge, and with nothing more ingenious than pink sale sheets on every rural doorstep announced the impending stupendous event of a sale of fifteen-dollar shoes for exactly three dollars!

Each storekeeper had the attention of the community then, indeed. But it was an accusing, suspicious attention. They were thinking again, these Main Street folk, and presently, as the full meaning of this series of sales became clear to them, they turned and almost literally ran. Being fooled without knowing it is one thing, but being fooled when you are well aware of it is very much another.

It is in this situation that we find almost all of Main Street to-day.

Four years of depression have depleted those brave bank accounts, the stock is old and shopworn, business is the merest trickle of life through the stores. They are tired, and bewildered, and hopeless, the small-town storekeepers. They feel that life has played a cruel trick upon them and they cannot fight back.

There are a few, here and there about the country, who have never relinquished throughout all the years their shining integrity, their standing as pillars of their communities. They at least have something upon which to build for the future, if they choose to go forward. But the others—I find them as pitiful as willful children who have blinded themselves for life playing a game whose rules no one thought to teach them. I sat recently in a little store while its owner, a man beyond middle age, paced the floor and raged against fate. Suddenly he turned to me and, throwing up his hands in a gesture of despair, exclaimed:—

‘What shall I do? I’m lost! I don’t know which way to turn. I don’t know what to buy—I can’t sell what I have. I’m afraid to move, yet if I’m to live I *must* do something!’

Can anything be done? Is there a cure? I believe the answer is yes. But the chief difficulty is to persuade the small-town storekeepers to admit that it is they who are to blame for their condition, not the government, or the bankers, or Europe, or the contrariness of their neighbors. Once let a man admit that he has been wrong, and, moreover, does not know in which direction lies the right, and the cure is well begun.

After that there are two things without which no small-town store can ever again be healthy. One is to practise the simple rules of good merchandising, and the other is to regain the trust and confidence of its commu-

nity. And of the two the last is by far the more necessary.

Concerning the first, there is no place here for a discussion of all the elements which together make up good merchandising, but one thing is certain. There is definite need in the small town for a recognition of storekeeping as a real profession, requiring as much study and preparation as any other, and worthy of the best effort of a man’s mind and body. No one is born knowing how to make storekeeping pay. There are things to learn about it which would fill volumes, and which a whole lifetime of study cannot cover. For merchandising is a constantly changing, developing, advancing profession, never constant, never still. The merchant who succeeds, to-day as always, is the man who leads, not follows.

Concerning the second requirement for success, it must be obvious to those who understand the complicated yet natural layout of small-town life that the storekeeper whose judgment and honesty are unquestioned has a tremendously valuable asset. It is a natural inclination to trust the man who sits near you in church each Sunday, who jumps for the fire hose when your roof is threatened, whose life from his birth has been an open book for all to read. His recommendation carries weight and is too precious to jeopardize either by ignorance or by laziness.

I believe that the road has forked once more for the small-town storekeeper. A new generation is beginning to step out alongside the old, ready to fall in and carry on. The new codes will do much, without doubt, to prevent a repetition of some of the causes of the little merchant’s downfall. But nothing can take the place of honesty, hard work, and common sense, in storekeeping along Main Street.

ARE YOU SAFE TO DRIVE?

BY CURTIS BILLINGS

I

AUTOMOBILE driver, know thyself! My friend Schwartz did n't. Schwartz was driving his car along a two-lane concrete highway one day last summer. His speedometer wavered from 40 to 50, back to 45, up to 60, and down again as the road gently twisted, turned, straightened out, and crossed other highways through an undulating countryside. Sometimes Schwartz was passed by faster travelers; occasionally he passed machines not maintaining his gait in the course of the smooth miles. My friend was neither road hog nor speedster. He held his own private pace with due caution.

Finally Schwartz found himself behind a heavily laden truck. He decided to pass. Although he saw another car coming toward him, he thought there was ample time for him to get around. He stepped on the accelerator. He moved to the left lane.

He discovered in one awful moment that the approaching machine was upon him!

The crash involved all three vehicles. In attempting to avoid a head-on collision, Schwartz drove into the side of the truck. The truck careened madly into a ditch. The other automobile sideswiped Schwartz's machine and tumbled end over end off the road on the opposite side. Schwartz's car remained miraculously in the highway, twisted and bent, but upright.

My friend received painful lacera-

tions from flying glass, and for weeks hobbled about with a badly sprained back. The driver of the car which had approached him, a girl of twenty, recently emerged from a hospital with a shortened left leg and disfiguring scars on her face and neck. The driver of the truck was lucky. He received no more than a bad fright and minor bruises.

Schwartz was not only heartbroken because of the accident (a wealthy man, he voluntarily settled a small fortune on the girl), but he was dumbfounded that such a thing could happen to him. True, he had occasionally found himself unexpectedly in tight places while driving, but he was not given to taking foolish chances. At the time of the tragedy he was in full possession of his faculties. The sun was not in his eyes. He was not lighting a cigar, nor was he especially preoccupied by business or other cares. Moreover, he had just passed a physical examination with flying colors for a man of his age.

Finally he heard of a place where he might discover the cause of his gross miscalculation in passing the truck. Like the victim of a mysterious disease who hurries off to the specialist in the distant clinic, Schwartz went to Ames, Iowa. There his difficulty was diagnosed; the true cause of his almost fatal error was isolated.

He was found to be a sufferer from a

singular ocular defect, one of several which have an important bearing on safe driving. He has deficient *depth perception*. Thus he is unable to determine how far away objects are from him, and likewise unable to gauge the speed with which they approach. If Schwartz's eyes had told him how close the girl's car was and how fast it was coming, a pitiful tragedy would have been averted. The specialist in this case is neither a physician nor an oculist. He is a psychologist. As chairman of the Committee on the Psychology of the Highway of the National Research Council, he is conducting researches into the personal causes of automobile accidents. His 'clinic' is a laboratory at Iowa State College, where he is associate professor of psychology. His name is Dr. Alvh R. Lauer.

In the course of a number of years Dr. Lauer has developed and selected a series of tests calculated to enable him to determine whether or not a person has the physical attributes to make a safe driver. The tests are complete now, or practically so, and the psychologist is validating his methods by testing drivers whose accident records are known. So satisfactory have been the results that he is assured that in nine cases out of ten he can find out in thirty or forty minutes as much about a man's ability to drive safely as one could discover formerly by the excessively tedious and costly practice of letting him operate an automobile for four or five years, counting the accidents he has experienced, analyzing them for the causes, and thus determining his relative proneness to mishap. The driver in the corps of the United Motor Coach Company of Des Plaines, Illinois, for example, who recently received the highest rating in Dr. Lauer's tests was the driver with the best accident record in the fleet.

The day is coming when these tests will supplant the limited ones now being administered in the states which examine drivers before licensing them to drive. It is a practical certainty that progressive operators of large fleets of motor vehicles will soon be employing them in selecting their drivers. And they will enable insurance companies to determine more equitably liability and property damage rates. At the present time the safe driver pays for a large share of the carelessness and weaknesses of the poor driver — a system which certainly does not encourage good driving. Perhaps before long some automobile manufacturer will make the tests available to anyone who wants an analysis made of himself so that he can learn his own deficiencies and compensate for them. Then a driver will be able to *know himself* as Schwartz and thousands like him did not, and the number of tragedies on our streets and highways will be reduced.

'But,' one may well ask, 'is it possible to test a man and then say whether or not he will have an accident?'

Since I asked the psychologist this question, I shall give his answer.

'No, we can only determine whether or not the man is a safe "risk,"' he said. 'When a person is examined for a life insurance policy and it is found that he is suffering from tuberculosis, the company actuaries, with all the thousands of longevity records available, cannot tell when the man will die. Maybe he will die to-morrow; maybe he will live thirty years. The actuaries know merely that in the light of experience the victim of this disease is a poor risk, and the policy is denied him.'

'It is the same with susceptibility to accidents. If the probationer is color-blind, if his depth or distance perception is poor, and if he is inclined occasionally to take long chances, we cannot say that he will have an acci-

dent if he operates an automobile. But we can say that he is an exceedingly poor risk and that for his personal safety and for the safety of the public he should *not* be permitted to drive unless he is educated to correct his faults and to compensate for his deficiencies. And even then he should be allowed to drive only after he has assumed full responsibility for his driving.'

II

Dr. Lauer's tests include twelve of vision ('eye-openers' to the layman), one of strength of grip, one of speed of movement, one of excitability, and a cover-all test of observation, motor control, nervousness, and manipulation.

While this last test is by far the most spectacular, the most surprising are the tests of vision. Twelve of them! Good vision means acuity only to most people. If Smith can read the legend on the distant billboard as well as Jones, he assumes that his sight is just as good; ergo, in the matter of eyes, he ought to be just as competent a driver as his friend. A few people go further than this and admit that color vision is probably of importance in driving. Again, if Smith can distinguish colors about as aptly as Jones, he is very sure indeed that his friend has nothing on him when it comes to adequate vision.

'But what,' inquires Dr. Lauer, 'about your field of vision? What about this thing called depth perception? What about exophoria, esophoria, hyperphoria, strabismus, and lacunæ or scotomata?'

'Never heard of any of 'em,' answers Smith.

'How about your susceptibility to glare?' the psychologist goes on.

The bewildered Smith cannot cope with such an onrush of technical

erudition. It is the scientist who must explain these strange things and what bearing they have on safe automobile driving. Not that Smith is stupid. No. Like most laymen, he is simply unaware of what efficient human eyes can do — and equally oblivious of the hazard that inefficient eyes represent.

Take field of vision, for example. A person with normal sight can look straight ahead as through the windshield of his car and yet, without altering the focus of his eyes, detect a moving object at either side. This gives him a total field of 185 to 195 degrees. The importance of a wide field is at once apparent. It enables the driver to watch the road and still see everything that comes toward him from the side. The person with a contracted field wears, in effect, 'blind-ers.' He does n't see the car which is passing around him until it is in front of him. He does n't see the machine which approaches at a fast clip at an intersection. He misses road markers of all kinds, including caution signs. He fails to see many things that he ought to see for his own safety and the safety of the people riding with him — not to mention the safety of other drivers and pedestrians. Sufferers with an extremely contracted field are said to have *tunnel vision*. It is as if they were looking through a tunnel or pipe and saw only what was at the far end.

Dr. Lauer has found that a field of vision of less than 140 degrees is dangerous. He measures the field by placing a large cardboard protractor in a horizontal position in front of the driver's eyes with the centre of the flat edge at the bridge of the nose. While the driver's gaze is focused straight ahead, the psychologist moves a pencil along the curved edge of the protractor from front to back until it passes out of the driver's sight. He does this on both sides and the points

of disappearance give the measurement of the field. The reader can test his own field of vision by focusing his eyes on some object directly before him and wiggling his fingers at each side of his head. The result will not be accurate, but at least he can discover if his field approximates the normal.

It is said that American Indians knew that the periphery of vision is more sensitive to movement than the centre of the eye. The Indian would lie on his back and look out of the corner of his eye to detect slight movements of bushes where enemies might be lurking.

Depth perception is equally important, but it is more interesting. Sufferers like my friend Schwartz cannot *see depth or distance*. A normal pair of eyes each focused on the same object gives a person three-dimensional sight. People with only one eye see depth very poorly. Close one eye and bring your two index fingers together at an easy distance. See how far you miss.

For this test the psychologist uses an old-fashioned stereoscope, such an instrument as everybody's grandmother used to have in her front parlor, with a series of specially adapted pictures. He advises the driver with faulty depth perception to be exceedingly careful when he passes other cars, because an oncoming machine may be closer than he thinks.

While the reader knows whether he is right- or left-handed, is he aware that he also is right- or left-eyed? Probably not. And yet exact equality of sight is about as rare as ambidexterity. Psychologists call this common tendency *ocular dominance*. When the sufferer is fatigued, he unconsciously tends to use his better eye and to allow the other one to rest. In extreme cases the driver is, for all practical purposes, one-eyed, with an exceedingly narrow field of vision and impaired depth

perception. To make it worse, the good eye is overworked and the strain causes headache and other disturbances, all of which result in still greater fatigue.

Dr. Lauer uses an odd device for determining ocular dominance. It is a metal instrument in the shape of a flattened cone. The driver being tested looks with both eyes through the large end, and the examiner moves a pencil back and forth not far from the other end. The driver is required to focus on the pencil. If he focuses on the pencil to the right of a centre sight on the instrument, his left eye is dominant, and vice versa. If he focuses on it at centre, he has used both eyes equally. Cross-eyed persons, who technically suffer from strabismus, use one eye almost exclusively. They are hampered all the time by the same difficulties that sufferers from ocular dominance experience at times of greatest fatigue.

Closely allied to strabismus are the three *phorias*. In exophoria, the eyes tend to turn out; in esophoria, they tend to turn in; in hyperphoria, one eye tends to turn up. In extreme cases, as I have said, the patient is called 'wall-eyed' or 'cross-eyed' or 'cock-eyed.' But usually the defect is only a tendency and is not noticeable; indeed, the sufferer himself is ordinarily unaware of it. The danger is that the malfocus sometimes results in double vision.

A railroad engineman, recently tested, was of the opinion for years that there were two signal arms at all switches, one above the other. His was a case of hyperphoria. The sufferer driving an automobile, particularly at night, is in a dangerous predicament indeed. Especially is this so in cases of exophoria and esophoria. Instead of one, he sees two automobiles approach and does n't know which to miss! He sees two tail lights on the car ahead.

If two cars are coming almost abreast, he sees the road filled from edge to edge with eight headlights forming a blurred, confusing mass.

III

A novel device is used by Dr. Lauer for testing resistance to glare. Called a glarometer, it consists of a light behind a circular, frosted glass and a diffusing lens. In the centre of the glass is the word 'out' (any word would do), printed plainly on a white background which is impervious to light. As the intensity of the light is gradually increased, the probationer is asked to tell when the light is so strong that the word disappears. For some people the word is gone when the light reaches only moderate intensity. Others can read it when the light is blinding to the ordinary sight. Since the intensity of the light is calibrated, it is possible to give each driver a definite rating on his resistance to glare.

Glare is a direct cause of some accidents and an indirect cause of others. In thousands of accidents each year the motorist gives 'blinded by headlights' or 'blinded by the sun' as the sole reason why he failed to see the other car or the defenseless pedestrian in his path. As an indirect cause, glare from bright sunlight results frequently in dangerous fatigue; indeed, drivers who are unusually susceptible to glare have fallen sound asleep at the wheel. Being blinded by bright light has always been looked upon as the perfect excuse in case of an accident — but will it be considered so when drivers have an opportunity to know their eyes? Dr. Lauer advises those who are easily blinded to shield their eyes against sunlight by shaded spectacle lenses and against headlights by colored panels or disks on the windshield.

For color blindness he uses the

Ishihara test, about which a great deal has been written. It consists of a series of circular areas made up of a patchwork of different-colored dots so arranged that one numeral in colors is visible to the normal eye while a different one is apparent to the person suffering from color blindness. There are many charts of different sets of colors in the series, so that it is possible to determine just which colors the driver cannot distinguish. In automobile driving, red-green color blindness is the most important because of the use of these colors in signals, and this combination of color blindness is the most common. Dr. Lauer, who has tested thousands of pairs of eyes, says that 10 per cent of male drivers and 1 per cent of female drivers are color-blind and that a tenth of these experience serious difficulty in reading signals. Thus there are thousands of drivers on the streets to-day who do not know what signals mean. Drivers in this category are cautioned to watch what other drivers do at signalized intersections and thus to compensate as best they can for their deficiency. It is not safe to memorize the relative positions of the red, amber, and green lights, because in some signals the green is at the top and the red is at the bottom, while in others the opposite is true.

A surprisingly large percentage of people do not know that there is such a defect as color blindness. Dr. Lauer tells a story about a man and wife who almost came to blows in his laboratory during the color-vision test. One of the Ishihara charts was shown to the husband, a commercial driver. He promptly said '21,' which was the number color-blind people see on that particular chart. His wife, standing near by, saw the number 74, which is what normal eyes perceive. A bitter altercation ensued. The husband insisted that the number was 21, the wife

that it was 74; then both appealed to the psychologist. Very carefully he explained the difficulty to both of them. But the wife was unimpressed. 'No,' she exclaimed. 'Joe's just bull-headed. Don't pay any attention to him. He's always that way when he's around strangers.'

A thoroughgoing test for acuity of vision is also included in the series of examinations — the test which most people think of as being the only practical one of vision. In defense of those who hold this opinion let me say that it is the only test in use to-day (except for color vision) in most of the states which attempt to test the sight of drivers before granting them a license to drive. Acuity is, of course, very important. The psychologist tests the eyes together and each eye separately, both with and without glasses, if the probationer wears them. The studies have shown that 25 per cent of drivers wear glasses, a fact that has no particular significance from the point of view of traffic safety; but the studies have also shown that a considerable percentage of people who need to wear them do not, a fact that has a tremendous bearing on safety.

Some drivers have as low as 15 to 20 per cent of normal vision. This means that they can see at a distance of fifteen to twenty feet what the average person can see with equal clarity at one hundred feet. Some suffer from myopia or nearsightedness; others from hyperopia or farsightedness; and still others suffer from astigmatism, which means roughly that they are both farsighted and nearsighted in the same eye and have blurred vision. Except in extreme cases, farsightedness is the least dangerous of these defects.

Another not uncommon ocular difficulty is malingering of the eye, or its failure to function at certain times. Eyes frequently fail when they are

needed most! And, curiously, this seems to be a purely psychological phenomenon. Lacunæ or scotomata also are found in a considerable percentage of cases. Everybody has a blind spot (of which he is not aware), but the sufferer from lacunæ has a blind spot so large that a child may be standing in full view a few hundred feet away and yet be invisible. A cheiroscope is used for detecting this condition — an interesting instrument. The probationer looks through the instrument with both eyes. With one eye he sees a simple picture, which he is asked to draw, and the other is trained on a plain piece of paper. Thus with one eye he is to draw what the other eye sees. If he is a sufferer from lacunæ and has a 'hole in his vision,' he will see and be able to draw only the portion of the picture seen by the defective eye. Both eyes are tested this way in turn.

IV

When the tests of vision are completed, the examiner can say with fair accuracy whether or not the probationer's vision is adequate for safe automobile driving. But vision is not all there is to the physical attributes of a safe driver. The tests of sight do not exhaust Dr. Lauer's bag of scientific tricks. There is strength of grip, for example, which is very important because of the power required to hold an automobile in the road in case of a blowout of a tire or to swerve the car suddenly to avoid a collision. Some women drivers are scarcely strong enough for driving certain types of cars, and truck and bus drivers need powerful hands to control their heavy vehicles even though ordinary manipulation may be comparatively easy. A dynamometer, or spring device like a small pair of scales, is used to test grip; for safety each hand should have a

gripping strength of from 75 to 100 pounds.

Speed of movement is measured by the use of a telegraph key and an electric counter. The person taking the test operates the key as rapidly as he can in five periods of ten seconds each. His score is found by averaging the number of contacts made, and the record is compared to the normal. Quickness is so often vital in automobile driving that the importance of this attribute to safe driving is obvious. This test is similar to a standard test for reaction time, but is more practical because it is not influenced so much by distractions to the person taking it.

A complicated electrical device including a Wheatstone bridge and a galvanometer is used to measure the driver's susceptibility to sudden noise, which, in turn, gives a clue to his nervous stability. First used in France to select street-car motormen, the method is the same in principle as that of the famous 'lie detector' which is rapidly coming into use by progressive criminologists. A tiny electric current is passed through the body of the person being tested. Suddenly a loud automobile horn is sounded near him. If he is unstable nervously, his body resistance to the current is lowered and this is registered on the galvanometer. The unexpected sounding of the horn will give one man a terrific start, while another apparently would show no loss of composure if a bomb were to be set off under his chair.

Dr. Lauer will add an audiometer to his equipment when funds become available. A well-known device, it measures accurately a person's ability to hear. It varies the pitch and sound intensity so that hearing in the various registers is measured and calibrated. The psychologist says that, while hearing is undoubtedly important to safe driving, research studies to show ex-

actly how important it is are yet to be made.

By far the most interesting piece of equipment developed by the psychologist is a mechanical device for giving a driving examination which tests the driver's observation, motor control, nervousness, and manipulation. Since an actual driving field, with all the common turns and stops carefully arranged (such as Dr. Lauer has laid out near his laboratory at Ames), is not transportable, an amazing substitute has been developed. The man being tested sits at the wheel of a dummy car. It has the regulation steering wheel, horn, pedals, gear-shifting lever, and accelerator. He looks through a windshield and over the top of a dummy hood, but, instead of seeing a roadway, his gaze enters a miniature stage about four feet wide, two feet high, and three feet deep. Across the front of the stage several inches from the floor is a quarter-inch iron bar, and to this bar is fixed a toy automobile. The driver turns the wheel of the dummy car to the right, and behold, the toy car moves along the bar to the right. He finds that he can move the toy back and forth along the bar at will.

The floor of the stage consists of an endless leather belt operated by a special electric motor. On the belt is painted a country road with trees, fences, barns, houses, filling stations, and railroad tracks. The road winds, branches, comes to intersections, goes straight — it does, in fact, about everything that an actual road can do. Since the belt moves from back to front, it passes under the toy car, giving the same effect as if the toy car were passing over the road. Part of the task for the person taking the test is to *steer* in such a manner that the toy car will be directly over the right side of the road as the road moves under.

If all one had to watch were the road and the steering, it would not be so difficult a test. But that is by no means all. At the back of the stage such signs as 'Slow down and sound horn at 6,' 'Take road to left at 8,' and 'Observe railroad at 4' appear in rotation, and corresponding numbers, which represent road signs, are painted along the side of the road. One must follow these directions and one must also observe a small Stop-and-Go signal situated at the top of the stage.

But still I have not fully described this unusual contrivance. The speed with which the road moves is determined by the pressure the driver puts on the accelerator. And as he shifts gears from low to high the road speeds up, giving, of course, the illusion that the toy car speeds up.

Thus the person taking the test must keep the toy car over the right side of the road as it winds through the make-believe countryside. He must observe the Stop-and-Go light at the top of the stage and follow the directional signs at the rear. Such errors as not heeding the signals and signs are counted by the examiner, who sits in the driving seat of the dummy car with the driver. An automatic check is made of the driver's ability to keep the toy car in the road by silver springs suspended from the bottom of the car, which contact copper lugs set at short intervals on the road. If he gets off the road, contact is not made. As one who has taken this

test, permit me to say that it is not easy.

But its scientific worth has been demonstrated. The alert, capable, observant, quick, cool driver comes through with the best record almost invariably, and these are the characteristics found in the best and safest drivers on our highways. In fact, higher correlations are obtained between the score for this test and actual accident records than between employer's ratings, after several years' service, and the records. In other words, it is a more accurate test than actual driving for several years.

The work is not finished (few scientific researches of this kind ever are), but a magnificent start has been made. Dr. Lauer is constantly improving his technique and his equipment. He hopes eventually to be able to classify every driver — and not just nine out of ten, as he is now able to do — as safe or unsafe, and to tell the unsafe drivers just wherein they fail to meet the standard. Without doubt he will accomplish this. The advantages will be manifold. The operators of fleets of cars and state motor vehicle commissioners will be able to keep off the highways drivers who lack the requisites for safe driving, and thoughtful people will be able to determine their own deficiencies and either compensate for them or cease driving voluntarily for their own sake and for the sake of the public. A driver will really be able to know himself!

RED STORM

BY P. K. MOK

I

BEFORE the demigod Odenov moved in, the Propaganda Office had housed other gods — it had been a temple. Odenov's private office had been the main shrine. He had ordered that the gods be removed and the room made ready for him in three days. He came in on the third day with his enormous desk, and with cases upon cases of books, papers, and documents, but the place was not ready.

'Three days to clear out these foolish idols!' he stormed. 'That's time enough to change the whole of China, my friends. How long, then, will it take you to clear out foreign battleships, abolish extraterritoriality, and get back the concessions? I ask you! Answer me!'

Odenov whirled about so abruptly that his three Chinese aides jumped backward, stumbled, and almost fell against the wall.

'Move them in!' he shouted to the astonished coolies in temporary charge of his cases and boxes, and then darted back menacingly toward the carpenters still at work. 'Get out, you sluggish pigs, or I'll crack your ribs!'

One of his aides, sensing danger, ran up hastily, tugged at his sleeve, and whispered, 'They are Union men.'

'Hang the Union! What fine revolutionists you fellows are!'

What irked Odenov most was that, even in the revolutionary city of Canton, in the revolutionary year of 1927,

there were so many things not ready for him. But ready or no, he determined, there was going to be a revolution — a Communist revolution. So the gods who had no time sense and had smiled through the ages were forced out, and the god who never had enough time and frowned at every passing moment moved in.

His temple, for the construction of which he would not allow more than three days, was a makeshift affair. Only two things were in their right places — the Soviet flag hanging on the wall, and Odenov himself below. His head was closely cropped, and his high, tight-skinned forehead was brown and shiny. His fiery eyes, his rather impudent nose — in fact, his whole countenance was vindictive. His shirt collar was open at the neck, his sleeves rolled up, and the hairy chest and arms thus revealed gave one the impression that he was a man at the height of his vitality. In his enormous hand he clutched a big red pencil, in readiness to mark crimson the map of the great city of Canton. Already his encircling arms claimed it for his own, although at times his uncertain glances at the map betrayed that he was not so sure.

A uniformed orderly darted back and forth, bringing in messages which Odenov opened with an unnatural jerk. Invariably he scanned the signature before he proceeded to read, and his expression — a grin, a scornful smile, a

tightening of the jaws, a lifting of the brows, a straightening of the body, or a drooping of the mouth — indicated the nature of the report.

II

Presently a group of aggressive, energetic young men came in. One by one Odenov called them by name, without so much as raising his head to look at them, as if he knew them by their footsteps. He merely motioned them to sit down on two rows of chairs along the walls. He allowed the silence to gather until it became oppressive, then, with dramatic suddenness, lifted high his massive head, drew up his figure to its full six feet, and raked over the faces of his visitors with a cold, hard stare. His left eye was capable of emitting a glow of comradeship, not warm enough to be personal, but with just that degree of mellowness to make those in his presence feel comfortable and to inspire confidence in him. This eye was human and capable of love; but there was something demoniacal about the other that made one's blood run cold. It appeared to see without seeing, to pierce through a man's external features into his very soul. That dreadful right eye never winked, but always remained wide open in an icy, vengeful stare as though it belonged to a dead man who had suffered some grievous wrong and who, even in death, refused to forget it. Few knew that it was an artificial eye, and Odenov was careful to keep the secret.

At last he spoke.

'Comrades!'

The nerves of his hearers seemed to snap an echo in their bodies with a loud sound like that made by a strained bow which has just set the arrow free. Slowly Odenov rose from his chair, threw back his head, took a deep breath, and then, as if his chest were bursting

under the pressure of so much air, he poured out a torrent of words.

'Comrades! The reports you have submitted distress me. You have made fine promises to the people — promises of rice, of homes, of every kind of betterment you could think of. But in the making of promises you are no better or worse than our Christian friends who tell the people they will go to Heaven.

'Make them promises and they will sit down and wait for others to bring about fulfillment, sluggish and vainly hopeful animals that they are. To teach them to love is to teach them to submit meekly to fate, to their overlords and their enemies, and to be content with their miserable lives. That is a cruelty which I do not want you to commit.

'What you must do is to make them hate! Go to the people and tell them what miserable dogs they are. Make them despise their condition and their very lives. Make them see that they are so miserable that they cannot be worse off no matter what happens. Make them feel that their lives are so utterly unbearable that they will be ready to do anything in the most reckless manner. Then, when hatred and cruelty are boiling within them, tell them who their oppressors are, and let them rise up against them. You will be the gunners to take aim; the aroused emotions of the people will be the guns, the shells, the high explosives!'

In making speeches, as in everything else, Odenov knew that enough was enough. And to encourage his subordinates, and impart to them a sense of confidence both in him and in themselves, he was not above a little backslapping. He insisted on being called 'Comrade Odenov,' and those who made use of the appellation always felt that they had committed a conscious impropriety, just as though one had hailed an austere father by his first name — only to find that he responded

to it as a matter of course and seemed to enjoy it.

Now Comrade Odenov stepped forward and took the hand of each of his subordinates, patting it affectionately and whispering to each a kind word of encouragement, just loud enough to be heard but not overheard. It was as if he were taking them individually into his secret confidence. This done, they all gathered about the colored map of the city, bending over it as in a military council.

'Do you see these red circles?' he said. 'They are laborers' sections. In each section there are about one thousand workers of all sorts. I rely upon you to win them over — in two weeks! Each of you is a born leader of the common people, but what is a leader without power? Power lies about on every hand, neglected like ungathered rice. We must harvest it!'

With this, his voice died away. He took three resolute strides back to his desk and stood there, tense and alert, waiting impressively. He knew the power of silence better than a lover. He knew, too, the magic of words — hot, earnest, eloquent. The stillness was shattered with his final charge: —

'An ideal is sacred only when you and I and the people have shed our blood over it. Go! The world is yours!'

III

In China the mill of evolution has turned slowly, ponderously, through many centuries. Her millions of people are quiet and patient, little given to interfering with the deliberate processes of natural law. Theirs is a complete abstraction of the self from its surrounding circumstances, like that of the ruminating cow which forgets alike the heavy yoke and the free, green pastures. It is their habit to hope in terms of years and to despair resignedly in terms

of hours and minutes. Theirs is the ability to 'eat bitterness' without end, never showing evidence of physical or nervous strain; the ability to live in monotony without being bored. These are qualities of mellowness and maturity, at once a blessing and a curse to the nation. And these were the qualities which Odenov charged his young men to change — in two weeks.

'Why don't the people look at their lives as we do?' his disciples asked among themselves. 'Why are n't they as conscious of their misery as we are?'

Odenov himself was wiser. He was an astute revolutionist. He knew that this poise, this composure, of the nation was real, and that it must first be destroyed. 'Go to the people and tell them what miserable dogs they are. Make them despise their condition and their very lives.' He knew, too, that they must be given a symbol against which they could direct their collective hatred. 'Tell them who their oppressors are, and let them rise up against them.'

Over and over he had conjured up before the minds of his young men the picture of the mad, vengeful Dragon of the Yellow River as it rushed over the water gates and washed down the dikes built to control it. With picks and shovels in hand, he and his 'comrades' were to sit astride the dikes and gates, ready to break them. But the water of the human stream had been calm and stagnant a long time. Could it be made to flow again? And would it run in the new channels so feverishly dug for it?

IV

Sam Kee's restaurant was one of the places to which Odenov's men brought their gospel. Like other eating houses patronized by dock coolies, ricksha men, and other manual laborers, it was seething with life and business. For it

was five o'clock in the afternoon, the time to ask those one met, 'Have you eaten rice?' — a question which hearty fellows liked to be able to answer, with a sucking sound of the teeth and a sweeping of the tongue against the inner lips, 'I have.'

There were some thirty tables in the room, square, unpainted, uncovered. About them, not sitting, but squatting on long benches in the position peculiar to their class, were many brown, strong-bodied men. Bare to the waist and with sweat-drenched towels flung across their shoulders, these hardy fellows ate with incredible zest and appetite, even though their faces, half hidden behind heaping bowls of steaming rice, retained the expression of unclouded, leisurely calm that was habitual to them. The food in their mouths muffled somewhat their cheerful conversation and loud laughter. The healthy smell of human bodies that had steamed all day in the sun was mingled with the pungent odor of meat fried with bean sauce, ginger, and wine. From the kitchen, which was exposed to view, came the quick rhythmical sound of food being chopped into small pieces with two knives, as if an accomplished snare drummer were practising his art on a block of wood.

'A bowl of rice!' A bronzed customer loudly gave his order to the waiter twenty yards away. 'A bowl of rice!' The singing waiter caught up the words and hurled them at the cook. 'A bowl of rice!' The cook echoed the refrain; then, seizing the steaming dish, he chanted again, 'A bowl of rice!' to the waiter, who repeated in his turn, 'A bowl of rice!' to the customer, who answered, 'Here!' Other echoes went round the dining room to the tune of 'A pot of wine, warm!' or 'A dish of stewed beef with garlic and salted beans!'

There were the singsong cries of the peddler as he sailed serenely between

the tables with his delicacies in a basket balanced on his head, announcing them in flowery and tempting terms. When a customer got up to leave, there was the waiter's shouting of the price to the cashier, who shouted it back as a matter of counter-checking. Then there was the vociferous wit of Gold-Tooth Four, who until a month ago had been Broken-Tooth Four. These names testified to the accident which had befallen him and to the decorative repair work which now made him the envy of his companions; the word 'Four' might mean that he was the fourth son of his mother, although he always denied it, insisting that he was an only child.

'You mean,' someone spoke up to tease him, 'that all your brothers and sisters died and you are the only wretched left-over.'

'Left-over so that your mother may not be widowed,' he retorted, 'and wretched because I have a son like you.'

'A pot of wine, rice wine!' he called to the waiter; and then to Old Sam, 'Chalk it up!' He ran an account which Old Sam kept on a blackboard on the wall behind the counter.

'You're getting mighty extravagant nowadays, Broken-Tooth — er — Gold-Tooth Four,' said Sam, tapping the blackboard with a piece of chalk. 'Fifty-five cents and four cash. When are you going to pay?' (A cash is one tenth of a cent.)

'And a dish of curry beef!' Gold-Tooth Four shouted another order, ignoring Old Sam's question.

'What?' said Sam, pressing his point. 'Have you again stolen and pawned your wife's trousers?'

'Whatever happens, son, your good mother will always have clothes on her back. Don't worry. Chalk it up!'

'But when are you going to pay?'

'I pay when I pay.'

'When?'

'Before the New Year, as always.'

'Suppose you die before then?'

'I will pay before I die.'

'Suppose you die prematurely?'

'Then I will pay prematurely. But say, how can I die prematurely when I have a son as big as you?'

'Suppose you die accidentally? Suppose that dog's life of yours gets snuffed out under the big Russian's car?'

'Then I will pay accidentally. I am not one of the Divide-the-Property Party.'

'Guard that dog's tongue of yours with care,' said Old Sam, looking around to see if there were any unfamiliar faces in the room. '*They* will divide it into pieces, only it is not worth a rusted cash.'

'What's wrong with my tongue, eh? Any tongue is good enough that can win a woman.'

'Yes, and appreciate Old Sam's food.'

'Your food! Ta-ta-ta-ta!' Gold-Tooth Four clucked his thick, heavy tongue contemptuously. 'Don't worry, old man. If *you* die, — killed, say, by the Red Dividers, — I'll buy you paper money with what I owe you and burn it to your spirit.'

The house shook with laughter. Satisfied and light-hearted, the men lingered on in the restaurant. They sat about or squatted, smoking and picking their teeth. The setting sun shone upon their wine-reddened faces.

Suddenly one of them shouted, 'Here they come, sure enough!' Then, seizing Gold-Tooth Four and holding his jaws like a dentist, he added, 'They're coming, I'll bet, to pull out your new tooth and divide the gold!'

V

Erect and serious, they did come, Odenov's men. The coolies, the dock hands, and others had often heard their

young, eager voices haranguing the crowd, and they had shouted with them, 'Love our country! Save our country!' They had seen these white-clad, well-kept forms parading in the sun to the music of a military band with which their own untrained feet had been unable to keep time. Most of them had said, each to himself, while panting for breath and mopping the sweat off his face, 'Surely my children will be like them!' Then they had pulled harder and run faster; and when the meagre price for their sweat had been hastily thrust into their hands, they had asked, looking at it, 'Will they, though?' — and had shaken their heads, too simple and too tired to think further.

Now Odenov's men entered the restaurant and launched forth into their speeches. But it was altogether new, strange, and unbelievable to Ricksha Man Number 286 to hear from the only class of people in whom he had any confidence — these students — that he need not labor like a horse and be treated like a dog; that he was entitled to the food, clothing, and shelter of a human being. 'A human being? That's funny,' he thought. 'Then I am not a human being. Who is a human being? Old Sam, the proprietor, is one. No, he also works like a horse. Perhaps the fellow who rode in my ricksha this morning? No, he was a wild-begotten son of a monkey. The Mister Students before me? Yes. And certainly that big man who did not wait for his change.'

And in his mind he ran over all the 'human beings' he had ever seen, amusing himself by selecting the one whom he would most like to be. His imagination led him to the house of that 'human being.' He would get lost in the undreamed-of labyrinth of rooms and halls and corridors; he would go to sleep on the 'human being's' bed, and

be unable to rise because of its deep softness. He would shout orders to the servants and use them like dogs out of revenge for his being so used by others, but he would pay them good wages to show that, though rich, he was generous and kind.

The speech-making was still going on. 'You are like oxen and horses,' shouted Odenov's men, 'sold for a handful of grass!'

'Yes, yes. That's right,' they nodded.

'You are doomed to eternal labor, and so are your sons and your sons' sons!'

'Aya! That will be terrible,' someone spoke up. 'I was hoping that my sons would be like you, Mister Student.'

'The rich men are robbers!'

'Yes, yes, to be sure.'

'Let us divide the land! Let us share the property!'

And before the eyes of the laborers swam visions of vast tracts of land and enormous wealth, and into their minds popped a most un-Bolshevik thought — that if they had a share of it they would 'cripple themselves,' as the saying goes, and just sit and eat without want, generation after generation.

VI

When night fell, the conversation was more lively and the laughter louder than ever before, for these tired ones had found a new subject to talk and laugh about. Someone would start the ball rolling with: 'Say, let me divide your property.' He was asking for a match or a pinch of tobacco.

'All right. I'll share yours the next time, you stingy devil.'

'But you don't understand this Divide-the-Property-ism. It all means that what's yours is mine and what's mine is my own.'

'Good! Then take my debts and the

boil on my leg. That's all that's mine.'

Then they would ask each other curious questions, more for the sake of a laugh than for information: —

'Who is this Violent Peace [Lenin]?' put in Ricksha Man Ah Hing.

'First, Violence and War; then, Peace and Order. He must be a great general to have a name like that,' answered Ricksha Man Ah Foo, with due display of scholarship.

'What's in a name?' retorted Ah Hing. 'Your name is Foo [Rich], but you are poor.'

'And who is Cow Marks [Carl Marx]?' Dock Coolie Number 130 wanted to know.

'What do you care whether it is Cow Marks or Horse Marks?' remarked Carrier Ah Wong. 'You are a pig anyway. Have a smoke from my Pig Mark and look at your double on the bag.' With that he tossed the coolie a bag of tobacco which carried the picture of a pig as its trade-mark.

'Let us divide it!' They passed the tobacco around.

'If you don't leave me enough for tonight, we'll divide the women of your family among us.'

'Say,' spoke up Odd Jobber Ah Po with a sly wink, 'did you notice the girl students who spoke to us?'

'You croaking, silly green frog!' taunted Jobless Ah Fook. 'How can you hope to eat the flesh of the white swans of the sky? That beggar girl over there is much too good for you.'

'And what's wrong with the beggar girl, eh?' said Street Cleaner Ah Wing. 'Give her a cake of soap and a bucket of water — splash, splash! — then a fifty-cent dress — and what's the difference?'

Thus the first few days went by. To the laborers, Communism was just a new subject for mischievous humor, a joke provoker, a wit sharpener. There was a contagious mirth among them.

'Hello, Communist!' became a greeting to be meaninglessly and cheerily tossed at strangers. At the jesting request, 'Let's communize your tobacco,' jealously guarded bags flew open in good fellowship. In the restaurants they had a great time when they 'practised Communism' — that is, snatched a piece of cake from under somebody's nose.

VII

But such pranks and jollity were not to last. For Odenov's disciples, determined to beat into the heads of the laborers a hatred of their lives, continued their incessant harangues, and before long they began to be conscious of their misery. A great weariness descended upon the men. Feet that had never refused to run now lagged; hands that had been nimble and quick now became heavy and slow; shoulders slumped under burdens, and muscles ached. They ate with less cheer and gusto. In the restaurants they gave their orders more curtly, and washed down their food with curses on the cook and the waiter. They paid their money unwillingly, as if to a robber, often leaving another curse for tip.

The contagious mirth of the first days gave place to a contagious moroseness. Jokes were no longer amusing; instead of bringing forth laughs, they loosened unkind tongues and often provoked the use of fists. At night an ominous silence fell on their quarters. Now and then the tootle of a bamboo flute or the whine of a coconut-shell violin was still to be heard, but the music betrayed the choking breath and unwilling hands of the players and would break off abruptly in a few ill-tempered notes. In the shadows, against trees and walls, leaned muttering men. When, at last, they retired to their quarters, they were galled by

their close contact. The slightest tossing in bed brought down a volley of curses on the restless one. He who let out an audible sigh was promptly offered a trousers string to hang himself with.

In short, the mystical sense of abstraction from their surroundings had left them. The cow now felt the burden of the yoke, but the freedom of the green pastures seemed as far off as ever.

The tiredness that was on them lingered like the extreme languor of a tropical noon, exasperating and maddening. It ate deeper into them with each rumor of suicide, with each disappearance among their fellows. Singly, these laboring men stood or walked like beings lost, their heads hanging limp. Suddenly they would rouse into frenzied, aimless motion, as diseaseridden dogs sometimes do, only to subside into a deeper dejection. After some work had been unwillingly performed, they mopped the sweat off their faces and necks so violently that they all but ended in strangling themselves with their towels. They complained to one another. They formed into groups, then turned their backs upon each other — attracted and repulsed, seeking company and shunning it. From street to street, from corner to corner, they wandered — restless, tired, dazed.

Thousands of faces, easy, frank, and friendly but a week before, now wore one expression, as if some ruthless monarch envious of their happiness had decreed that they put on gloomy masks of a uniform design. Theirs was the anguish, the mute anger, of a struggle against something incomprehensible and unconquerable — something that was crushing them down, intangible as a shadow, yet heavy as a mountain. Their life had become a hell; nothing mattered any more. And when nothing matters, men will do anything.

VIII

The moroseness of these under dogs now turned into bitterness. The hatred of their own lives now became hatred of all lives. At those outside their class they stared with malignant directness, pursing their coarse lips in contempt. Ricksha men deposited with a bang both fat merchants and bobbed-haired feminists, bound-foot women and market-going farmers with baskets of eggs. Running carriers purposely splashed pools of muddy water on well-dressed passers-by. Dock coolies threw luggage on the ground and jabbed their elbows into the ribs of customers. Everywhere there were angry and exorbitant demands. A refusal to comply always elicited the muttered warning, 'Watch yourself!' From dark corners stones were hurled at those whose clothing betrayed their wealth. Men returning from crowded centres found the back of their coats stained with ink or smeared with filth.

Soon the whole city was afflicted with a bad case of nerves. It was as if the air were laden with germs of some contagious disease, infecting all who breathed it. The people were shaken out of their habitual calm and composure. They fidgeted, they fretted, they feared. Dread and apprehension — of what they did not know — were written on the faces of the thronging pedestrians. Before stepping from their doorways, they looked this way and that, like nervous rats coming out of their holes. On the street they broke into a confused and hurried gait. There were no loud and cheerful greetings when acquaintances met; like ants, they drew their heads together timidly, whispered a few words, then swiftly parted.

Panics occurred every hour. For no apparent reason hundreds of black heads would turn and look over their shoulders, as if they were so many

puppets manipulated by a mysterious master showman; their scared, helpless expression was that of a flock of sheep lost in a dark forest where their quickened ears hear the snarls and growls of invisible wolves. The rude order of a policeman would cause a stampede in which many would be hurt. The backfire of an automobile would send hundreds scurrying for shelter, while other hundreds dropped flat on the ground and a few jumped into the river. Shops and houses near the scene would be closed and bolted.

When the commotion had subsided, frightened faces would peep through half-opened doors and windows to find out what had happened. 'Some kind of panic,' people would say. A moment later, exaggerated rumors of 'pistol shots' or of an 'uprising' would spread to another part of the city, starting there another frenzied stampede, another maddening din of shutting doors and clanging chains. This, in turn, would give rise to more rumors, and immediately new panics would break out elsewhere. Thus the circle of fear extended like expanding waves started by a stone thrown into the water, and whispers flew about that 'such things happened all over the city.'

What 'such things' were the city did not know. It writhed and twitched in convulsions. It had taken poison into its system — and must throw it out.

IX

Night fell. Doors were closed early, doubly chained and heavily bolted, then barricaded with tables and chairs. Few lights appeared, and these were extinguished early. Men laid their heads on the edges of their pillows so that they might hear better. Now and then a motor car rumbled through the darkness. One listened with straining ears to catch the faintest sound, for the

sleeping Beast of Revolution was stirring, stretching itself with a deep, rolling yawn. The car stopped. There were subdued whisperings and muffled footsteps, the stealthy opening and shutting of doors. Quietly the car drew away. Another came. More opening and shutting of doors. More shuffling of feet — bare feet, soft and furtive on the pavement. There were sounds like that of running sand, faintly rasping — someone was marking the walls with chalk.

What was that! A tin can crashed to the ground. Yes, it must have been a can, but it sounded strangely muted — no vibration — the echo stilled as if by liquid contents. Then a deathly silence.

All of a sudden a tremendous roar rolled from the dark throat of night. The city was aglow, as if the lids of innumerable huge lanterns had suddenly and simultaneously been lifted; as if the Titan Prometheus, unable any longer to bear the vulture tearing at his vitals, had broken loose and flung down fire to destroy all creation; as if a mock god had said, 'Let there be light!' — and there *was* light. By the glare of the conflagration, scuttling figures could be seen carrying gasoline cans. Blinded and choked by the hot wind and smoke, with arms raised and mouths grimacing, they heaved toward the flames, like savages in a ritual of fire worship. At the same time a frenzied mob surged through the streets brandishing weapons of every description — bamboo poles, rods and bars of iron and wood, pikes, axes, guns.

All night hoarse voices shouted, 'Open! Open!' Terror-stricken faces looked down from dark windows at the upturned faces, sinister and bloody. 'Open! Open!' Kerosene cans were drummed and raised in menace. 'Open or be burned!'

Daylight was ~~long~~ in coming because of the great ~~of~~ of smoke that

hung over the city. When it did come it made no difference. Life seemed to have lost all value; nothing mattered; only death was real. The storm of insane hate was blind, impersonal. It did not choose its course. It tore its way through wood, through bricks and mortar, through the breasts of men. It had neither centre nor direction. In its boiling, surging, and tossing, there was no distinct slogan, no clear battle cry.

Motor cars roared through the streets at headlong speed, running over heaps of débris, over pools of blood, over dead bodies and live bodies; they flew red flags announcing the establishment of a So Vai Ai Government — a meaningless translation of 'Soviet.' The maddened crowds did not read the characters on the flags. The few who did read did not recognize the characters, and he who chanced to recognize them did not understand them. Only 'Ai' has a clear meaning — sorrow.

From the cars red bands and ribbons were showered on the throng — as if they were tickets for the great spectacle of looting and killing. Arms were distributed. 'Take this! Go make yourself a fortune! The world is yours!' Hundreds of eager hands clutched at the weapons, like victims of a shipwreck grasping at the nearest object. The current whirled, sucking in those outside it, tossing out those already caught in it, wave breaking on wave. People were borne hither and thither, the red bands around their wrists, arms, and necks like bleeding wounds received in the fierce struggle. There were shrieks of greed, of vengeance, of agony, of meaninglessness; the tumult and uproar of hacking, of hammering, of shooting; the crackling of the flames, the groaning, rumbling fall of buildings. And through it all the upward-thrusting tongues of fire licked at the sky while the downward-sweeping tongues of smoke curled over the earth.

X

Two days and three nights the storm raged. And where was Odenov? What had he been doing?

On the third morning the government troops recaptured the city and set about exterminating the Communists. But who were the Communists? That was simple. The coolies, the dock hands, the miserable laborers, still wore their red bands, and by this token they were marked as such. Communists they were in no other sense, but that was enough, and the soldiers shot them down. Although the bands were hurriedly torn off in the fighting, their skin had become stained with the red dye during the many mad, sweating hours. The circles around their wrists, arms, and necks made purple garlands to go with them to their common grave.

And where was Odenov?

He was in his office. There he was, and there he had been since the second morning of the revolution.

All his life he had been consumed with the craving for power, and he had come to China to realize his ambition. The people whom he had called 'complacent, ruminating cows' he had fed on some 'insane root,' and had climbed on their backs, spurring them to a frenzied, riotous ride. The thing had happened just as he planned it; the city was in flames, every man's hand was against every other man's, the issue hung in the balance. All that remained was to await the right moment when, the first fury having spent itself, the people would be ready to accept the yoke of the strong man who could bring order out of chaos. So from the second morning he had been in his office, issuing his curt commands, receiving reports, pacing the floor, waiting — until, at last, worn out by the strain and the effort, he had dropped exhausted in his chair. There he now lay, half on the

desk, half under it, his head on one outstretched arm, his sunken face partly covered by fringes of unkempt hair. He was fast asleep.

Suddenly the door of his office was flung open. In jumped one of his aides. Odenov leaped up. At the expression on the other's face he cried, 'Out of control, Comrade ——?' But before he could finish, a squad of soldiers burst into the room. Odenov stiffened at sight of them, then slowly sank in his chair.

'You call this a revolution, do you?' jeered his former aide. Odenov did not answer. "'An ideal can be made sacred only by the blood of youth' — is n't that what you said? You're the one who would bleed the world to death in order to possess it!' Odenov continued to sit motionless. Once he glanced at his pistol, which lay within arm's reach, but he made no motion to seize it and submitted meekly to arrest.

When he was taken out to be shot, the people lined the streets to see him. In his face there was no hatred, no appeal to sympathy, no emotion at all. And not a bitter word was uttered by the people, not a hostile look was cast, not an accusing finger was raised. The passing of Odenov amid the stoic throng was like the passing of the last patch of storm cloud over a cornfield where the tempest has left nothing but stubble, stiff and still. Who shakes his fist at a storm after it has blown over? It was all so impersonal, so incomprehensible, that there was nothing for the people to do but say, 'What has been, has been,' and start life anew with what was left.

Only here and there, in the great silence, a woman wept quietly for her husband or son. Here and there, in a bloodstained corner, a woman burned paper money and clothing. The smoke ascended like a prayer from the smoldering city.

DIVERSITIES OF GIFTS

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. — I CORINTHIANS 12.4

I

MORE than a century ago an Irish priest was appointed rector of St. Mary's Church, which stood then, as it stands to-day, at the corner of Prince and Vine Streets, one square to the south of King Street. St. James Episcopal Church is situated at the corner of Duke and Orange Streets, an equal distance to the north of King Street. When the appointment of the priest of St. Mary's was only four years old, the vestry of St. James called to its pulpit a young man who had begun as a lawyer a career which he was destined to end as a bishop. At almost the same time a new minister came to Trinity Lutheran Church, whose lofty spire has overlooked King Street from the south since the concluding decades of the eighteenth century.

They became fast friends. The priest was an ardent Democrat. The Lutheran minister was a Whig. The Episcopal rector regarded parties — 'faction,' as George Washington would have expressed it — as the besetting sin of Church and State. In spite of these political differences all three were elected to the school board. When President Zachary Taylor died in office, the board met in the Court House in order to pass resolutions of respect. At the close of the meeting the three friends walked, arm in arm, to Trinity Church in order to take

part in a religious service in memory of the dead President. The picture which they presented was never forgotten by those who saw it, and has become for us on King Street a symbol of not the least part of the contribution which America has made to the wisdom and charity of the world.

But indeed the precedents which make for tolerance among us run back much further than a century. A decade before the last of the witches was hanged in Salem the 'Great Law' of William Penn had provided that no person who acknowledged one Almighty God to be the creator and ruler of the world, and who professed himself obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly under the civil government, should in any wise be molested or prejudiced by reason of his conscientious persuasion or practice. Relying on this assurance, several families from the Palatinate, descendants of the distressed Swiss Mennonites, settled on the Pequea Creek, whereupon Penn sent to the Conestoga Indians a present — consisting, somewhat inappropriately, of powder and shot — and a message requiring their friendship to 'the Palatines, settled near Pequae.' The Indians made a conciliatory reply, and in the course of a few years the Mennonites were followed by coreligionists of Penn himself; by Amish,

called in early days Beardy Men and Hooker Mennonites — the latter because of the hooks and eyes which they still use on their clothes instead of buttons; by Dunkers or Tunkers, with beards as long as those of the Amish, but without the distinguishing hooks and eyes, some of whom settled along the Susquehanna and are on that account known as River Brethren; by Moravians, who founded a congregation of which Count Zinzendorf is reckoned as the first pastor; and by one Conrad Beissel, who lived first as a hermit on the banks of the Cocalico and afterwards founded a monastic society whose members attained such excellence in music as to be publicly rewarded by the King of England and such skill in printing as to be chosen printers of money for the Continental Congress. If to these little-known sectarians, referred to locally by the collective designation of 'plain people,' there be added representatives of the usual Protestant denominations and the Catholics who laid the foundations of St. Mary's, — the women mixing the mortar while the men gathered the stones from the adjoining farms, — it is not hard to credit the statement of an authority on the subject that a pedestrian on King Street may meet representatives of as many as thirty sects during the course of a walk on that thoroughfare.

II

He who would see the plain people of the present generation can make no better beginning than by following King Street to our market house on any market day. The land on which we are standing was set apart in 1730 'for the erection of a market within the town' and has ever since served its appointed purpose, the stalls in the market house being rented annually by the city to

the highest bidders at a public auction.

Here is a placid Mennonite housewife who, with the help of her little daughter, is selling vegetables raised on her husband's farm, and in addition a variety of products of her own handiwork — yellow noodles for 'schmaltzing' (baking with bread crumbs) or making soup, pickled pigs' feet called 'souse,' dried apples or 'schnitz,' 'schmierkaes,' and thick sugar cookies which are known as 'pepper nuts.' If the time of the year were near Shrove Tuesday, her wares would also include 'fasnachts,' — raised doughnuts without holes, — which are eaten on that feast day.

Being indoors now, she has removed the black bonnet, shaped like a short pokebonnet, in which she came to market, and in so doing has uncovered a small white cap resembling a miniature sunbonnet, the strings of which are tied under her chin. She wears a black garb (it might also be gray, or, indeed, any quiet print) consisting of a waist buttoned close to the neck, but without a collar, and a long full skirt. A cape made of the same material as the dress completes as plain a costume as may well be imagined. It is curious, nevertheless, to observe the universality of the experience that the effort to avoid distinction in dress inevitably defeats its purpose. In a somewhat similar connection the Quakers, in attempting to abolish ritual, have unwittingly created an exceedingly effective ritual out of silence.

The little girl does not wear a garb. She has not yet renounced the world and joined the church — has not 'come out' and 'given herself up,' as the Mennonites themselves express it. She will make her own decision on that point when she has arrived at years of discretion. Perhaps she will never give herself up, and unless she does so she will continue to dress as her own taste

and that of her mother determine. If, in due time, she concludes to take the momentous step, she will appear some morning attired like her mother, and from that day forward the vanity of personal adornment will be a thing of the past.

If her father had come to market it might be possible to tell whether the family belongs to the Old Mennonites, who are the more numerous and the less rigid, or to the New Mennonites, who claim to have returned to an earlier and more excellent standard. Among the former, the wearing of beards is optional; among the latter, beards are considered productive of both pride and envy, and are, consequently, forbidden. A Mennonite with a beard is, therefore, certainly an Old Mennonite, but one without a beard may belong to either of the two branches of the church. Old Mennonites vote at elections and are allowed to hold such public offices as school director and road supervisor, but not to be members of the legislature. Their ministers are expected not to vote. New Mennonites do not vote at all. If one of them becomes a backslider in the eyes of the church, the other members of his own family are not allowed to eat at the same table with him, and his wife withdraws from him.

Old Mennonite ministers are chosen in the following manner. When a vacancy occurs and a new appointment is required, several men go into a small room and receive privately oral nominations to fill the vacancy. After this has been done, an opportunity is given to any nominee to excuse himself from the service. Those who are not excused, if, for instance, six in number, are brought before six Bibles, in one of which a lot has been placed. Each candidate takes up a book, and the one within whose book the lot is found is the chosen minister.

III

Across the aisle of the market a portly Amishman, his hollow-chested wife, and their little son are engaged in selling poultry and potatoes. The rule among the Amish requires that the men shave their upper lips and allow their beards to grow, whence, as already stated, they were formerly known as *Beardy Men* — a name which went out of use when the wearing of beards became generally fashionable during the period of the Civil War. Our Amishman has kept the rule to the letter, and his beard, which is reddish brown in color, is a full and noble one. Except for the necessary absence of a beard, the little boy is a perfect manikin. His hair, like that of his father, has been cut straight over the forehead and hangs almost to his shoulders, and he wears the characteristic Amish garb consisting of a dark coat and waistcoat fastened with hooks and eyes, long trousers (which are worn without suspenders), and a round-crowned black felt hat with an extremely wide brim. Though he may not know it, the hooks and eyes on his clothing are symbols of an inherited pacifism, and express the abhorrence which his ancestors felt for the brass buttons which have always played such conspicuous parts in adorning the uniform of a soldier.

The Amish mother, though she too wears a garb, is much less restricted in her choice of colors than her Mennonite neighbor. Her bonnet — which has a long visor hiding her face and a 'curtain' reaching to her shoulders — and the folded shawl or handkerchief meeting demurely over her breast are black, but her closely fitting dress is a dull magenta and the apron which she wears over it is royal blue. She has selected these colors, not because she mistakenly believes them to be incon-

spicuous, but because she regards them as 'unworldly' — that is, not in general use. Certain shades of green and purple, as well as magenta and royal blue, appear to have been definitely approved by her coreligionists as unworldly colors. The implications of this approval are not altogether unnoticed by the world itself. A merchant on King Street once told me of a customer of his who hesitated about buying a piece of cloth which was otherwise acceptable to her on the ground that the color 'looked Amish.' He hastened to assure her that she was mistaken and she completed the purchase.

The Amish love of color is not limited in its expression to the dress of the women. Houses and barns are sometimes gayly painted. A blue gate is said, though perhaps incorrectly, to be a sign that a marriageable daughter is to be found within. Before the days of automobiles every Amish family possessed a wagon covered with yellow oilcloth. These wagons were built without dashboards and usually without whip sockets — the latter being regarded, except among one faction of the Amish, as symbolical of compulsion or force. Some members of the church now drive automobiles, but this practice is strongly disapproved by others.

One becomes a member of the Mennonite Church by conversion, but one is born into the Amish communion. There are less than twenty family names in the entire fellowship, and I have never heard of an Amish convert. On the other hand, instances of voluntary withdrawal from the church are exceedingly rare. The small number of surnames sometimes creates difficulties. A public-school teacher with whom I was acquainted was elected to teach at an ungraded country school having thirty-four pupils, all but two of whom were named Stoltzfus. In

order to avoid confusion it becomes necessary to invoke mediæval precedents, and to speak of 'Hickory John' and 'Black Isaac.' A client of mine prefixed the word 'Spring' to his given name because of a large spring which was located on his farm, and invariably signed his name in its revised form to checks and legal documents.

Though in nearly all connections the Amish have been content to accept the views and continue the practices which have been handed down to them, it by no means follows that they are lacking in natural spirit and gayety. Indeed, their young men sometimes display a wildness of behavior which seems altogether out of keeping with the soberness of their appearance. Time out of mind they have had a passionate interest in fast and spirited horses. In spite of a traditional adherence to the Republican Party, which originally resulted from their opinions on the subject of slavery, they voted the Democratic ticket in the presidential election of 1932 because of their deep-seated hostility to national prohibition. At wedding parties, called 'infares,' the revelry frequently continues all night. On these occasions both young and old join in a game not unlike 'Hunt the Slipper,' which is played with what is known as a 'bloom-sock' — a handkerchief or towel, twisted and doubled, with the ends tied in a knot. In the course of the game the bloom-sock is passed secretly from hand to hand in order to confuse that one of the players whose obligation it is to find it. As opportunity offers, the other players hit him with the bloom-sock. If he is able to seize it, his obligation is discharged and another takes his place.

IV

You may well suppose at first glance that the man in charge of the next

market stall is also an Amishman. A second glance, however, will serve to correct your mistake. His shaven upper lip and full beard are suggestive of the Amish practice, but his gray coat of clerical cut is both lighter in color and finer in material than that of any Amishman. Most of all, the large buttons with which his coat is fastened show conclusively that he belongs to some other denomination. As a matter of fact, both beard and garb result from his own choice and are not rendered obligatory by the discipline of his church. He is one of the Dunkers, or, as they prefer to be called, the Brethren. As the commonly accepted name indicates, he believes in 'dipping' — that is, in baptism by immersion.

The members of the various 'plain' denominations do not greatly differ from one another in theological beliefs. All of them have retained the ordinances of baptism, whether by pouring or immersion, and of the Lord's Supper. Some of them also practise feet-washing.

An eyewitness of a generation ago¹ has described a feet-washing and love feast among the Dunkers. The ceremony was held in the evening and in church, the seats of which were so constructed that, by turning down the backs of some of them, tables could be formed. At the appointed time the presiding bishop rose in his place and read the account of the feet-washing contained in the Gospel according to Saint John. In front of him stood four men, who, at the words 'laid aside his garments,' took off their coats, and, at the words 'took a towel and girded himself,' put on long white aprons tied around the waist. Two of these men

washed feet and two wiped, and, having thus ministered, were ministered to by four others who took their places, and who were in turn replaced until all had taken part. The women, who occupied a separate side of the church, performed the same ordinance for themselves in a similar manner. At its conclusion all present partook of a love feast consisting of soup, bread, butter, and meat, without salt or other condiment. When all had eaten, a young bishop rose at the centre of the main table, shook hands with the sister on his left, and kissed the brother on his right. From brother to brother and from sister to sister the kiss went around the congregation until the last sister, who had no one to kiss, went forward and kissed the first one with whom the bishop had shaken hands, thus completing the chain of unity. This ceremony was followed by communion, which was administered with bread or cakes, unleavened and sweetened, and homemade wine.

But if the theological differences among the plain sectarians are slight and unimportant, there are many differences in customs and practices which rest indirectly on theological grounds, and of which the lawyer who maintains an office on King Street is bound to take notice. All of the plain denominations forbid their members to institute legal proceedings under any circumstances whatever, though both Dunkers and Mennonites are permitted, in extremity and by way of last resort, to defend themselves against unjustified suits and to appeal to the police for protection.

The latter permission, which is not accorded to the Amish, is founded upon a passage in the Acts of the Apostles, in which it is narrated that forty Jews entered into a conspiracy to kill Paul. But Paul sent his nephew to the chief captain to inform him of the conspir-

¹Mrs. Phebe Earle Gibbons, whose essay, 'Pennsylvania Dutch,' appeared in the *Atlantic* for October 1869. I have made use of her observations in a number of other places throughout this paper. — AUTHOR

acy, and the latter put Paul under the charge of soldiers to be brought safe to Felix, the governor. For some reason, however, a Dunker may defend himself in court or ask for protection *only once*. If the verdict goes against him he may not appeal, and if his request for help is unanswered he may not renew it, but must take the consequences.

The idea of nonresistance is not entirely confined to human relationships. Among the striking peculiarities of a branch of the Dunker fellowship is a strong opposition to the use of lightning rods. 'If,' said one of their preachers, 'God wishes to preserve the building, he can preserve it without the lightning rod. If he does not wish to preserve it, I am willing to submit to the result.'

V

Only a few persons may now be found who claim membership in the monastic society founded by Conrad Beissel. The brothers and sisters wore a habit similar to that of the Capuchins or White Friars and lived in separate houses, sleeping on benches with blocks of wood for pillows and eating with wooden forks from plates made of thin octagonal pieces of poplar board. Even the flagons, goblets, and trays used in the communion service were made of wood. The celibate brothers and sisters met only in religious exercises and at love feasts. Celibacy was recommended, though not enjoined, and no vows with reference to it were taken. The strictest simplicity was practised by all.

On one occasion a brother who had taken the name Onesimus, and who, though designated as prior, was subordinate to Beissel, ordered a bell from Europe without the knowledge of the society, and caused to be placed on it a Latin inscription in which his name was included. When the bell arrived it was

duly paid for, but a council was held in order to determine what to do with it. The first decision was to break the bell and bury the pieces in the earth. The next morning, however, Beissel appeared before the council and said he had reflected that, as the brothers were poor, the bell should be pardoned. This was accordingly done, and the bell was sold. For many years the pardoned bell, still bearing the name of the innovating prior who had caused it to be cast, was used to summon worshippers to Trinity Lutheran Church. Afterwards it passed into the hands of one of the fire companies on King Street.

Though Beissel was surpassed, both in education and in native powers of mind, by a number of his monastic associates, he was a first-rate musician and composer. He developed an unusual style of singing, founded on the music of nature as found in the tones of the Æolian harp. The music was set in four, six, and eight parts. All the parts save the bass were led and sung exclusively by women, the men being confined to the bass, which was set in two parts, the high and the low bass. The former, in combination with one of the female parts, is said to have been an excellent imitation of the concert horn, and the latter to have resembled the deep tones of the organ. An early visitor to the monastery reported that the singers scarcely opened their mouths or moved their lips, and added that the effect was to throw the voices up to the ceiling of the chapel, which was not high, so that the tones seemed to be entering from above with almost superhuman softness and devotion.

The commissioners who were sent by the English Government to visit the society after the French and Indian War were so charmed by what they heard that they requested that a copy of the music be sent to the royal

family in England. This request was cheerfully complied with. About a year afterwards a box was received, three or four feet long and two or two and a half feet wide, containing a present in return. What the present was is not certainly known — none having seen it but Beissel and one Jaebez, who was then prior and into whose care the box had been consigned. On this occasion Beissel had no afterthoughts. He caused the box and its contents to be buried secretly. From a hint dropped by Jaebez it is supposed that the contents consisted of images of the King and Queen in full costume. Perhaps something may be said in justification of the feeling that it is harder to pardon an image than a bell.

VI

The history of religious differences would appear to show that it is harder to pardon a heretic than either an image or a bell. If so, the views of some of Beissel's coreligionists must be regarded as exceptional. 'We deny eternal punishment,' said one of them. 'Those souls who become sensible of God's great goodness and clemency, and acknowledge his lawful authority . . . and that Christ is the only true Son of God, are received into happiness; but those who continue obstinate are kept in darkness until the Great Day, when light will make all happy.'

But a belief in universal regeneration has played no appreciable part in the

spirit of tolerance which, from those early and vivid days

When reds and blues were indeed red and blue,

has always manifested itself on King Street. For tolerance, though rooted in the greatest of the divine virtues, is a by-product of democracy and as such must be reckoned as a civil virtue rather than as an ecclesiastical one. It does not depend upon theological views about human regeneration. Still less does it result from that curious modern point of view that one opinion is as good as another, because both may be wrong. The essence of democracy is not equality, but equality before the law. The essence of tolerance is neither faith nor doubt, but a conviction that truth is strong enough to prevail over error and an objective willingness to live and let live. Its practice is summed up for us on King Street in the memory of a priest and two ministers who went arm in arm to a religious ceremony in a Protestant church in order to do honor to the memory of a civil magistrate.

Time out of mind there have been witches who practised their arts on King Street. If we have not hanged them it is not because we have forgotten the direction in which the road to Endor leads, but rather because we have remembered and heeded the counsel of Gamaliel: 'Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it.'

COUNTERSIGN

FROM the train-end the rails streak backward over the desert
Run molten under the dawn toward the planet rim;
Between me and the turning rim is no visible life,
Only the empty desert, the empty sky.

Stark against the track humps a dark group, huddled:
Heads lift from packs, there is a flash, a hand-wave, between us.
My heart does not stint my hand,
Nor do their hearts, I believe, stint their hands.
The flying train leaves them smudged against the rim —
Now lost.

And I say:
I have known you, dark-huddled brothers, in many lands;
For never did land or tongue set barrier to us,
Lack of roof, lack of bread, drew us, now whirling apart —
How unimportant they appear in this headlong moment,
How unimportant pain and the effort to ease it,
With blind cables binding the decades. . . .

There is peace in this countersign between us
As if the struggle were really ended
And civilization forgiven — forgotten.

I never felt alien faring amongst you alone
On foot on the road, in break-down train or boat,
Never learned the need to lock door or pack against you;
Was it strange to give what I had to you, to hold?
Twice, in cities, the house I lived in was robbed —
No more than that, to cumber the long faith kept,
The endless good-will of you, dark-huddled brothers.

Now I say:
You and I, as the rim turns and burns
And life runs low over the sand,
(You and I, caught in the same burning and turning)
In this instant comrade-call
Touch the peace at the core of the mystery.
Through the signal between us,
The pack you have carried,
My own
Appear of less substance than a flame's leap at dawn.
Essential only
That forever departing each from the other
We are forever bound.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

FIRST FLIGHT OF THE BLUE EAGLE

The Cotton Textile Code in Operation

BY GEORGE A. SLOAN

JUNE 16, 1933, hereafter will have significance in American industrial activity as the day upon which the National Industrial Recovery Act became effective. The affixing of the President's signature to the Act at once opened the way to placing the conduct of all American industries under codes of fair competition subject to the sanction of the President and the supervision of a National Administrator.

On the same day on which the Act was signed there was submitted to the President a code for the cotton textile industry. This code had been formulated by a representative committee authorized by the industry to act in anticipation of the passage of the bill by Congress. Following a public hearing, lasting the greater part of a week and attended by several thousand people, the first partnership agreement between industry and the government was approved by the President. The code became effective on July 17, 1933.

I

The problems of the cotton textile industry, dealt with by its code, were largely of war-time origin. Abnormal military requirements had stimulated great expansion of facilities. Not alone was there extensive development of new productive capacity. The pressure of demand invited extra running,

and productive schedules were changed over very largely from one-shift to two-shift and in some cases to three-shift operations.

Extended operation was a habit easily acquired in those feverish times. Like all habits, it was more easily embraced than abandoned. When the inevitable let-down from war-inflated activity came, the industry found itself possessed of far greater productive capacity than it required for normal business. The problem was intensified by entrenched extra-shift operation.

It was a natural concomitant that the resultant over-capacity should have disastrous reactions. Reasonable balance between productive capacity and consumptive requirements no longer obtained. In such a situation, there is an acute pressure on each unit in an industry to seek as large a share as possible of the inadequate demand. The overhead based on capacity runs on. There is not enough business to keep all busy, and the pressure to reduce overhead by increasing volume drives the seller into panic selling. The buyer, knowing the over-capacity and the ever-present threat of over-production, holds off in the knowledge that his demands can be more than amply satisfied, and on his own terms, whenever he gets good and ready to buy.

The inevitable result is a scramble of sellers for orders, and volume produc-

tion without regard to costs. The result is reflected back on the wage earner. There is a steady pressure on the employees to accept lower wages in order to make it possible for the plant to keep operating. There is a tendency to eat up the working capital in continuing to do work below cost in the desperate effort of the concern to keep going. When there is this situation, concerns go under. But the factory and machines are not destroyed—they merely afford a temptation for others to buy them in at a low figure and to increase the destructive competition by operating them at fixed charges that are far less than those which are properly attributable to the amount of capital involved.

These unavoidable results of over-capacity made cotton textile manufacturing a chronically depressed industry which was generally unable to earn profits even in the boom period of 1928 and 1929.

II

In the discussions between the representatives of the President and the industry which led up to and made possible the proposal of the code following the signing of the Act, three objectives were recognized as fundamental by the industry and by the government. These were: (1) putting a bottom to wages; (2) spreading employment; (3) mitigating the disastrous social and economic effects of the cut-throat competition which resulted from the tremendous over-capacity in the industry.

The methods agreed upon by the industry and the representatives of the President to reach these objectives were: (1) provisions as to minimum wages and the preservation of wage differentials; (2) reducing the maximum hours of labor from 60 hours a week

to 40 hours a week; (3) reducing the over-capacity of the industry by limiting the running of its looms and spindles to 80 hours a week.

These methods involved the sharing of the work done by a particular employee with employees then unemployed. In the case of employers, it necessarily meant sharing the business which was then being done by the numerous mills which were operating over 80 hours and up to 144 hours a week with those concerns which had been operating from no hours up to 80 hours a week.

All of these drastic provisions were interrelated, interdependent, and equally important, both in the minds of the industry and in the minds of the representatives of the President. Without the stabilization of the industry accomplished by the sharing of business, it would have been impossible for the industry to assume the burdens of the increased costs occasioned by the wage and sharing-of-employment provisions without the wholesale oppression and elimination of small concerns, contrary to the spirit and express provisions of the Act.

But for the inclusion of this basic provision limiting machine hours, with its resultant sharing of business and mitigation of cutthroat competition, the Cotton Textile Industry Committee could not have presented this code for the approval of the President, though as a matter of fact the running time of the individual members of that committee was such that it necessarily involved a direct limitation upon their previous practice and a sharing by them of business with other mills.

Operation involving extremely long hours meant all-night running. The cotton textile industry prior to the World War never was an all-night-running industry. All-night running is not tolerated in any other civilized

country in the world and in few of the semi-civilized. There is nothing in the operation of a cotton business which makes it necessary that it should be treated as a continuous process with all-night running. The industry to-day has 30,000,000 spindles in place. One half that number, if operated six days a week without limitation on hours of operation, could supply a market equaling the 1929 consumer demand for cotton goods. There lies the crux of the industry's problem. Control of this over-capacity is all-important; therefore, provision for limitation on operation of productive machinery becomes the corner stone of the cotton textile code.

III

At the time of this writing, the code has been in effect nearly six months, and well-defined reactions have been registered. Let us trace NRA's progress in the industry toward accomplishment of the objectives previously outlined.

First, as to putting a bottom to wages. There are diverse classifications of employment in mills, ranging from unskilled work to a high degree of craftsmanship. The skilled group includes those workers possessing varying degrees of proficiency for production ranging from coarse bagging to the finest lawn or organdy for evening gowns. Rates of pay always recognized various classifications among workers. Establishment of minimum wage levels was essential under the code. This meant higher levels at the bottom of the pay roll, and new scales must preserve the traditional differentials for the higher occupational groups. A further objective was that the shorter hours should not result in less pay for the shorter week, nor should minimum wages become maximum wages.

These objectives have been accom-

plished. The established minimums have been observed, but they have not become the maximums. Traditional differences for the higher occupational groups have been preserved and exceeded. For example, the average for seven occupational groups in 1932 that earned, according to government reports, more than the minimum wage now prescribed by the code was 34.9 cents an hour. In August 1933, the average for the same groups was 43.9 cents per hour, an increase in hourly rate of 25 per cent. Furthermore, the August 1933 rate for these groups was about 40 per cent in excess of the code minimum.

The effect of the shorter working week and pay changes has been increased wages all along the line, with workers generally earning as much or more money in less working time than their pay for longer hours.

Next, with respect to spreading employment. The limitation of working hours to 40 hours a week was directed toward enabling the industry to carry as large a working personnel as was employed prior to the depression. This objective has not only been reached but surpassed. The number of workers employed in March, prior to formulation of the code, was 320,000. By October the number had risen to 465,000. This total raises employment to substantially higher figures than pre-depression levels.

The industry's pay rolls strikingly reflect the higher wages and increased employment for workers. The pay rolls for March totaled \$12,800,000. By September, the monthly total was approximately \$26,000,000, and this increase was maintained in October. Increased pay for cotton textile workers has been doing its share toward improvement in national purchasing power. Under the wage and employment provisions of the code the im-

provement for the workers, reflected in the foregoing paragraphs, speaks for itself. So far, in this presentation, evidence of an improved position for the industry as a whole has not been so conspicuous.

IV

In mitigating the disastrous effects of over-capacity, emphasis is again placed on the most important objective of the code. Rehabilitation in this industry begins there, and, without progress toward rehabilitation under this provision, improvement in the other directions could not be maintained. NRA entailed for the cotton manufacturer minimum pay envelopes, reduced working hours, and a larger working personnel. Largely because of the machine-hour limitation, the industry has been able to carry the burden of its increased costs. Increased wages, plus the necessary addition to working forces because of shorter working hours, have increased the labor costs of many mills by more than 100 per cent. The average labor cost per unit of product for the industry as a whole has increased 70 per cent.

Through the control established by machine-hour limitation alone is the industry able to see ahead a reasonable degree to perform its obligations toward its employees and to do its part toward the reestablishing of credit and the general recovery programme. This limitation has gone far to remove the threat of over-production. Under statistical provisions, the Cotton-Textile Institute receives reports of stocks and unfilled orders with respect to broad divisions and staple constructions of cotton textiles from many hundreds of mills. These reports present broad pictures as follows:—

First, as to stocks, they show that in the middle of September, 1933, stocks

approximated 240,000,000 yards as against 240,405,000 yards on September 30, 1932. On October 31, 1933, the total was 288,000,000 yards. With respect to unfilled orders, the volume of seasonal buying of cotton goods last year was very heavy, and on September 30, 1932, unfilled orders amounted to 570,000,000 yards. On September 16, 1933, the same mills had unfilled orders amounting to 425,000,000 yards, and on October 31 the total was 450,000,000 yards. Up to November, production had been fairly well balanced with demand.

This article is being written in early January. The statistics in recent weeks have reflected an increase in inventory and a falling off in unfilled orders. Such a development is not unusual for this season of the year, owing in large measure to a natural tendency on the part of the distributing trade to enter the new year with the lowest possible inventory. Nevertheless, acting on the principle that production should constantly be balanced with demand, the Code Authority met in Washington on November 28 and recommended that for the month of December productive machinery should not operate in excess of 75 per cent of the hours otherwise permitted under the code. It was the unanimous feeling of the committee, including its government representatives, that this emergency recommendation would help preserve an equitable sharing of present inadequate business and employment among the mills and the communities and employees dependent upon the industry's activities. The proposal was promptly approved by the Administrator and given the same force and effect as any other provision of the code. Reports from Washington indicated that this action was 'hailed by government representatives as a constructive step in self-regulation.'

V

While control of over-capacity has opened the road toward rehabilitation, the picture on the earnings side still leaves much to be desired. Prices obtained by mills for their products over a long period of years had been so low as to eliminate profits, with very few exceptions. A careful study based upon the most authoritative data available shows that during the past ten years 1060 mills in the industry had a net deficit of more than \$100,000,000 after income tax payments.

Increased production costs under NRA, supplemented by a processing tax which adds from 30 to 45 per cent to the cost of the raw cotton used, are naturally reflected in higher prices obtained by mills for their products. But it is a mistake to assume that the higher retail prices are attributable to unreasonable advances by the cotton textile industry. Before the products of the mills reach the public, they usually pass through four or five other manufacturing and distributing channels, such as finishing plants, converters, garment manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers. All of these are operating under codes with increased labor and supply costs which must necessarily be added to the retail prices and necessarily paid by the public. So far as the cotton textile industry is concerned, no improper burden has been placed on the consumer.

The industry as a whole is getting back the dollars it has put into the production of the goods; in the main, something for depreciation, and, in some branches, something toward interest on investment. In general, it is

receiving nothing beyond that. It has, however, experienced improvement in the economic and credit position from its disastrous situation in the early spring of 1933. NRA, in theory, predicates an expanded national purchasing power stimulating freer consumer buying at prices no longer the origin of balance-sheet tragedy. To this brighter era the cotton textile industry must look for such share of recovery as will assure the industry a living return on investment.

The question which is perhaps uppermost in the public mind is, 'Will NRA be successful? Will it reach the objectives set for it?'

It is yet too early to give an answer. But those of us who dare not contemplate its failure place our hope in the fearless and able leadership that has so far characterized its administration, in a never-failing recognition of the partnership relation between the government and industry, in an ungrudging public willingness to assume the necessary higher costs attendant upon these efforts to improve the national purchasing power, and finally in whole-hearted and unstinted coöperation on the part of labor as well as management.

For the cotton textile industry it can be said that NRA was adopted with a willingness and a desire to give it unrestricted opportunity to succeed. In its collaboration with the government the industry has shown a unity and an ability to work together for the common good. Both in the letter and in the spirit of observance the industry has given the Recovery Administration its full measure of support and coöperation.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE CROSSED OUR THRESHOLD

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

THROUGH the years there has been a procession across our threshold — made up of those who have become part of the very texture of the House on Henry Street and of those who have tarried but a little while, those who have come from far-away lands and those who have come because word had reached them that they might find in this place help and surely sympathy. We have had a continuity of family life, developing a fellowship rich beyond description or appraisal. Varied are the occupations of the residents, though the first requirement for eligibility is not the candidate's vocation, but his interest in social progress and his participation, at least to some degree, in efforts in that direction — and of course a sense of humor.

In recalling happy memories of people who have crossed our threshold, and whose coming has enriched our understanding, I trust I may be forgiven if the temptation is sometimes irresistible to add treasured details until the mention of a friend has grown to the proportions of a character sketch.

I

I think all who know the Settlement will comprehend why the one who takes first place in our processional is Florence Kelley. For twenty-five years she was an inspiration to us and often a

prod, but she was always brilliant, even at the breakfast table. It will be a sad loss to America if the story of that ardent crusader is not retold to coming generations, for her times knew none more effective. She made her generation think! She goaded with the whips of her wit, her quickness, her bottomless sympathy, her readiness to act wherever new danger menaced the child and the people whom she believed were imposed upon by outdated legislation or other discriminations. She was responsible for great 'ethical gains' through legislation. From her college days to the end of her life her brilliant mind turned toward amelioration of social conditions, but it never paused there. She urged us to work for the abolition of poverty. Her wit made people remember the sober things she said.

She was one of the first members of the Socialist Party in this country. Her translation of Engels fixed her in that fellowship. But the Socialist Party of the early days bore little relationship to its present organization under the guidance of Norman Thomas. Long ago, as we stood by the window watching a poor little procession carrying the banner of Socialism, Mrs. Kelley said, 'I belong there, but they put me out because I could speak English.'

She was intolerant of superficiality, of selfishness, of inaction, and her

tongue could be very sharp. Once I was trying to apologize for a woman who had disappointed those who had expected much of her, saying, 'Well, she has an open mind.' 'That's what I object to,' flashed Florence Kelley. 'It's open top and bottom.'

Her spirits were often youthful to the point of mischievousness. One day I was presiding over a very serious meeting, conscious of my inability to meet the requirements of the occasion. Before me sat a woman suffering from bad boils and bandaged as such afflictions require; near her was a man with troublesome eyes, and another with a conspicuously bald head and oddly trimmed beard. These three were very much in view from the chairman's seat. When Florence Kelley bent over confidentially, I thought of course it was to offer me a helpful suggestion as to procedure. Instead, she completely upset the presiding officer by whispering, 'Do you remember what the lady said at the zoo when she saw the hippos — "My, ain't they plain!"'

Newton D. Baker, long the president of the National Consumers' League, of which Mrs. Kelley was general secretary, said that he never left her presence without feeling that his own flagging spirit and energies had been 're-inspired by the touch of elemental force.'

During this period of the New Deal it is pleasing to know how many who have been what we call 'Henry Streeters' are helping shape social legislation. Governor Lehman in Albany has given the State of New York a markedly effective administration. Since his college days he has devoted himself with unstinted generosity to causes, and in his elective office has demonstrated the importance of trained intelligence and social vision in the great affairs of the state. The Henry Morgenthau, both Sr. and Jr., Adolf A.

Berle, Jr., and many others are translating their training and experience and convictions into measures which promise a better life — at least, a more secure life.

My friend Robert Wagner, United States Senator from New York and effective champion of sound labor legislation, recently said: 'Legislators, no matter how ardent their desire for public service, have frequently been so busy during their earlier years with the routine work of a profession that they have lacked the time to become fully aware of the facts and principles of social work. Because of this, one could not overestimate the central part played by social workers in bringing before their representatives in Congress and state legislatures the present and insistent problems of modern-day life.'

What the settlement-house experience has often meant was finely stated by Ernest Poole: 'Here — when I was still a youngster, thank God — I came into a personal intimate home with windows looking all over the world. And I come here again and again and again.'

II

There is pride in remembering that when Sidney Hillman came to New York, little known outside the particular group of factory workers with whom he had thrown his lot, he knocked at our door and asked if there was room for one more. There are many people in this and in other countries who now recognize the vision and the truly statesmanlike qualities of this labor leader. When Seeböhm Rowntree, the English industrialist, was in New York he expressed his disappointment that organized labor here was not actively engaged in promoting better conditions, but added: 'Sidney Hillman is a figure apart. There is none more distinguished anywhere.' Among Sidney

Hillman's achievements, in addition to the coöperative housing projects of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, are the joint employer-employee research programme of this great labor union, its labor bank, its pioneer unemployment insurance scheme, and its active workers' education. His is the steady hand that holds the union together, while his fine mind creates the practical plan for a more abundant life.

One evening years ago, in the little back garden of the main house when the whole family was gathered for after-dinner coffee, this creative thinker, looking worn from the trials of the day, taking only a few moments' respite before the evening activities, said: 'I am not interested in higher wages or shorter hours of work as ends in themselves. What would higher wages and shorter hours avail if the workers did not know how to use their lives to develop their own qualities and help build up a better society?' He has been criticized, at times persecuted, for his determination to carry out this programme, which he believes can only come about through coöperative effort on the part of the working population. His influence is not limited to workers in the needle trades. Those who are aware of the origins of farseeing legislative measures are never surprised when they discover the guidance of Sidney Hillman.

Elizabeth Farrell lived on Henry Street for many years. She contributed the original design, truly scientific as well as humanitarian, for the education of the retarded child in the public school system.

Lavinia Dock, pioneer nurse, pioneer suffragist, has shared in almost countless measures that have increased the nurse's education and opportunities. An educator herself, her *Materia Medica* has gone through repeated editions, and the history of nursing

which she and Miss Nutting prepared is a classic. But this represents only one segment of her interest. I cannot even say it was always the dominant interest, for the rights of women have been well to the fore. In her years with us, everyone admired her, none feared her, though she was sometimes very fierce in her denunciations. Reputed a man-hater, we knew her as a lover of mankind. Though a pacifist, she believed in militant suffrage, and one eventful election day, when women in New York were appropriating the tactics of the English suffragettes, the captain of our precinct came in after the polls closed and very repentantly asked me to apologize for him to Lavinia Dock, whom he greatly admired. 'For,' said Captain Handy, 'I could n't arrest her, I just could n't do it, and I know that was what she wanted.'

It would be unprofitable to select from the group only the individuals whose names are best known as belonging to us, because many of the most successful participants in the settlement adventure have worked quietly. Generous Felix Warburg, Charles C. Burlingham, friend of all just causes, Governor Lehman, former Governor Smith, George W. Alger, and their distinguished colleagues on the Settlement Board of Directors, give of their best that the Settlement venture may be exploited to its utmost. But another board member, Hyman Schroeder, has been one of us since at eleven he joined the first boys' club. His quick comprehension and sympathy have never been dulled by repetition of claims and appeals. He seems to have made of his early obstacles a finer-tempered tool of service.

III

Though I was obliged to withdraw from active membership in the National Association for the Advance-

ment of Colored People, Mrs. Kelley represented the Settlement as well as herself by her participation. At the time of the first convention of the organization, formed to further better race relations in this country, the occasion promised to be almost too serious unless some social provision were made. I suggested a party at the House, but even the organizing committee was fearful.

'Oh, no!' they protested. 'It won't do! As soon as white and colored people sit down and eat together there begin to be newspaper stories about social equality.'

'But two hundred members of the conference could n't sit down,' I submitted. 'Our house is too small. Everybody would have to stand up for supper.'

'Then it would be all right,' they said with relief, and the party was successful.

I was much moved when I contrasted the first timid conference with the superb meeting in Washington in 1932. On Sunday evening the auditorium of the beautiful Labor Building was devoted to a memorial to Florence Kelley. The anxious misgivings of the first meeting were things of the past, and this was a truly glorious occasion, organized by educated leaders of the Negro race. Society has built up artificial barriers, and, like the Walls of Jericho, we find that they tumble when the trumpets are loud and clear enough and the marchers persevere to the seventh round.

The House solved a dilemma for our colored friends when Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson was our guest. The Negro intelligentsia had never forgotten that her father befriended their fathers during the Civil War. They wished to give a reception for Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, but there was no public place they could secure at that time which seemed dig-

nified enough for this distinguished lady. We gave the Settlement's beautiful dining room and the residents' sitting room for their hospitality, and we were their guests.

Among our summer residents are often students and teachers from the South who come North to get settlement experience. In residence one summer was a Negro girl who had graduated from Oberlin and was taking postgraduate study at Bryn Mawr. At the end of the season I asked a young man, a teacher in a Southern college, what had been his most interesting experience while he was with us. He seemed uncertain, and I suggested that living in the house with a colored person on an equal footing and eating at the same table must have seemed unusual. Said the young man, 'I forgot she was a Negro.'

IV

I cannot refrain from including in this article the story of Peter Caulfield, a tramp whose visits to us were not frequent, though I knew him for many years, but whose personality fixed him in my memory. When first we met, Peter was not quite twenty — thin and tall and consumptive. One of our nurses, caring for a woman in a poor tenement, introduced us. Peter had knocked at the door of the tenement to ask for food. To see an American boy begging in our neighborhood was unusual. The nurse asked him why he came there. 'Where would I go when I was hungry if not to the poor?' said Peter.

The nurse gave him a scrap of paper with my name and address on it, and he found his way to Henry Street. Somewhat diffident he seemed, and very thinly clad. He said he was a waiter by trade, and that he spent the winters in the South and the summers in the

North. He had been ill in the hospital, and so had lost the chance of going South that year. 'When you hang underneath a car where there's no chance of a brakie going through, you have to think of the weather,' he said.

Peter seemed so unfit to struggle through a winter of unemployment that I offered to send him to a farm in Dutchess County. 'To make quite sure,' I said, 'I shall have to write and find out whether they can take you. And I have to be certain you can get along without drink, for you will not get it there.'

'Can I have hot coffee sometimes?' he wanted to know. 'And hot tea? And hot soup?'

I felt safe in promising this.

'Then I won't need drink.'

While we waited for a reply, Peter was boarded at a cheap temperance place in the neighborhood. He called every day, fairly clean and brushed. One day he came smelling of liquor. I said, 'I'm not trying to reform you, Peter, but please don't let me waste money on railroad fare if you are dependent on liquor.'

Peter explained: 'I minded a wagon for a man in the Bowery and he treated me. I could n't say, "Give me a glass of milk instead." How would that have looked?'

In a few days Peter went to the farm. I had occasional letters from him. At Easter I sent him a card of the season. A few days later he rushed in, looking well fed and wholesome. His story (and it was a true one) was that there had been a fire the night before, and the director of the farm had given the men and boys placed with him money to get back to New York. Spring had come and he thought they could fend for themselves. Peter showed with pride the Easter card and said, 'Nothing happened to this.'

He would not take money from me

and I was obliged to throw a coin after him down the stairs.

Peter called regularly on his return from the South, and again in the fall before his departure, and gave me minute details of how to travel without a ticket.

One day a friend of mine, a member of the House of Morgan, called to say good-bye. He was leaving in a private car for St. Augustine. Peter called twenty minutes later. He too was going to St. Augustine. I like to think they went on the same train. One friend wrote telling of his fine journey, the luxurious appointments, the care that had been taken to make every detail agreeable. The other friend wrote: 'I got here OK. Good car. I like this place, but for business give me New York. I hope you will send me a letter to the post office. It is the custom of this place to go to the post office for the mail.'

Peter called one New Year's Eve—alas, the worse for drink. We were preparing for a musical, and when I hurried down to the basement, there stood poor Peter, ashamed. I said, 'You came to wish me a happy New Year, did you? How kind of you, Peter!'

'No,' said Peter, 'I went to the hospital and I was too late to go South. But I could n't bear to sleep in a park on New Year's Eve. It would n't be lucky, and I thought you would find a place for me somewhere.'

On another occasion a most unpleasant tramp came to Henry Street, asked for me, and stated his needs. I felt that he was in some way connected with Peter, and I was sorry that Peter should have sent him. The next time I saw him I told him of this mendicant, and said: 'You know, you and I are friends, but I don't want you to send people like that man to me, and I am surprised that you did.'

Peter at once identified the tramp. 'Was that the fellow?' he demanded, and when I recognized the description he burst out, 'Well, what do you know about that! The big skunk! Why, you know, Miss Wald, I don't talk about you to anyone. I would n't send anyone like that to you. I hope you did n't give him nothing. [I did n't.] Here's how it was. We was laying out under the trees, one night in Wyoming last summer. He got to talking about his home and his mother and all that. And I — well, I guess I got kind of soft, and I talked about you and how good you've been to me. And then — well, the big slob!'

V

Some time later the chaplain from the Tombs came to see me to ask whether I would befriend a prisoner who had been there many months and who said I knew him. His name was Peter Caulfield. I went at once to the prison, but the hour was too late to see him. I sent a message by the guard to ask whether he had a lawyer. The answer came back, scrawled on the margin of a newspaper: 'My lawyer is Miss Lillian D. Wald.'

Through the District Attorney I learned that Peter had been arrested for stealing a roll of towels. Peter's story was told, his unfitness for work, and I added that he made an effort to take care of himself. I had never known Peter to lie or to steal. I promised that if Peter were released I would protect the city from his dangerous presence by sending him to the country. Alas, I was subpoenaed to appear in court. There before the judge stood this poor creature. He might have been the very man described by Tolstoy. His Adam's apple worked up and down with embarrassment and he did not look at the witness. The judge dismissed him. When I reached the Settlement, Peter

had appeared and gone. He must have run all the way. He had come to the door only to say he wanted to thank me for what I had done for him, and then vanished.

It was not long after this that I received a letter: —

Deer Frend — I guess I got to face the music this time. Id like to say good bye, and Id like to say Im sorry I came to your house that New Years night when Id had a drink.

Next day found me at the hospital. Peter was obviously about to 'face the music.' 'Peter,' I said, 'despite your ways there is so much that is good about you I am sure you must have had nice people. Don't you want me to write to them?'

He was not interested, but he would do anything to please me. He finally gave a Boston address. Helena Dudley of the Boston Settlement, to whom the address was sent, found a decent family, an old father and a sister who was a milliner. A letter came from the sister: —

I can't help but be grateful to you for showing friendship to Peter. He has been nothing but a trouble to us all his life. We cannot both afford to make the journey, but if he wants to see his own people one of us will come.

I took this letter to Peter. He read it, then said briefly, 'I'd rather have the money.'

I learned many lessons from Peter. One was a reconviction of the unlikelihood that a frail character in a frail body can march through life. Another was the unfailing chivalry that I have found among the weakest. I have never known it to fail. It must be deep in the minds of men even of the lowest spirit, that respect and therefore chivalry due women whom they believe to be good.

My first lesson in this was when I had been living on the East Side only a short time. A call came, and the message indicated a very sick child. I seized a bag and rushed out. The address was in Pearl Street. That street is not straight, and it is difficult to find numbers on it. Under one of the extension arches of Brooklyn Bridge I saw three men. It was dusk, they were roughly dressed, and they looked a bit rowdy. For a single moment I hesitated and was tempted to take the longer route through Park Row, but I did not. I kept to my course and accosted the men.

'I am searching for this number on Pearl Street,' I said, 'and I don't know how to find it. I have been called to care for a sick child.'

The men were at once all attention.

'Lady,' said one of them, 'this ain't a safe neighborhood for you and it's getting dark. We'll go with you.'

And two of them did so, one carrying my bag, the other tottering a little but not very much. They took me to the number. The child was desperately in need of care, and it was a long time before I finished. When I came down it was quite dark, but the two men were waiting to escort me home.

VI

Occasionally strangers who find their way to Henry Street come because they want to observe a phase of American life not always available to a visitor. For diplomatic reasons our hospitality has been asked from Washington for foreign delegations. Once we were frankly told that a South American commission was under the impression that there is nothing to be seen in the United States but the successful attainment of material ends. The official to whom the delegation had been entrusted felt that it was important for

their understanding of this country that they should see something of values other than those that are purchasable. Of course the hospitality of Henry Street was accorded.

One morning John D. Rockefeller, Jr., stopped for a brief discussion of a vice investigation under way by a special grand jury of which he was foreman. He was most earnest in his quest for clarifying fact and opinion. As he departed I opened the door to members of a German Chamber of Commerce delegation who had come to America to study similar groups and inquire into the moral influences said to be operating in American cities. When I told them who the visitor was that they had passed on the steps, and commented upon the sincerity of the many men and women of his generation who were studying the evils latent in our civilization and trying to remedy them, one of these Germans said:—

'The opposite is true in Germany. The strong and unselfish people of influence, best known in America as the Forty-Niners, have passed away. The people of the succeeding generation are bent on gain and entirely unresponsive to higher ideals.'

Years ago my introduction to English men and women came through the Fabian Society. Honor Morton, friend of R. R. Bowker, had invited some members she considered interesting to meet her American guest, and from that introduction lifelong friendships have ensued. Graham Wallas, affectionately called 'Wallas the Well-Beloved,' was the first man resident we had. When he came to the United States he had letters to many distinguished people, but as he was then lecturing and had limited time it did not seem possible for him to present his introductions. I ventured to invite the people on the list for Sunday supper. Theodore Roosevelt, Jacob Riis, Rich-

ard Watson Gilder, Felix Adler, Seth Low, Brander Matthews, are some of the names I recall.

After the party was over, our attractive guest was as interested as were we in discussing the significance of the coming of these busy people to a settlement on the lower East Side. It was before the days of the automobile, and to reach Henry Street was not simple. Yet everyone except Brander Matthews had come; it happened to be his birthday.

Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner, was escorted by Jacob Riis, his loyal friend. On the journey they had met an Italian who was 'minding his pushcart' and was being nearly blown away by the gusts of that wintry night. 'Teddy' was bubbling over with the fun of his interview with the peddler. T. R. had said to the man, 'I don't see how you fellows make a living.' The Italian shrugged and replied, 'No good, no good. What I maka on de peanuta I lose on de dam' banan'. This was the first of many visits from T. R.

VII

Later Ramsay MacDonald and his bride came to us because Fabian friends had told them they would see something of the 'moral influence' that was leavening the Tammany lump of New York City politics. We were deep in preëlection organization, and the MacDonalds had opportunity to see us in action. The first night they arrived we took them to a mass meeting for which we were responsible in Apollo Hall, at that time a centre of local 'machine' politics. Felix Adler, Dr. Rainsford, and other supposedly influential reformers (alas, we know better now than we did then what an election requires!) were to speak. But we were sold out. The pro-Tammany owner had rented

another floor in the building for a 'regular' meeting at the same hour of the same night. The audience there was accommodated with chairs, but there was not a single seat in the room we had secured at a high price. And the people who came and went purposely scuffled and coughed and stumbled. Never was there a sadder failure! Next evening our party, with Professor Giddings and other sympathetic citizens, went to hear the election returns, and instructive it was to see the jubilant crowds and their banners of victory — 'To Hell with Reform!'

The early visit to Henry Street of Ramsay MacDonald and his wife on their wedding trip was the beginning of a long association. And because 'Chequers' and '10 Downing' and even 'Hampstead' and 'Lossiemouth' are known as inspiration points through the experience and the contributions to the world of the famous Prime Minister, my thoughts revert to the little home established in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where now stands a beautiful marble bench, placed there in memory of Margaret MacDonald by the Women's Labor League.

In 1927 came the Prime Minister for a brief holiday with the dear daughter, Ishbel. Mr. MacDonald's very serious illness during that visit made clear the affection in which he was held. I refrain from dwelling upon the tragedy of that interrupted trip, but cannot resist telling a story. The anxious doctors in the Philadelphia hospital felt that the institution's store of the brandy which was essential for him might be distasteful to the Prime Minister, and they asked me whether I could secure a better grade. I telephoned Sir Joseph Duveen, the celebrated art collector and Mr. MacDonald's friend, who, being British and hospitable, might have maintained a cellar of pre-Prohibition stocks. The

next morning brought Sir Joseph's secretary with historic bottles. One was selected for immediate use, and while the nurse was administering the dose I explained to the patient that it was 1815 French brandy, and that Sir Joseph Duveen had provided it. In feverish half-consciousness, the patient said: —

'Eighteen-fifteen — that's the time Tchaikovsky celebrated — that's about when Romney painted the beautiful Mrs. Davenport —' And he wandered on over the harmonies of that period.

In thanking Sir Joseph, I wrote him of what seemed to me an extraordinary revelation of the things that dwelt in the mind of this man. A telephone call from New York brought expressions of eager friendship from Sir Joseph: —

'I own "Mrs. Davenport." May I not bring the picture to the hospital and hang it in his room?'

The risk was too great for this almost priceless painting, and I thought it only right to refuse Sir Joseph. But the great authority on art answered: 'I'd like to bring it over. There's nobody whose judgment on pictures I value so much as his.'

A sequel to the incident occurred when I was in England some months later; I was asked why, when 'Mrs. Davenport' went to the hospital to see the Prime Minister, she was not permitted to call!

VIII

When I read of Lord Lytton's illuminating report on Manchuria it recalls a handsome visitor, for at Henry Street we remember Lord Lytton not so much for his broad understanding of international affairs as for his grace as a Morris dancer. In the appropriate costume, with bells on his knees and flute at his lips, he made his own music as he danced round and round

the gymnasium, to be followed by Chalif, whose athletic Russian dances were in striking contrast.

When Margaret Bondfield first came to visit us, she was not yet the Right Honorable Margaret Bondfield, Minister of Labor in the MacDonald Cabinet, only woman Privy Councilor of England; but when she spoke to an admiring audience in the Settlement it was plain to be seen that here was one who had developed a great philosophy out of her experience. Later she said in Montagu House, headquarters of the Labor Ministry, that her poverty and trials as a worker and a labor leader had all been a preparation for the office she held.

Sometimes we remember to ask our guests to record their visit in our Guest Book, and on the pages are the names of artists, actors, archæologists, leaders of forlorn causes, philanthropists, dancers, statesmen, scientists. Dr. Abraham Jacobi, whose broad interests as a physician form a unique chapter in American medical history, is on the same page with the militant suffragette, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst. There are mementos of the visit of the Japanese Red Cross Commission, a reminder of Ellen Terry's generous gift of her art to us, and Galsworthy's greetings.

Galsworthy and his wife came to New York when his play, *The Mob*, was attracting the attention of New Yorkers to the Neighborhood Playhouse. Alice and Irene Lewisohn were responsible for a notable production. People used all kinds of direct and indirect influence to get seats. Galsworthy, whose presence in New York was not known, telephoned to the little theatre.

'No tickets,' said the girl at the box office. 'Who's talking?'

'John Galsworthy. My wife and I should like very much to see the play.'

The girl was not to be hoodwinked. Said she, as she slammed down the telephone, 'Quit your kiddin'!'

No one is more welcome to the House than Helen Keller, whom we love. And she has a genius for finding words for great truths. Her comment on our busy programme was: 'Sympathy without works is like eyes without light.'

Mary Macarthur, revered figure among labor women in England, accompanied the delegates to that first international labor conference in Washington. Her name in our Guest Book recalls to me a painful incident that I hesitate to record, but it did happen and it might as well be told. The treaty makers at Versailles had conceded Woodrow Wilson's point that the Labor Covenant should be included in the treaty itself, and had incorporated it in Article XIII. President Wilson had immediately issued the invitation for the first meeting under this article to convene in Washington.

But alas, when the delegates reached Washington much water had flowed under the bridge—the treaty had been repudiated, President Wilson had been stricken, the election had brought another party into power. Nobody felt the responsibility, hardly even the impulse of hospitality, for the delegates who had arrived at the President's invitation. They found nobody to welcome them, and no arrangements had been made, although the meeting place, the Pan-American Building, had been secured by the forethought of the English international acting secretary, who had also purchased note pads and pencils. Women's organizations did assume the obligation of occasional entertainment. Somewhat sardonically, the only official gesture was a trip to Mount Vernon aboard a Navy craft, and this was urged upon our Secretary of the

Navy by his wife, whose Southern instincts of hospitality were doubtless outraged by the neglect of these guests. The European delegates, who met as strangers, made entertainment for themselves and cemented friendships that have endured through the years. There was some slight balm in the supper given for the international labor delegates at Henry Street, when they were encouraged to 'explode' their disappointment, and to realize that, though Washington had failed, many Americans were deeply concerned with their mission and disturbed by the fiasco of the conference reception.

Another visitor whose concern was first of all with labor was Keir Hardie. We were both busy and had no chance for what he called 'thorough talk,' so we agreed to breakfast together. He was grieved to find in this country so little sense of sacrifice on the part of the wage earners. At the time, there was a strike in Troy and he went there to see the picket line and to study the situation. He commented on the attractive girls in their crisp, fresh dresses, but he was quite shocked when he learned that they did not do their own laundry work and that they even had their nails manicured! He did not question their right to these small luxuries, but he was disturbed that they were willing to spend money on nonessentials when 'the cause' needed funds. He was even more shocked when he found that a threatened strike at the Eastman Kodak plant in Rochester was organized in protest against the inadequate parking space provided for employees' cars. His was the bewilderment of the stranger over the American standard of living in 'normal' times. How splendid was the spirit of the man is revealed in the page he inscribed in our Guest Book:—

Underlying Socialism is the great basic truth of human equality; not that all are to be alike, but that all are to be equal, which is a very different thing. Under Socialism there would be no exploiting class, no tyranny of one sex or race over another. Socialism would give reality to the claim so often insisted upon from the Christian pulpit, and yet so universally belied by our everyday deeds, that God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth to dwell together in unity.

IX

The 'Man from Dahomey,' a picturesque stranger, I met when an institution for the homeless in our neighborhood invited Mary Antin and me to a Passover service. It was the custom of this centre to gather in for the sacred festival the homeless and the immigrants detained at Ellis Island. The host of the evening, gowned in his shroud,¹ reclined on a couch according to the ritual, and the guests, most of them men who were strangers from distant lands, were all familiar with the ceremony. In a far corner of the room I noticed a black man, and when I commented on his presence at this Hebrew festival one of the staff told me he was a Jew. The man was called over, a tall erect figure with dark skin, straight hair, and a nose slightly aquiline. My equilibrium was nearly lost when he addressed me in English with a Scotch burr.

He was from Dahomey, on the Slave Coast of Africa. He explained that his tribe had always been distinctive in Dahomey because they proclaimed their belief in one god and one wife,

¹On this point an informed friend writes: 'One of the most beautiful things in the Jewish religion is the thought that before God in death every Jew has the same status, and it is therefore an old custom among the Orthodox, on their holidays, to wear the white garment, called the shroud, in which they are to be buried when their time comes.' — AUTHOR

and because they had never been cannibals. Many of their neighbors, he stated, adhered to the custom. 'Indeed,' he added with some pride, 'when religious fervor moves Dahomey people to cannibalism they often come down to our tribe, who are weavers and industrious workers, and eat them.' ('Quite a compliment, in a way,' one of our party murmured.)

The man from Dahomey had, as a stowaway, reached Scotland, where a philanthropic gentleman took him under his wing and had him educated. He had always planned to return to Africa and give his people the benefit of his education. The French had identified the tribe as Hebrews because of their customs, and brought to them the Bible which had been translated for the Abyssinians. This stranger was then under study by Franz Boas, the famous anthropologist at Columbia University, and, to make sure the Jew from Dahomey with his Scotch burr was not spoofing me, I turned to Professor Boas, who corroborated the fact of this remarkable Slave Coast tribe.

From the Arctic came a man who showed in the errand which brought him that geographical boundaries never really divide, and that people who care for humanity arrive at identical realizations. Through Henry Goddard Leach, that devoted interpreter of Scandinavia, we came to know Hjalmar Lundbohn, called the 'King of Lapland.' This man, a geologist, who attained a position of authority in Swedish industry, had taken 30,000 Swedes to work in the iron mines in Lapland. He was eager to provide every modern cultural advantage for these transplanted workers, that their migration should not be a loss to them. He was interested in the Lapps, also, a nomadic people whom he refused to employ underground because he was sure such work would destroy them.

The particular errand that brought him to Henry Street was the problem of the six-hour working day, for which the Swedes had asked. This understanding man said, 'Six hours is a long day to toil beneath the earth. I would willingly accede to the request except for the fact that the people have had no training in using leisure, and eighteen hours of unemployment might be disastrous. I want to find out what you people do to help your friends use their unemployed time in creative, helpful pleasure and instruction.'

X

Weddings that have been celebrated at the House have ranged from those of residents and their chosen mates to the Armenian wedding for which we had to search New York and its environs to find a bishop who could perform the ceremony. It seemed inauspicious to have the newly arrived and lovely bride make her vows in a language she did not know. When we did find the bishop (in Hoboken), he put on a most gorgeous robe and patiently taught us a complicated ceremonial.

Trouble as well as pleasure has brought visitors. A District Attorney once insisted that more crimes had been confessed voluntarily to me than to him. There seems to be a widely felt need for a confessional. Certainly I cannot flatter myself that people who have gone out of their way to confide

in me came for advice. I doubt whether anyone ever followed advice I gave. What they really wanted was to tell their trouble — sometimes their crime — to someone who would forget.

A lovely young woman, a leader in her circle, one day stopped me on the stairs. I cannot forget her desperate eyes, the flutter of her breath and of her hands as she told me that she must see me alone. Closeted in my room, she said: 'I want to tell you something. There was a man I loved. He could n't marry me. Perhaps I would n't have married him. But I stayed with him. And I never told my mother. It's the only thing I ever kept from her. It gnaws at me. Must I tell her?'

What she had done haunted her. But I entreated her not to tell her mother, pointing out that it was of the past, and she would only make her mother suffer to no purpose. And I asked her when she saw me to forget that she had told me this. She had kept her secret for a long time and she was worn with the weight of it. The fact that I shared it might have spoiled our friendship, but it did not. And, having passed on her 'sin,' it no longer tormented her. She went her gentle way in peace once more.

Perhaps this article should be closed by quoting one of our simplest neighbors, who, in trying to formulate her evaluation of the Settlement, said to another neighbor, 'I'll tell you what — what you get out of this house you can't take away in your pocket.'

THE DEATH OF MR. BARKER

BY RODERICK LULL

I

GEORGE was in the barber shop, being shaved, when the paper came out. Andy was shaving him, and he was lying back with his eyes closed, feeling the razor move gently and warmly across his face, and feeling the firm, expert pressure of Andy's fingers on his jaws and cheek. There was nothing George liked more than being shaved by a first-rate barber. It gave him a sense of comfort and affluence he could get from nothing else. Sometimes when he was broke he would stand outside the shop, watching other men getting shaved inside, and envy them. He would stand there sometimes for a long while until people began to notice him, and then he would move away.

He could n't afford to get one of Andy's shaves more than two or three times a month, so when he did he made the most of it. Once Mr. Barker had come in while he was in the chair, and afterwards had lectured him on thrift and how a man who wasted his money in small ways when he was young would waste it in large ways when he was older and wind up in the gutter. Mr. Barker was full of such lectures, on thrift and sobriety and gratitude and similar matters. When Mr. Barker lectured, George would simply stand still and listen, his head down, never saying a word. There was plenty on his mind he wanted to say, but as Mr. Barker was his employer, in a manner of speaking, and had done a

great deal for him, he could n't very well say it. So he just listened, and after Mr. Barker walked away he would look after him, boiling inside, as much because of his enforced silence as because of what Mr. Barker had said.

Just before the paper came out Andy was talking of the local baseball team.

'Yessir,' Andy said, 'what that team needs is some new blood. Some of the fellows on it now was playing on it fifteen years ago, when it was started. I'd think a husky young fellow like you would go out for it.'

George did n't say anything, and Andy laid a hot steaming towel on his face and patted it down carefully.

'Mr. Barker's always been against it,' George said finally. 'I started to go out for it one time and then he said he was against it.' His voice, coming through the hot, thick towel, was muffled.

'That's too bad,' Andy said. 'Yessir, that's too bad. Mr. Barker is n't much of a sport, I know, but it seems to me he goes a little too far in thinking a fellow should work all the time and all that.'

Andy took the towel off and began massaging George's face expertly. Just then the newsboys started hollering outside. They were a couple of blocks away from the shop and you could n't understand what they were hollering.

But extras came out so seldom in Clarendon that you could be sure it was something important.

Andy and George listened for a minute. Then Andy went on with the massage. No one was waiting in the shop and he took his time about it. At certain hours, as on Saturday afternoon late, there would be people waiting and Andy would have to hurry. It was n't so much fun getting a shave then, so George never did.

'Well,' Andy said, 'we'll have to get a paper to find out what it's all about. Matter of fact, these boys don't want you to get what they're hollering. If you did, they would n't sell so many.'

'I guess that's right,' George said. He had his eyes open now and he was staring at the ceiling. The ceiling was a dead yellow color. A fly was walking across it, looking odd in its upside-down position. The fly walked very slowly, as if it had all the time in the world and no particular business on hand. It was a big fly, black, with strong fuzzy legs.

Just then the boys came in. Not the newsboys, but George's friends. One of them had a paper, and he was puffing as if he had run a long way very quickly.

They all began to talk at once, and finally Andy had to say, 'If one of you would talk at a time we might be able to figure out what you're saying.'

George did n't say anything. He was sitting up in the chair now, a little lather still around his ears and under his chin, looking at them.

The one with the paper stepped forward. There were big black headlines across the front page. They gave the paper something of the look of a metropolitan afternoon daily, even though the *Argus* had only about 1600 subscribers and it was said that a third of them had n't paid a nickel in years.

'They found old man Barker dead this morning,' the boy with the paper said. 'Somebody killed him.'

Andy put the towel down, not as neatly as he usually did, and took the paper. He started to read it, then lowered it so George could read too. The *Argus* had spread itself — afterwards people said they could n't remember when it had handled a story in as big a way before. There was the headline, and a picture of Mr. Barker, — an old-fashioned picture, showing him in a tight, high-buttoned black suit with a wing collar, looking twenty years younger than he was at the time of his death, — and a three-column box head and a two-column light-face head. The story took up less space than the heads. It simply said that the groceryman had gone out to Mr. Barker's house in the morning to deliver some groceries. Nobody answered his knock, and he noticed that the back door was open, an unusual thing. He went inside, and finally, after looking around, went upstairs. He found Mr. Barker in his bedroom with his throat cut. Then he ran out and drove back to town as fast as he could and told the sheriff. The sheriff figured they'd catch the murderer or murderers pretty quickly. Every facility of his office, the sheriff was quoted as saying, was devoted to the case.

Andy smiled when he read that. 'Well,' he said, 'that means the sheriff himself and that half-witted deputy who still owes me two bucks for work I did for him last fall when he was chasing after that Smith girl.'

George read the account rather hurriedly. He got out of the chair and picked up the towel Andy had dropped and wiped his face.

'Well,' he said. Then he said it again, as if he liked the sound of it. 'Well.'

'Who do you think killed him?' the

boy with the paper asked, and George suddenly noticed that they were all staring at him. That was because he had lived with Mr. Barker. They thought he knew all about Mr. Barker, even to the name of his murderer.

'I don't know,' he said. 'I sure don't know.'

'When did you see him last?' another boy asked.

'This morning,' George said. 'At about nine o'clock. I came in then and did a little work over at the mill.'

'This will sure be tough on you,' the first boy said. 'With all he's done for you and all. Maybe you won't get your law education now.'

'Sure is tough,' George said. Then he said politely, 'Maybe I won't.'

He went over to the coat rack and got his coat and put it on, brushing off a little dust that was on the collar. He looked in the glass and straightened his tie and wiped off a flake of soap that was still on his ear. He was thinking very hard, but his mind was a little confused. It did n't work well.

'Maybe you better go out there,' the first boy said. 'We'll drive you out. The sheriff's there, and he probably wants to see you.'

'That's a good idea, now,' George said. 'That's a good idea.' Then he said, 'Who do they think did it?'

'They don't know,' the boy said in a disgusted voice. 'I think maybe it was those niggers that've been around town.'

The boy had lived in the South for a while when he was young, and he always said you never could trust a nigger — they'd do anything.

'Yessir,' he said now. 'It might've been those niggers. Just like a nigger to do that. Niggers will do anything.'

'That's right,' one of the other boys said. 'Niggers will do anything.'

George did n't answer. He drew his

coat collar closer about his neck to shut out the cold. Then he said, 'It's a funny thing, that, a funny thing. To think that he was all right this morning and now he's dead.'

'You never can tell,' the first boy said. 'It's liable to happen to anybody. When you leave home in the morning you don't know that you'll ever come back.'

II

They went over to the car and got in. It was an old car, a Ford, with a broken windshield and bent fenders and an almost paintless body. The top was torn so that in rainy weather it afforded no protection at all.

The boy who was driving cranked it a few times and the motor caught. It made a lot of noise. It sounded as if it were liable to fall apart at any minute. But George knew it had been like that for several years and it had never fallen apart yet. The chances were that it would take them out and back all right.

Some people on the street were staring at him. They had never taken any interest in him before, he thought, but the fact that he had lived with a murdered man was enough to make them want to look at him.

The car started and moved quickly down the street. The boy sitting next to George lit a cigarette. Then he offered George one, and George said no by inclining his head. The boy puffed two or three times, then took the cigarette out of his mouth.

The boy said, 'They'll get whoever did it, all right. In a small town like this it's easy to check up on people. Nobody can get away without being noticed. It's different in a big city.'

'That's so,' George said. 'In a small town you know everybody, and it's easy to find out what they've been doing. They'll get them, all right.'

The boy put his cigarette back in his mouth and they did n't talk any more. The car was passing the cannery, and George remembered the summer he had worked there. Mr. Barker had got him the job. Mr. Barker had believed that a little business experience was invaluable, so he had got him a job in the office. It had been a very dull job. He had added up columns of figures and made long, meaningless entries on yellow ledger sheets and missed all the fun he might have had that summer. He had been paid five dollars a week. The fellow next to him, who did the same work, got thirty dollars a week. But he was a middle-aged man, and he had been working at the cannery for more than twenty years, and those were the things that counted.

The car turned into the road that led to Four Acres, Mr. Barker's place. It was a narrow, pleasant road, bordered with trees. It had a dirt surface and in the winter it was almost impassable with a car. But the hard rains had n't come yet, so the surface was still firm. George thought about walking down it this morning. So far as the superficialities were concerned, it was just an ordinary morning. It was a little cold, though the sun was out, and there was some frost. When he passed a farm the men working waved at him and he waved back at them. It was just like any other Friday morning when he came into town and got shaved and enjoyed himself. But on this morning Mr. Barker had died and the whole universe had changed. That was a funny thing. An old man was killed, and the world took on a different look so far as you were concerned.

The boy driving turned around and said, 'This is the biggest crime that ever happened around here, I guess. The last murder was when that fellow killed that other fellow in the pool hall, and that did n't amount to much.'

'That's right,' George said. 'This is a pretty big thing.'

'You take out the Mayor and Mr. Carson and maybe Judge Grant,' the boy went on, 'and Mr. Barker was the biggest man around here. He was a big man in this town. I'll bet the sheriff's praying for something to happen. If he does n't get who did it he might as well begin looking for a new job now.'

'That's about the size of it,' George said.

'How does it feel?' the boy asked. 'I mean, how does it feel when somebody you've been with all the time gets killed suddenly like that? I can't imagine it.'

'It's a funny feeling,' George said. He wished the boy would stop talking. And then the boy did stop talking, but still he could n't think very well. He thought of the time Mr. Barker had raked him over the coals for spending twenty dollars he had saved on a new suit, and how he had hated Mr. Barker for a long time after that. Then he had got over hating him. Things of that kind did n't really make you hate a person — not hate him thoroughly. Other things did. Things which were less tangible and a whole lot more important.

It was a bright afternoon, just a little cold, and there were a few small white clouds in the sky. Most of the farmhouses looked deserted. They passed two men working in a field, and the men stopped long enough to stare, but they did n't wave. George did n't remember having seen them before. He thought they were probably some of the men who were always coming through the state looking for a day's or a week's or a month's work. Mr. Barker had never had anything to do with such men. He would n't hire them, he used to say, for love or money. They were shiftless and you could n't

trust them and they might rob and murder you in your sleep and they did n't earn their board. Well, now somebody had murdered Mr. Barker and that showed you never could tell.

The boy driving said, 'When you were studying law you must have read a lot about murders, George. And how they happened and the murderers were caught and all that.'

'Yes,' George said distantly. 'I've read about them. They usually get caught because they're careless. They get panicky and want to get away too quick. They leave evidence behind them they did n't have to leave. That's how they mostly get caught.'

'Oh!' the boy driving said. 'I guess it's always some little thing they don't figure on.'

'That's right,' George said.

They were almost to the place now. They crossed the bridge and he leaned out and saw the little river below, the water dirty and yellow from the paper mill and smelling dankly of chemicals. A long time ago he had fished in the stream, but there were no fish any more. The chemicals had killed them. Once he had spoken of it to Mr. Barker, saying how unfortunate it was that the fish had been killed, and Mr. Barker had said that you could n't let fish stand in the way of progress. The paper mill was a big thing to Clarendon and it employed a lot of people. Mr. Barker had said he would feel that way about it even if he was n't a director of the mill and a big stockholder.

A half mile farther on, the road turned and he could see the house. It was a big house, painted yellow, with a cupola at the top. He remembered a joke he had heard in school, about a boy who boasted of the cupola on his house, and another boy said that was nothing — his house had a mortgage on it. It did n't seem funny now, though it had then.

III

They turned into the private road and he saw the sheriff's car, a new dark blue Ford with a gilt shield on the side. They stopped behind it and got out. George got out first and walked toward the house. He did n't see anyone. But before he reached it the sheriff came through the front door and stood on the porch waiting for him.

The sheriff was a tall, fat man, with a pleasant, loud laugh and two chins and cold eyes. He had quite a reputation in the state because he had once been instrumental in arresting three bank bandits who had posed in Clarendon as drummers for a fictitious hardware concern.

George spoke first. He said, 'I just heard about it, Sheriff.'

'The paper out?' the sheriff said. He was chewing a straw, and the long yellow end of it hung down almost to the bottom of his vest. It made him look the perfect picture of a rustic in his Sunday clothes.

'Yes,' George said. 'Just out.' Then he said, 'I can't believe it yet — I mean about him being killed.'

'No?' the sheriff said in a polite, disinterested voice. 'We was wondering where the housekeeper is — Mrs. Jones. We can't find her anywhere.'

'She's away at her brother's, in Blake,' George said. 'She went a couple of days ago. He's dying.'

The sheriff took the straw out of his mouth and looked at it carefully, as if it had some strange significance. Then he said, 'Who was doing the cooking?'

'Mr. Barker and I did it,' George said. 'He was going to get somebody and then he thought it would be too much trouble just for a short time. He said that even if he was fairly prosperous he was n't above getting a meal for himself. Then we ate in town

at the grill a time or two. He was coming in to eat there to-night.'

'I get the idea,' the sheriff said. He took a cigar out of his pocket and bit off the end. He threw the straw away. The cigar was thick and long and mottled. He always smoked the same kind, and the cigar-stand fellow in the Hotel Clarendon kept them just for him. They were three for twenty-five cents, and the sheriff said he'd never had a two-bit cigar he liked better.

'Well, it looks like a pretty tough one,' the sheriff said. He smoked his cigar very carefully and slowly, with great relish. The smoke puffed gently out of his mouth while he talked. 'A pretty tough one. But I guess it will come out all right.'

'I hope so,' George said.

'Sure,' the sheriff said. 'We all hope so.' He looked as if he were about to deliver an oration on the dead man, but he did n't. He said, 'Maybe you ought to come in and see him — if you want to.'

George did n't answer for a time. Then he said, slowly, 'All right.'

He went past the sheriff and into the house. Strangely, everything was precisely as it had been when he had left in the morning. The clock was still ticking, an hour and twenty minutes slow, and the hole was still in the middle of the Brussels carpet, and the stiff leather-backed chairs were in the same position. Everything was clean, without dust. He had done the dusting yesterday afternoon. Mr. Barker had told him to. When he had protested, Mr. Barker had said that if he was too proud to do a little work and keep a house clean he was n't worth much. So he had done the dusting.

The sheriff was just behind him. The sheriff said, 'Something happened to the morgue wagon, so they could n't take him away. They'll be out pretty soon. It's a mess. These knife cases

always are. When you carve a man up with a knife it always makes a mess.'

'That's right,' George said. Then he said, 'I wonder why they did it with a knife.'

The sheriff took the cigar out of his mouth and looked at the end of it. He knocked the ash off delicately. It fell gently on to the carpet and splattered so that a space inches square was sparsely covered with gray flakes. George thought, 'That would make Mr. Barker pretty sore if he knew about it.'

'Well,' the sheriff said, 'I don't know.'

George started slowly up the stairs. He stopped at the landing and said, 'Where is he?' and the sheriff said, 'In his bedroom; did n't you read the paper?' and they went on.

The sheriff had a heavy step. George kept listening to it. The sheriff put his feet down in a funny way. You heard one foot strike and then there was a hesitation before the other foot followed. A crippled man would make a sound like that. Every once in a while, too, the sheriff drew a deep breath, as if the climb were too much for him. He was a fat man, and out of condition.

They reached the top of the stairs and George walked down the hall to the bedroom door. It was cold in the hall; the fires had gone out. Mr. Barker never allowed the fires to go out. He was especially particular about them. But of course in this instance he could n't do anything.

The sheriff opened the door, reaching his hand out and taking hold of the knob firmly, turning and pushing it, and they went into the room. It was disheveled, the bed not made, a glass lying in splinters on the green carpet, and a curtain torn, as if a hand had grasped it suddenly and jerked. But George did not notice those things. All he saw was Mr. Barker. Mr.

Barker was spread out on the floor against the far wall, fully dressed. He was lying very naturally, his legs a little bent and his eyes closed, and if he had been in bed it would have seemed to a casual onlooker that he was asleep. But if you looked carefully you could see he was n't asleep. His face was too white and his mouth was open just a little. His expression was one of vague excitement, of half-assimilated surprise. The left side of his shirt was very red, and the floor beside him was red in patches, and the top of his black trousers was stained a dull red-brown color.

George walked across the room and stood beside him. He closed his eyes, and tried to keep from thinking. He made his mind into a yawning blank, in which nothing existed. Only a little hidden corner of his mind was alive, and that was busy listening to the sheriff's movements, and to the wind on the roof, and to an automobile motor which had suddenly flared into sound outside.

'Well, that's him,' the sheriff said in a bored, far-away voice. He took the cigar from his mouth and stared at it as he had before, and carefully knocked the ash off. The ash fell near Mr. Barker, and a flake of it touched one of his hands, which was outspread, the palm up, the fingers open and pliant-looking.

'Yes,' George said. He thought that Mr. Barker had n't shaved this morning. There was a dark growth of hair across his upper lip and his chin. On Saturdays, sometimes, Mr. Barker would n't shave at all. Then on Sunday morning he would give himself an extra good shave, going over his face twice. He never got shaved downtown, at a barber shop. He said it was a waste of money, a useless extravagance.

'Whoever done it done a good job,' the sheriff said. 'He sure is dead. I

never saw anybody deader. The doctor said he was stabbed three times and any one of them would have been plenty.'

'Is that so?' George said. He turned away and crossed to the other side of the room. He looked out of the window. The old Ford was still there, empty. The boys were out wandering around some place. 'It's pretty bad, all right,' he said.

Then he said, 'Have you got any good leads?'

'It's hard to tell yet,' the sheriff said.

'You have n't had much time,' George said.

'No,' the sheriff said. 'Well, we might as well go back down now.'

'All right,' George said. He went out of the room without looking back, the sheriff following.

IV

They went downstairs and into the living room. George looked at the clock on the mantel. It said four-thirty. He wondered where all the time had gone.

'Sit down,' the sheriff said. 'You might as well sit down.'

George sat down.

'We've been wondering where the knife went to,' the sheriff said. 'That's an important thing. If we knew where the knife was we'd be better off.'

'Whoever did it probably hid it pretty well,' George said.

'Sure,' the sheriff said. His cigar was almost consumed now, and he looked at it thoughtfully. He rolled it between his fingers, then got up and threw it into the fireplace. He took a fresh one from his vest pocket, bit the end off carefully, and lit it. He took great pains in lighting it, turning the cigar slowly so that the flame touched each side of the tip.

'But it's funny how things will turn up sometimes,' the sheriff said. 'Sometimes if you hide a thing too carefully it's not as safe as if you did n't hide it at all. I mean, the fact you hid it so well may be the reason it's found.'

'I don't get you,' George said.

'Well, if you leave something you don't want found out in the open, nobody's likely to find it because it's too easy to see. They'll look in places where you'd have hid it if you were trying to get rid of it for good.'

'Oh!' George said. He thought that the sheriff was a very dull man. Then he began thinking again about this morning. He thought about Mr. Barker. This morning Mr. Barker had been more unpleasant than usual. He had kept talking about all the things he had done for George. He had said that if George ever amounted to anything he could give all the credit to him.

George took a cigarette from his pocket and lit it. It was strange how people wanted glory, even reflected glory. He had thought about that a great deal the past few years, because of Mr. Barker. He could imagine the way Mr. Barker would have acted if he, George, ever became successful — became a big lawyer, or perhaps even a Senator. Mr. Barker would have gone around, his chest way out, saying, 'Well, if it had n't been for me George Miller never would have amounted to a whoop. It all goes to prove that you can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear if you try hard enough.'

That's the way he would have talked, George thought.

'I guess you thought a lot of Mr. Barker,' the sheriff said. 'He sure was a good friend to you.'

'Yes,' George said.

'You would n't find many men who would do as much. I wonder who he left his money to. I guess you came in for part of it.'

'I don't know,' George said.

He thought of what Mr. Barker had said this morning. He had said that George was a lucky fellow, being the offspring of a worthless family, to have someone take an interest in him and work to make him into something. He had said it over and over again, in slightly different words, until George had felt nauseated and had left the table.

'You know that silver-handled carving set,' the sheriff said dreamily. 'Well, the knife's gone out of it. Yes, just dropped out of sight. We looked all over and could n't find it. Looks like he was finished with his own carving knife.'

'Is that so?' George said.

The sheriff went on, 'Think of all the birds and steaks and things he's carved up with that knife, never thinking that some day he was going to get carved up with it himself. It's a funny thing.'

'Anybody coming in after him would have noticed it,' George said. 'It was right there in the open. Maybe somebody came in to steal something and Mr. Barker caught him at it.'

'That would n't explain him being upstairs,' the sheriff said.

George did n't say anything for a minute. He looked down at the carpet. Then he bent over and flicked away a little speck of ash. 'No,' he said. 'That's right. Unless he went up there and died there.'

'He died right away,' the sheriff said. 'And there is n't any blood down here. He bled a lot.'

'That's right,' George said. He stood up. 'I think I might as well go back to town. I'll see you later on.'

'Wait awhile and I'll take you in,' the sheriff said. 'I'm just waiting for a fellow I sent to do something for me. He'll be right along.'

George started to say no, then sat

down again without speaking. He sat there with his mind a dead gray blank, looking at the sheriff's big dark cigar which was half gone now.

V

After about ten minutes the front door opened and the deputy sheriff came in. He walked over to the sheriff and said, 'You were right, Bob. Only it was n't in the water. It fell on a stone and it was lying there, right beside the bridge. It did n't even get wet.'

George looked at the knife. He had seen it a thousand times. Hundreds of times he had sharpened it. It was a good knife, an expensive one, with a fine silver handle and a long thin blade.

The sheriff took it carefully, by the blade, and looked at the handle. He said, in a gentle, far-off voice, 'What did you kill him for, George?'

George did n't look at him. He was still looking at the knife, thinking what a fine knife it was. He said, 'Because I hated him. Because all my life he would have told everybody that I was a no-good, and that whatever I amounted to was due to him. Because I could n't stand him any longer.'

'I see, George, I see,' the sheriff said. He stood up. 'You did n't have to tell me, George. But we'd have got it out of you. I felt pretty sure.' He walked over to the fireplace and threw the cigar into it. There were some crumpled newspapers between the andirons

and he threw the cigar to one side, so they would n't light.

'Let's go along, George,' the sheriff said.

'All right,' George said. He felt the deputy's hand on his arm. 'That's why I did it,' he said. 'I thought, all of a sudden, that unless I got rid of him I'd never get anywhere. I thought I'd never let myself get anywhere, because I did n't want him to have the credit for anything. I thought I could n't stand listening to him and seeing him any longer. So after he went upstairs I got the knife and went up after him and killed him.'

'Sure, George,' the sheriff said. 'I get the idea.'

They went out of the house, George and the sheriff going first and the deputy following. They got into the sheriff's new Ford. After George sat down he looked around and saw the boys in their car, a little way off.

'Are n't you coming with us?' one of the boys called.

George called, 'No, I'm going in with the sheriff.' Then the sheriff started the car and they drove off. When they passed the boys' car one of them yelled, 'Looks like you was a suspect, George! Better be careful or you'll get a bad reputation!'

All the rest of the boys laughed. George did n't look back at them. He lit a cigarette and offered one to the deputy, who was sitting next to him. But the deputy said no, he did n't feel like smoking.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

Forty Years of Growth

BY ERNEST WEEKLEY

I

A FEW years ago I contributed to the *Atlantic* an article on English dictionaries, tracing their development from the tiny pocket volumes of the early seventeenth century down to the gigantic, and at that time incomplete, *New English Dictionary*, now officially known, from its editorial home, as the *Oxford English Dictionary*, O.E.D. In 1928 the great enterprise was brought to a triumphant conclusion, and the two surviving editors of the Big Four, Sir William Craigie and Dr. C. T. Onions, at once set to work on the Supplement, for which material had been accumulating since the very inception of the main work. On November 14 of last year this final volume, conceived on the same massive scale as its predecessors, was issued to an expectant public. By the generosity of the Clarendon Press a copy has been presented gratis to every possessor of the ten mighty tomes which constitute the original O.E.D.

The new work aims not only at registering and explaining all new words (and what hosts of them there are!) which have acquired civic rights in the English language since the corresponding part of the O.E.D. was printed. It also picks up stragglers, accidentally or in some cases intentionally omitted in earlier years, supplements the information already given

in many cases, corrects, modifies, or amplifies. In addition it contains an Historical Introduction, a sort of biography of the enterprise, with exhaustive lists of all who have helped therein, and a complete catalogue of every book, record, or periodical from which the two million illustrative quotations are derived.

The inception of this great lexicographical undertaking dates from a conversation, in 1857, between Dr. Furnivall and Dean (later Archbishop) Trench, which resulted in a paper 'On some Deficiencies of our English Dictionaries,' read to the Philological Society in November of the same year. The enthusiastic and pugnacious Furnivall, who almost up to the time of his death (1910), at the age of eighty-six, might have been seen sculling in all weathers on the Thames, lived to see a great part of the Dictionary completed. Trench, whose *Study of Words* (1851) and *English Past and Present* (1855) first made the treasures of word lore accessible to the educated public, died in 1886, a few years after the first sheets went to print. The association with the Philological Society has persisted up to the present day, the Dictionary being described on the title-page as 'founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society,' but the actual carrying out

of the work is due to the munificence and public spirit of the Oxford University Press.

The final performance went far beyond the original plan, which did not aim at much more than supplementing the dictionaries of Johnson and Richardson, still considered authoritative in the middle of the nineteenth century. As material accumulated, the scheme became more ambitious, and, after a long period of incubation, a formal contract was concluded in 1879 between the Philological Society and the Delegates of the Oxford Press, and J. A. H. Murray, later Sir James Murray, was appointed editor. He started work 'in an iron building, detached from his house,' at Mill Hill School, Middlesex, where he was a master, his first batch of material being a ton and three quarters of manuscript forwarded by Furnivall.

A great proportion of this material came from America, and Murray, in his Presidential Address to the Philological Society in 1880, spoke very cordially of 'the kindness of our friends in the United States, where the interest taken in our scheme, springing from a genuine love of our common language, its history, and a warm desire to make the Dictionary worthy of that language, has impressed me very deeply.' He could, at that date, hardly have foreseen how impressively American vocabulary and American usage would bulk in the Supplement of more than half a century later, and, if lexicographers are allowed to look down from the celestial abode which seems the due reward of their herculean labors, he must be amazed to see one of his younger co-editors, Sir William Craigie, occupying the Chair of English in the University of Chicago and busied with the history of the American language.

The first section of the Dictionary

was sent to the printers on April 19, 1882, and published on February 1, 1884. A searching review in the *Academy* by Henry Bradley led to his being invited to share in the editorship. Murray and his 'Scriptorium' moved in 1885 to Oxford, whither Bradley also migrated some years later. The Delegates of the Press, anxious to accelerate the progress of the work, which eventually took forty-four years instead of the contemplated ten, proposed further editorial assistance; so W. A. Craigie was invited from St. Andrews to Oxford and began work as a full editor in 1901, the same dignity being attained in 1914 by C. T. Onions, who had been helping in the work since 1895. These two younger editors, left to carry on the work by the deaths of Murray (1915) and Bradley (1923), both at a ripe old age, have now set the coping stone on this great linguistic and national work by the production of the Supplement.

II

To students of language the O.E.D. is a sort of recurring marvel which never loses its glamour, but those who use it intensively know how it improves volume by volume in scope, thoroughness, and elaboration of detail. It is natural that the earliest volumes are those most in need of additions. This may be illustrated by the fact that the first part of the Supplement, A to K, hardly corresponding to a third of the original Dictionary, forms five eighths of the new volume. The first word in the Supplement is the South African Dutch 'aasvogel,' vulture (literally, carrion bird), quoted from Rider Haggard, followed closely by 'abalone,' the mollusk familiar to California, 'Spanish, of unknown origin.' 'Ab-squatulate' is to be found in the original A volume, with a quotation from

'Sam Slick,' but here we find the supplementary information, 'Said to have been first used by Nimrod Wildfire, a character in a play, *The Kentuckian*, by Bernard, 1833.'

Naturally there is a big new section on the compounds of 'air' in connection with the latest mode of traveling, while 'on the air,' in reference to broadcasting by wireless, is dated 1927. I was recently informed by a wireless fan that his infant son 'tuned in about 1 A.M. and was on the air intermittently till about 4.30.' Thus our stock of metaphor is being sifted and transformed! And so, on every page, there are new words, new meanings, earlier dated examples, and new bits of information until we come to 'zoom,' with its general application to a humming noise before it became airman's slang.

It is the tragedy of the lexicographer that new words come into existence or earlier information comes to hand while his work is in the press. The Supplement has just missed the acrostic 'Nira,' as the original Dictionary did 'appendicitis,' coined, as we are here informed, by Fitz in 1886. The earliest O.E.D. record of 'Jericho,' as a place of peremptory relegation, is dated 1635, but the recently published Letters of Stephen Gardiner show that that somewhat intolerant divine used the word in the same sense in 1545. The *London Daily Express* for November 16, 1933, informs us that the 'hay-wire mind,' whatever that may be, has just reached England from America. It is especially difficult to keep up with the political vocabulary. The Supplement has duly booked 'Fascist' (1921) and 'Nazi' (1930); Signor Mussolini's 'black shirts' appear in 1923; but alas for Herr Hitler's 'brown shirts' and the United Ireland 'blue shirts,' the latter a costume proscribed by the Irish Government on December 9, 1933 — they have come too late.

A supplement to the Supplement consists of an extraordinary list of spurious words, or what Skeat called 'ghost-words,' originally due to misreadings, misprints, or misunderstandings, and conscientiously copied from dictionary to dictionary, sometimes with fantastic etymological explanations of the nonexistent. It would be unkind to particularize! It is only in the course of such an investigation of a language as has been carried out by the Oxford Dictionary that these impostors can be detected. It is obvious that a 'word' which has found its way into dictionaries without the most diligent search revealing a single example of its use in print is not a word at all.

III

Roughly speaking, it may be said that the two main blocks of new words are represented by scientific phraseology and 'Americanisms.' Opening the book at random, we find, in addition to the now familiar 'heterodyne,' coined in 1908 by Fessenden, no fewer than sixty new compounds of 'hetero-,' which have been called into existence by the progress of science. Really, the way these people treat the language! Many users of the Supplement will probably turn at once to 'relativity,' to find that it was first used, in the scientific sense, by Einstein in 1905, and took its specific modern meaning (which few of us can follow) in 1915. The 'thermionic valve,' another mystery to the non-physicist, dates from 1922. Under 'quantum' there is an important additional paragraph illustrating its latest sense, 'A discrete unit quantity of energy, proportional to the frequency of radiation, emitted from or absorbed by an atom.'

All this stuff is, of course, rather algebra than language; but, if we turn to science as applied to popular amuse-

ment or convenience, we find a whole new vocabulary which has passed more or less into everyday speech. First of all, the 'cinema,' which arrived from France too late to get into the original Dictionary. The word is not much used, at any rate in England, modern youth preferring the 'pictures,' 'movies,' 'flickers' or 'flicks.' If we look up 'film' in the O.E.D., we shall find no reference to what is now its chief use, first booked in 1897 and abundantly illustrated in the Supplement. It is interesting to note that the 'talking film,' projected in 1910 and realized in 1921, became the more convenient 'talkie' in 1928.

It is to the cinema that English owes a considerable proportion of recent Americanisms. The word 'caption' itself, though of fairly old standing in English, was never in popular use till reintroduced with American films. The Supplement's new quotations for the word seem to treat it as a rather humorous neologism, and this writer was rather puzzled several years ago on receiving from an American correspondent a letter referring to a recent article under a certain 'caption.' Our ancestors drew their stock of metaphor from man's essential occupations. Our descendants will draw theirs largely from mechanized life. 'Fade-out,' in the figurative sense of a rather furtive departure, is too recent even for the Supplement, though it has 'close-up, *fig.* a detailed or intimate view.' One has even heard the Characters of Theophrastus described in modern parlance as a 'series of close-ups.' 'Black-out,' also missing here, is now used of a temporary loss of memory, or failure of the electric light. 'Sob-stuff,' perhaps the most expressive term in cinema jargon, but one which did not originally belong to that milieu, crossed the Atlantic in 1920.

Among modern inventions it is in-

evitably the cinema, frequented by about 99 per cent of the population, that has made the chief contribution to the figurative language of our day. But any devout student of the work of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse will realize how often his entertaining 'chumps' draw their metaphor from the automobile, known in England as a car, and the aeroplane. Irresistibly funny, at least to one reader, is the picture of young Bingo Little, laughing 'in an unpleasant, hacking manner, as if he was missing on one tonsil,' or of Mr. Slingsby, millionaire soup magnate, stamping in his fury on a golf ball lying in the vestibule, and making 'a forced landing against the wall.'

IV

The post-war period has been very prolific in new political terms, few of which are to be found even in the most up-to-date dictionaries. Of these the two most generally familiar are 'soviet' and 'bolshevik,' the first a harmless name for 'council' before it acquired its present connotation, the second explained as 'maximalist,' though it also contains the sense of belonging to the majority. 'Cheka' and the more recent 'Ogpu' are here fully explained as acrostic formations from Russian phrases of rather terrifying aspect, meaning respectively 'extraordinary commission' and 'united state political administration.' With these goes 'cadet,' the name of an eliminated Russian political party, which is a kind of pun on K.D., the initial letters, in Russian, of 'constitutional democracy.'

No age has seen such a crop of acrostic words as the war and post-war periods. In fact, the infinite multiplication of new organizations with long and complicated descriptions made such a device almost necessary. To Englishmen the most impressive of all

is 'Dora,' a lady of whom the Supplement's earliest quotation prophesies, 'You will become well acquainted with her.' Originally a convenient description of the very essential 'Defence of the Realm Act' of August 1914, it survives as the name of an uncomely harridan who forbids the patient British public to get a drink when it is thirsty or to buy a much-needed toothbrush after 8 P.M. Visitors from Prohibition countries with vague ideas of an 'alcoholiday' have disliked the lady even more than we do.

The period of 'reconstruction,' a word first used in its current sense at the conclusion of the American Civil War, gave birth to many new words or new senses. At the end of the World War 'pivotal' men — those essential to various industries — were hastily 'demobbed' and attempts were made to supply much-needed man power for the building and other trades by 'diluting' the skilled-trade unions with partially qualified workers who were illogically called 'dilutees,' as though they themselves were to be 'diluted.' Later came, with financial slumps and chaos, the various methods of monkeying with the monetary buzz saw which made 'inflation' a household word, gave a new sense to 'deflation,' and created the new term 'reflation' (1932).

The original Dictionary was not very hospitable to proper names, but the Supplement is, as explained in the Preface, 'more generous.' 'Cassandra,' prophetess of evil, 'Jeremiah,' woeful complainer, and perhaps hundreds of similar types, are now included. Especially numerous are the '-isms' and '-ists' with which celebrities or nonentities are constantly endowing the language. It is a testimony to the alertness of the editors that 'Hitlerism' is duly booked for 1930, along with the much earlier 'Leninism,' 'Trotskyism,' and the comparatively recent 'Stalin-

ism' (1927), and even 'Volsteadism' as a variant name for Prohibition. It is interesting to note that 'Marxist,' a sort of ancestor of the whole brood, is recorded for 1886 — obviously a word which the original Dictionary might well have included. ~

This element of vocabulary is, next to the scientific, the most worrying to the lexicographer. In a paper recently read to the English Philological Society, I lamented the absence from the Oxford Dictionary of the word 'Comstockery,' exaggerated prudishness. Dr. Onions, who happened to be present, interjected the information that it would be found in the Supplement, with a quotation from Mr. Bernard Shaw. Here it is (1905): 'Comstockery is the world's standing joke at the expense of the United States.' Anthony Comstock is pretty well forgotten as an individual, but will survive figuratively as the companion of 'Dora' and 'Mrs. Grundy.' One misses from the Supplement the much more pleasing 'Birrellism,' or literary gossip in the charming style of Augustine Birrell, who died at a very advanced age in November 1933. 'Boswellize,' to write biography from the adorer's point of view, is recorded for 1921, but the Supplement has just missed 'deboswellize,' used in reference to Mr. Kingsmill's new Life of Dr. Johnson. This suggests the expressive Americanism 'debunk' (1927), best explained as the opposite of 'whitewash.' Among comparatively recent characters in fiction who have become recognized types we find Stevenson's 'Jekyll' and 'Hyde,' and, of course, 'Sherlock Holmes,' even used as a verb; but why not 'Watson'?

V

Apart from purely scientific words, or new compounds expressing new

ideas, such as Freud's 'psychoanalysis,' or the 'robot' that we owe to Karel Čapek, modern importations are largely concerned with the less ceremonial side of language. This applies especially to the enormous American contribution of the last twenty or thirty years, the most vivifying influence that colloquial English has ever undergone, though it suggests to Mr. Dooley the reflection that 'when we Americans are done with the English language it will look as if it had been run over by a musical comedy.' At a luncheon given on November 21, 1933, the president of Magdalen College, Oxford, described these new American idioms as 'irresistible in any lexicon, so impudent, so fresh and so near the truth, though Dr. Johnson would have rejected them as "not yet refined from the grossness of domestic use."' Not that the American contribution is purely slang. 'Welfare,' as in 'child welfare,' 'welfare centre,' and so forth, was first used in this special sense in Ohio in 1904. 'Uplift,' with which neither the Dictionary nor the Supplement deals quite satisfactorily, is now rather ironical. 'Moron,' first adopted by the American Association for the Study of the Feeble-minded in 1910,' was, according to my information, coined by Dr. H. H. Goddard of Columbus, Ohio. It is a useful term, of an elastic connotation which inspired the poet to sing: —

See the happy moron.
He does n't give a damn.
I wish I were a moron.
My God! Perhaps I am!

But one might hazard the opinion that 99 per cent of the American contribution is distinctly slangy. Opening the Supplement at random, we are confronted at once by the 'jay-walker,' the most serious traffic problem of the day, and the mysterious 'jazz,' which reached England in 1918. A second

dip makes one wonder why, of all vegetables, the American 'bean' should lend itself to such wide figurative use, and a third makes one marvel at the extraordinary range of senses acquired in America by the word 'dope,' almost as absurdly overworked as 'proposition.' It would be interesting to trace the process by which the color 'yellow' has become linked with a cowardly temperament, and it is a tribute to the widespread influence of the American language that Soviet Russia has adopted the word, or rather its Russian equivalent, as a description of 'labor' organizations which hesitate to go the whole hog.

Modern American seems to be particularly rich in synonyms for humbug or 'eyewash' — 'bunk,' an abbreviation of 'bunkum'; 'hokum,' for which the Supplement suggests a 'blending of hocus-pocus and bunkum'; 'ballyhoo,' originally the inspiring invitation of the barker at what Mr. Barnum first described as a 'side-show'; and 'boloney,' which the Supplement has unfortunately overlooked. This last word must surely be for 'bologna' — Bologna sausage (whence also the English 'polony,' dating from the eighteenth century), influenced perhaps by the contemptuous sense associated with the German *Wurst*.

The influence of German on modern American vocabulary and construction is a fact recognized by philologists. Curious examples are 'fresh' (German *frech*, impudent) and 'dumb' (German *dumm*, stupid), now familiar colloquialisms with young England.

VI

Probably the two writers who have done most to familiarize the British public with American colloquialisms are Mr. P. G. Wodehouse and the late Edgar Wallace. It is, for instance, from

the former that the Supplement quotes its first example of 'fifty-fifty,' in the sense of sharing equally. But the great interest of modern youth, and even of modern maturity, is crime in all its aspects. If Europe is more or less convinced that the population of the United States is largely composed of 'gangsters,' 'bootleggers,' 'hi-jackers,' 'racketeers,' occupied in 'bumping off,' 'taking for a ride,' 'putting on the spot,' and finally undergoing the 'third degree,' as an inducement to 'come clean,' 'spill the beans,' or 'shoot the works,' the responsibility rests with the American film and the American crook novel. It is also strange to reflect that the whole vocabulary connected with resistance to Prohibition will henceforth be of purely academic interest. One is surprised to find that the 'speak-easy,' in which 'easy' is equivalent to softly, flourished as early as 1889 in those 'dry' regions where the 'bootlegger' (1890) was a welcome emissary from the outer world. One is given to understand that this benefactor retailed sound 'licker' and not 'hooch.' The last word, from the language of the Alaskan Indians, is recorded in its full form 'hoochinoo' for 1899, while the shortened form 'hooch' appears in 1903.

This tendency to shorten is characteristic of English on both sides of the Atlantic. Few words have been more welcome in England than 'pep,' for 'pepper,' recorded in American for 1915, but usually printed in inverted commas in England until the last few years. 'Fan,' for 'fanatic,' dated 1889 in America, with special reference to baseball, also had the inverted commas in English from 1914 to 1920. It is now fully acclimatized.

Quite apart from deliberate shortening, the monosyllable seems to be peculiarly sympathetic to the English

tongue. How can a theatrical failure be better described than as a 'flop,' or intuitive knowledge as a 'hunch,' and was ever a more useful word imported than 'snag,' originally an underwater obstacle in an uncharted stream? I imagine that the opposite of a 'flop' is a 'wow,' for which the Supplement quotes Edgar Wallace, who, however, finds it necessary to explain the word. As for 'blurb' (1924, 'of unknown origin'), which the late Poet Laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges, described as an 'admirable word, quite indispensable,' one is puzzled to know how we expressed this particular variety of 'hokum' in earlier days.

VII

Modern colloquial English is being remade by our young people, and these young people are, as already suggested, peculiarly sensitive to the charms of American slang. As this strange tongue is said to change almost daily, it is probable that they are seldom up-to-date, and that the English maiden of ten who expresses ironic incredulity with 'Oh yeah?' or 'Sez you?' is really employing the archaic. Occasionally we are only resuming possession of our own. 'Hick,' a country bumpkin, was used in one of Sir Richard Steele's plays in 1702, and even 'hike,' recently reimported, was familiar English about 1800. I find, by the way, no mention in the Supplement of 'hitch-hike,' used, I understand, in America of hiking varied by lifts, legal or illegal. 'Jag,' a drinking bout, which I had imagined to be American, appears to have been familiar rustic English in the seventeenth century, but the synonymous 'bender,' dated 1827, is pure United States, and unknown (the word, I mean) in the United Kingdom.

I will end with one or two miscella-

neous remarks. Before the American detective made his triumphant appearance in fiction and on the films, the English detective used to 'check' a statement; he now 'checks up on' it, which seems really over-conscientious. No longer does he 'search' a prisoner; he 'frisks' him. Instead of consigning him to a police-station cell he puts him in the 'cooler' (I am not sure whether this is English or American, and the Supplement is silent about it). Both detectives and criminals now carry 'gats.' Such is the impression one gets from detective fiction, but, in a famous murder trial of a few years ago, Scotland Yard's representative stated that he did not know what a 'gat' was.

A curious example of replacement is the gradual supplanting of English 'tin' by American 'can,' as in 'canned lobster,' or even 'canned music' (not noted by the Supplement). An in-

stance of America's ready acceptance of a word which has hardly caught on in England is 'sheik,' a lady-killer of the cave-man type. The Supplement records him, but omits the obvious etymology from Mrs. E. M. Hull's novel, nor does it mention 'sheiked up,' — dressed to kill, — which I have seen in American fiction. The recent advertisement by a famous London tailor of 'white waistcoats for chic sheikhs' suggests that here again England is eagerly following the American lead.

An American word that has not been very successful in England, although it has had some revival since the World War, is 'mugwump.' This Indian word, frequently used by Eliot in the Massachusetts Bible (1661-63), has been recently explained by an English nobleman as 'an animal that sits on the fence, with its mug on one side and its wump on the other.'

WHEN THE WORLD CRASHES

BY A MINISTER

ONE of the first thoughts that occurred to me last Friday evening when the world came crashing down over my head was: 'What can I say to my people next Sunday that will be of the greatest help to them?' That anything done by me or mine should make their way the rougher only makes my own sorrow the more poignant.

Let me state the situation so far as I know it. Last Thursday the bank of my brother, my only brother, was

closed by the State Banking Department. My brother and his wife have left and their whereabouts is unknown. A warrant has been issued for his arrest; he is to-day a fugitive from justice. Further than this, I know nothing. There is the ugly fact, and it is the only fact I have.

In the situation there were three possibilities for me as I stood in my pulpit on Sunday morning. I could stand before my people as if nothing

had happened. I believe I had the will power to do this. But something *had* happened. God knows something had happened, and they knew it! I could, again, gloss the matter over, pass it by with a remark or two and minify the whole situation. This it was not in my heart to do, for it was no small matter and I should not have been honest with my congregation or with myself to try to make them think I thought it was. The third thing I could do was to try to face the ugly situation with my friends. This I decided to do, and I did it in these words:—

It may be that what I am doing this morning will offend you. It may be that it is in extremely bad taste. I do not know. I do know that it seems to me the thing to do. If in so doing I do but harm, I know that you will forgive me. Through these years together we have, I sincerely hope, built up a mutual respect and confidence. I talk to you this morning as to my friends, those whom I love and respect. If I only make a bad matter worse, I pray you forgive me.

What can one say in such a situation? Let me make some observations as they have come to my heart during the past hours. On that lonely road,—the longest, I think, I ever traveled,—the road which I took immediately after our reception for new members Friday evening, these thoughts came to me and they have been coming ever since.

1. Who am I to judge any man? Who am I to judge my brother? What he has done I do not know, but I do know that I am not the one to sit in judgment. I dare not cast a stone. I do not mean to condone. Not for one moment would I condone any wrong because it was committed by one who is bound to me by ties of blood. Wrong is wrong, and no amount of argument can

make it right. It is wrong no matter by whom committed. But the fact remains that I am not in a place to condemn any man.

2. The greatest sins are not always the greatest crimes. In fact, the things which the statutes can take hold of and which deserve the most severe penalties from the point of view of man-made laws are not, I am sure, in God's sight the most terrible sins. My brother has, I presume, done that which society condemns and that which society, in the interest of a better society, must punish. The most terrible sins go forever unpunished by man. I doubt not but that I, and perhaps you, have done in God's sight that which is infinitely worse than anything my brother has done.

3. Whatever has been done I am sure was not in the first place done with any malicious intent. I think to some extent I know the heart of that man through whose veins there courses the same blood as through mine; for twenty years we shared the same room. What has happened I do not know. I do know that in the first place what was done was not with malice aforethought, with desire to hurt any man. Weak he may be; mean he is not.

4. No family seems free. That this thing should come to my own family seems to me a thing unthinkable, just as it seems to you unthinkable that it should ever come to yours; but come to me it has. As my father put it, he never dreamed that he would ever have to pass through 'this particular kind of hell.' It seems at times that good blood, the most careful of training and nurture, are not enough.

5. There has already come to me in this experience a new understanding of the power of love. Through these years I have loved my brother. I have never doubted it for one moment. There has

never been a day since we rolled together as lads on the floor that I would not have given for him anything I had. I would gladly have shared with him my last crust; I would gladly have laid down my life for him. In those past days I loved him, but to-day I love him just a little bit more. I stand to-day more eager to do for him and his than ever I have been.

Love is a pitifully weak and emaciated thing if it is not for such a time as this. Such an experience simply shows the deeps of a real love.

6. There are open to you and to me two sources of strength. I mean to avail myself of them both. Too many times as a pastor I have seen those who are passing through deep waters deliberately shut themselves off from these two sources. They are divine and human.

In such an hour we should go anew to our Heavenly Father. We should be mindful of the revelation of His love in Jesus Christ, who was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin — the One who knows and understands. He only can give to us strength sufficient for the day.

In such an hour we should also go to our friends. And you are my friends. So it is that I talk with you this morning as I do. It is, perhaps, a very natural thing for us to draw into ourselves at such a time, when that is the very worst thing we can possibly do. I know full well the embarrassment which you very naturally feel in the

situation. Some of you have been most gracious in your expression of sympathy and interest. Believe me, we do appreciate this. Others would have liked to express their interest and were only fearful of adding to the burden. Won't you feel, my people, that we understand? Won't you feel free to speak to us if you care to? Won't you feel perfectly at ease? We covet your friendship now as never before.

I am profoundly thankful that this morning, at this service, seeking divine companionship and human companionship, are my wife and my mother.

I do covet your prayers, your prayers for my brother and his wife, for father and mother, for the children, those upon whom this blow falls the hardest. I covet your prayers for myself, that I may be guided to be of the largest possible help and strength to them.

Again let me ask your forgiveness if I have but added to your sorrow this morning. Truly I mean not so to do. I have done that which my heart has led me to do. If it was the wrong thing, I know that you and the Heavenly Father will forgive.

In the beginning I spoke of my world having crashed around me. In one sense that figure is apt and in another it is not. New elements have but been brought in, new experiences which must, by the grace of God, be wrought into the very texture of a better world.

UNDER THE SOUND OF VOICES

RETURNING as they have always returned,
Descending the shafts again. Reëntering the tunneled darkness;
The violence over. The strikers and speakers,
All the yeast, the maggots, the uneasy fermenting, over;
The loud leaders shot. The stubborn walled, —
Stone-circled above instead of below earth, —
The mayors and the sheriffs and the lies,
The sourceless shots, the night-riding over;
Crows on the ditched food. Conditions altered.
The dead voiceless. The living doled.
All things adjusted. . . .

. . . All things adjusted . . .
But down in the darkness,
Under the sound of voices, under the lawful clanging,
Under the drills and the shafts, and the steel moving again,
Grow the invisible tunnels, the caves hollowed and cracking,
The shale crumbled, the ancient rocks gnawed under,
The sound, loud and unheard, of subterranean waters,
Rising nearer, breaking the iron dikes and ore,
The once impregnable layers of diorite;
 And unseen, unheard, this invisible mining
 Tunnels the stratum of an ancient stronghold,
 Shatters the granite of a world.

JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

THE STAVISKY SCANDAL

BY AN OBSERVER

THE American reader must realize that the Stavisky Scandal involves matters of much deeper consequence than its surface facts reveal. Incredible as it seems, the malodorous sharper and swindler, Alexandre Stavisky, who in the days of his flashiest opulence was regarded only with shrugs of contempt and eyebrows lifted in scorn, has, in his tumble to ruin, shaken the very foundations of France. Already *L'Affaire Stavisky* has rocked Paris with ferocious rioting; already it has brought about the fall of two ministries; already the talk of the boulevards has it that the end of the Third Republic is at hand. As if to give countenance to these rumors, the popular former President, Gaston Doumergue, before accepting first declined the responsibility of forming a nonpartisan government, saying that the time had come for drastic constitutional changes. Meanwhile the French Fascists, eager for a chance to overthrow the constitution, demand the concentration of all authority in the hands of a single man; and, to go them one better, the Royalists clamor noisily for the recall of the Bourbons.

Why should such momentous consequences threaten to follow from the downfall of so apparently insignificant a rogue? Because the charge that Stavisky was intimate with and protected by high officials, two of them members of the Cabinet, had completely shattered the confidence of the French people in their government. All this at a time when problems of unprecedented difficulty call for a strong government that can act surely and swiftly. For France is in the throes of another budgetary impasse; something must be done, and done quickly, about gold; depression and unemployment continue to spread unrest throughout the land; and France has arrived at a delicate stage in her negotiations with the intransigent Hitler, whose avowed ambition to absorb Austria seems at last on the point of realization. At the moment of going to press the stability of France hangs in the balance. It remains to be seen whether her democratic institutions still possess the vitality and recuperative powers which they demonstrated after similar crises of the past, such as the Boulanger incident and the Dreyfus case. Only one thing is certain: Premier Chautemps was not exaggerating when, addressing the Chamber of Deputies just before his ministry toppled, he characterized the Stavisky Scandal as 'an affair which is threatening the very existence of the Republic!' — THE EDITORS

REPUBLICAN France is once more in the throes of an *affaire* of the kind which have periodically convulsed her during the last half century. The series began with the Dreyfus case, so far the most famous, the most far-reaching, and the most romantic of these episodes. There the central figure was an innocent man, unjustly accused and later rehabilitated; the alleged crime was military and international; the honor of the army and the defense of the country were at stake. The *affaires* which have followed (with the exception of the Bonnet Rouge case during the war) have been for the most part sordid

financial scandals on various scales, in which political institutions and personalities were more or less heavily implicated. In this latest instance the real extent of the financial damage is still doubtful; it is probably less than in other cases that have made less noise; but the political and moral consequences are already considerable.

I

The Stavisky case centres round the scandal of the Bayonne bonds, in itself a simple and rather shortsighted piece of fraud. Bayonne is a provincial

town of about 40,000 inhabitants near the Franco-Spanish frontier, in the Basque country. It has a municipal pawnbrokery (founded in 1931) where the citizens can get cash advances against movable property. But pawnbroking in France has this peculiarity, that it is a public institution carried on by municipal bodies under the supervision of the state. It is one of the few instances where the social legislation of France (who, in spite of her revolutionary tradition, is generally backward in such matters) is in advance of common practice in other countries. The business has been brought under public control to make it an equitable form of money lending for the benefit of the poorer classes of the community — those who can offer no security for loans other than their personal effects. A private individual may not be a pawnbroker as he may in other countries. The rules of the municipal establishments are strict and favorable to the public. A fair estimate of value must be given for every article offered as a pledge; the amount advanced depends on the circumstances, but it is a declared percentage of the estimated value. The goods cannot be sold as long as the interest on the advance is paid, and there is no time limit to the transaction. Care is taken to prevent and detect traffic in stolen goods. Customers must prove their identity and must be resident in the municipal area.

Under these conditions pawnbroking becomes an affair of long credits and needs a good deal of capital. But, since it is supervised by the state, the state gives it an implied guarantee, and on the strength of this guarantee the credit of the pawnbroking establishments is good. Unlike the private concerns elsewhere, the municipal pawnbrokereries of France are allowed to raise capital by issuing bonds against the

goods they have on deposit. The bonds carry the implied guarantee of the municipality and the state, and they are regarded as a good investment. Insurance companies, for instance, are allowed by law to invest in them without a limit. But of course the capital value of the bonds issued must not exceed the capital value of the property on deposit. The treasurers and directors of the municipal pawnbrokereries are responsible for seeing that this rule is observed; and it was through disregard of this rule, apparently criminal, on the part of a director or his treasurer or both of them, that the Stavisky scandal became possible.

Bayonne, as I have said, is a modest provincial town. The assets of the municipal pawnbrokery, whose operations are limited to its own administrative area, cannot be very large. They may be estimated roughly at a maximum of 25,000,000 French francs (\$1,000,000 at par rate of exchange). Therefore the total value of Bayonne *Crédit Municipal* bonds in the hands of the public at a given moment should not exceed \$1,000,000. But about six months ago the rumor went round that bonds for a much bigger face value — from ten to forty times as much — were in circulation. Apart from those held by private persons, three insurance companies were believed to have large holdings. At first the rumors were not widespread and had no public effect. An obscure weekly paper that had printed them was threatened by the mayor of Bayonne, M. Garat, with a libel action, and it withdrew its charges. But toward the end of the year one of the insurance companies grew suspicious and presented its bonds for redemption. Bayonne asked for time to pay and offered higher interest in the interval. The offer was accepted, but a warning was sent to the Ministry of Finance, which started investigations. A state

inspector soon found that Bayonne had issued unsecured bonds for at least 200,000,000 francs. A magistrate opened an inquiry, and at Christmas he issued a warrant for the arrest of Serge Alexandre Stavisky, a Polish Jew but a French citizen, who had founded and organized the Bayonne pawnbroking establishment, with the consent of the mayor, in 1931. Stavisky was nowhere to be found, but Tissier, the treasurer, was arrested, and Garat, the mayor of Bayonne, a Deputy in Parliament and a vice president of the Radical-Socialist Party — the party of the government in power — followed him to jail a few days later.

II

Who and what was Serge Stavisky? By origin, a nonentity; by nature, a pathological crook; by his perseverance, audacity, and long success, a romantic and sinister figure behind the scenes of French finance and politics. Serge Alexandre Stavisky was the son of a Polish Jew dentist, Emmanuel Stavisky. He was born at Sobodka, near Kief, in 1886. His father came to France in 1890 (he was naturalized later) and settled in the ghetto of Paris, a maze of crooked little streets behind the City Hall. There, with the pertinacity of his race, he worked and saved, first at the artisanship and mechanics of dentistry, later as a dental surgeon with premises of his own. The father's struggle for existence, gradually rewarded by a certain measure of success, went on for ten or fifteen years. Meanwhile little Serge — or Sacha, as they called him, — was growing up in Paris. By saving and scraping, his parents gave him a college education, first at the school of the quarter, then (triumph of paternal devotion!) at one of the big colleges of Paris, the Lycée Condorcet.

Sacha's people wanted him to be a

doctor; but his early ambitions outran their dream. Clever with the precocious intelligence of the Jew, filled with the unheroically adventurous spirit of a nomadic but unmartial race, the school-boy Sacha knew the underworld of Paris and learned its lessons. At sixteen he had amorous adventures. A woman of means whom he met by chance outside his *lycée* fell in love with his youth and whisked him away to Deauville for the week-end. That was the beginning of the life that destroyed him — his first glimpse of a world that called to both the gambler and the vulgarian in his heart. Still in his teens, he attached himself to the garish fringes of the theatre and the gambling den; money and the limelight, by hook or by crook, must be his. He frequented a sinister pothouse near the Porte Saint-Denis, a haunt of drug traffickers and *souteneurs*. He made love to the *filles de cabaret* and theatrical down-and-outs of his day, who were more picturesque but tougher than their modern successors. One night he was arrested in a police drive; his father bailed him out. Too late, the hard-working dentist and his wife reasoned and scolded; the path of the adventurer lay open before their son. They kept him short of money, as indeed they must; he stole from them and from his fellows. The *arri-viste* in him devoured his mind. When he left school he earned a living for a time at all sorts of precarious and doubtful trades — bookmaker's clerk, money lender's clerk, call boy, 'super.' At eighteen he made his first appearance on the stage as a topical singer at the Concert Wagram. He was hissed, but not discouraged.

In 1910 — he was then twenty-four — Stavisky married a French-woman, Armande Sever, who divorced him soon afterward. And about then he was caught in his first swindle. The sum was not large, and again his father

came to the rescue. Stavisky went on living from hand to mouth as before, but now the police had their eye on him. In 1912 they caught him in a little matter of worthless checks and he served his first sentence — fifteen days in jail with a fine of twenty-five francs (\$5.00). Two years later he was 'wanted' again — a swindle this time — and he fled to Brussels, only to be swept back into France by the German invasion of 1914. But our Sacha was nothing if not adaptable. *À la guerre comme à la guerre* — a little patriotism would be good for his record, and army service would mean an amnesty after the war, if he survived, as he could take care to do. Anyway, he had to disappear for a while, and the classic road to oblivion lay open. Stavisky joined the Foreign Legion and was posted to a transport column in August 1914.

But the rigors of the Legion were too much for the physique of a little Jew boy, already undermined by a vicious youth. In three months he was discharged from the army and once more had to live by his wits. He promptly started a tinpot 'bank' in Paris, and six months later he was in court again on a charge of fraud. This time he did not get off so lightly — six months in jail and a fine of one hundred francs.

Stavisky served this sentence, was released, and for a time kept away from the capital, living by various expedients in provincial towns. But in 1917, when authority had little time to give to swindlers, he turned up once more. With a middle-aged compatriot, Jeanne Bloch, he opened a cabaret, the Cadet-Rousselle, in the Rue de Caumartin. The worthy Jeanne put her savings into the venture; Stavisky, without her consent, added her jewels. She had, poor soul, a weakness for *le bel Alexandre*, — Stavisky's Oriental good looks had their power, — but the pair soon fought like cats and the Cadet-Rous-

selles was short-lived. It was there, though, that Stavisky first tried his hand at the dope traffic, and here his quarrels with Jeanne were unwise, for it was she who in the end denounced him.

M. Faralicq, a former director of the Paris 'special police' (those who look after the morals of the French metropolis, and they have their hands full), has told the story of this episode. Jeanne Bloch, moved apparently more by jealousy and unrequited love than by cupidity, poured out her woes to him, — stolen jewels, lost savings, — but the cabaret was closed and Stavisky had vanished. One day, however, two protesting prisoners (one with a handle to his name) appeared in M. Faralicq's headquarters on a charge of trying to pass forged five-pound notes of the Bank of England. They admitted fast enough that the notes came from Stavisky, who had asked them to get them changed. Stavisky was laid by the heels and swore he had the notes from Berlin. The police made inquiries in Berlin, but failed to trace the forgers, and Stavisky and his two dupes appeared in court. There, to the astonishment of the good M. Faralicq, the police inspector who had made the investigations testified that in his opinion the banknotes were genuine, and the case was dismissed. Stavisky *may* have been innocent in this affair. It seems more likely that he had given a first taste of his way with authority.

Not long afterward he was in trouble again. In a Montmartre cabaret he bought or was given as change a check against the establishment for 800 francs. When the check was presented a few days later it was made out for 48,000 francs, and it just cleaned out the balance of the cabaret owner. This little *coup* had the Stavisky neatness. A check for any sum over 50,000 francs cannot be cashed in France without the express sanction of the drawer.

A '4' put in before the '8' and a '0' at the end made things just right; Stavisky probably knew the amount of the cabaret owner's balance, for he left nothing to chance. Once more the police made inquiries, and soon were assured that Stavisky was the culprit. What happened afterward is not very clear. M. Faralicq says that on the very day when the case was complete and Stavisky was to be brought into court the inspector in charge found to his amazement that the check had vanished from his files. Some friend of Stavisky's inside the police organization had made away with the evidence, and the case had to be dropped. But this person was never identified, and according to another version a relative of Stavisky's who occupied a diplomatic post in Paris found half the money (under suitable pressure) to avoid a scandal, and Stavisky paid back the balance.

III

M. Faralicq's two stories give us the key to the most baffling and most eagerly discussed aspect of the Stavisky mystery (for mystery it still is) — the extraordinary way in which this man, a well-known and several times convicted crook and swindler, evaded justice and carried on his operations with immunity. By his changes of name — he was known at various times as Serge Alexandre, Sacha Alex, Doisy de Montel, and Victor Boitel — he deceived acquaintances and innocent accomplices in high positions, who did not know his true identity and were too careless or too busy to make inquiries. How he defeated the heads of the police, again and again, when they had him within their grasp; how he avoided arrest when he was detected, avoided trial when he was arrested, and avoided imprisonment when he was sentenced — this is a mystery which time and

diligence (assuming that diligence is brought to the task) will make clear. The popular theory of the moment is that judges, prefects, Deputies, even Cabinet Ministers, were in his pay. The probability (allowing for the 'happy disorder' which reigns in France in these matters) is that Stavisky had a few good friends among the lower ranks of the police who shielded him without the knowledge of their chiefs. That is a less exciting explanation than many that have been repeated from mouth to mouth in Paris for the last three weeks; but the Stavisky case is not really romantic, and it is, I fear, on some such unromantic note that it will close.

The story of Stavisky's early beginnings shows clearly that he was what I have called a pathological crook. The truth was not in him; from his childhood he suffered from dishonesty as other men suffer from a chronic disease. He could not put through a money transaction without cheating on it. When he had plenty of money he was caught cheating at cards (as we shall see later) and barred from the casinos and gambling clubs of France. At one time he kept a racing stable, and one day he appeared at Maisons-Laffitte, one of the big training centres near Paris, and called on a trainer of race horses. 'See here,' said Stavisky, 'I have a horse in the big race tomorrow and my horse must win. The only horse I'm afraid of is yours. What's your price?' The trainer, an honest fellow, showed him the door; but Stavisky's horse won the next day; and a month later the trainer found out by accident that Stavisky had bribed his jockey. He had backed his own horse in three other European capitals besides Paris, to bring up the odds. Only a financial genius or a born swindler would have taken so much trouble for so small a thing.

After the check incident, Stavisky, who knew now (or thought he knew) how to manage the police, grew bolder. He carried on his drug traffic on a bigger scale, ran a shady meeting place in Montmartre, and made money. He had a hand in all kinds of peculiar deals, buying on credit and selling for cash, always fishing in troubled waters with the night life and the theatrical *demi-monde* of Paris for his background. As an associate of the notorious Himmel, he floated bogus cinema companies in Paris with American money; but when Himmel's companies collapsed Stavisky was not prosecuted. Like many other clever ex-jailbirds, he was now a police spy or *indicateur*, and that, perhaps, without the knowledge of the higher authorities. As long as he did not go to extremes, he would be protected by his acquaintances in the police. A charge of swindling involving 100,000 francs failed against him for this reason.

In 1926, Serge (or Sacha) Stavisky, otherwise known as Serge Alexandre, Sacha Alex, Doisy de Montel, or Victor Boitel, was entering on the last and most impressive period of his career. The petty shifts of the Porte Saint-Martin, Montmartre, and the Rue de Caumartin were beneath his dignity. 'Monsieur Alexandre,' as he called himself, had made money and was intent on making more — very much more — and making it quickly. He had become a well-known and, in his way, a popular figure in the fashionable centres of pleasure and extravagance — Deauville, Cannes, Biarritz. He had married a woman whom, to give him due credit, he adored until the end — Arlette Simon, the pretty mannequin for whom M. Paul-Boncour, Chaumet's Foreign Minister, had acted as advocate, free, gratis, and for nothing, when she was involved in some scrape of Stavisky's, years before. (She was

the daughter of an old friend of M. Paul-Boncour's who was killed in the war; but this little episode, like many others of like nature, serves to-day as a stick to beat that poor dog the government.) Deauville, the scene of Stavisky's earliest temptations, was the setting of his highest success. He had always been a gambler, and he owed it to himself now to gamble on the grand scale, for his world was watching. He stood up to the Greeks at baccarat, played for maximum stakes, and won or lost big money with equal composure. His expensive, well-groomed, over-scented, altogether too perfect person, his pretty wife, winning elegance competitions in her pale blue automobile (gown to match) and picture hats, his white-uniformed chauffeur, were familiar figures on 'the boards.' Not many knew, fewer still would admit that they knew, his history. His own circle — paupers and plutocrats equally suffused with false *chic*, and living on others or on one another — were not particular, and those who dismissed him with a glance at his shoes and his jewelry did not care to inquire. He gave expensive dinner parties, attended by the newly rich and the *arrivistes* of the season, at the Guillaume le Conquérant. In the autumn he moved down to the Riviera and entertained lavishly at the Réserve at Beaulieu.

That was the time of the post-war boom in France, when the real prosperity of the country was matched only by the poverty of the public treasury, emptied by government extravagance and crippled by the evasions of the taxpayers. It has been reckoned that Stavisky, by one swindle or another, made over \$250,000 in 1926. But his expenses were enormous, and, though a great deal of money went through his hands, he had little in reserve. He and his wife between them had only about

\$3000 in cash at the time of his death. A journey which he made to Budapest (to buy up the Hungarian bonds, which he tried to put on the French market) cost him \$22,000. He was supposed to spend on the average \$400 a day or nearly \$150,000 a year — a great sum for a European. He set aside \$4000 a month for his wife and children; the rest went mainly in fees to his agents, bribes to his accomplices, and subsidies to his newspapers. Though a millionaire several times over, he worked hard for his living, and when he was not peacocking at Deauville or Cannes his habits were as simple as those of any busy city man.

IV

The Stavisky campaign of 1926, like his appearance at the Concert Wagram as a boy, was a false start. He soon roused the suspicions of the judiciary (from whom his useful friends could not always protect him), and on his return from Deauville in the fall he was arrested at Marly-le-Roi, near Paris, after a gorgeous party in the house he owned there. The charge was again one of fraud; and this time Stavisky was in custody for eighteen months. This time, also, the poor old dentist of the Jewish colony gave way to despair at the repeated disgraces of his son; he was found dead on the railroad track a few days later. But in December 1927 the son was released on the ground of ill health. A police doctor had examined him and reported that he could be taken care of in the prison infirmary, but the prison doctor would have nothing to do with him. So they released him on bail, and later, so it was said, the requirement of bail was withdrawn.

Now began the last and most fabulous phase of Stavisky's career; now also appeared most clearly the defects

of the judicial system which is so criticized in France to-day. The slowness of the French law is notorious. Judgment in quite simple cases is often not given for five or six years after their opening, and when money payments are involved it is not executed for several years longer. Lawyers may and commonly do delay cases for years by applying for adjournments on behalf of their clients; it is a recognized method of defense. In time the 'civil parties' (the private plaintiffs in a case) get tired of the business or run out of money. Then they drop their charges or accept a compromise, and when that happens the public authorities seldom go on with the case, even in criminal proceedings.

There are men at liberty in France to-day, carrying on business as bankers or financiers, who have been charged with all kinds of offenses but never brought into court; others have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment but have never served them. The principal reason is not dishonesty or even slackness on the part of the authorities, but a shortage of judges and of magistrates, old-fashioned methods, and the contradictory provisions of the law itself. The slowness of the French system in bringing prisoners to trial is well known; often they are in prison for a year or more before they appear before a jury, while the *juge d'instruction* or examining magistrate carries on, single-handed, an elaborate inquiry which is really a hunt for incriminating evidence. The *juge d'instruction* may have several cases in hand; if so, the late comers must wait. But the time they spend in prison awaiting trial is subtracted from the time they are sentenced to serve if found guilty, and they are released automatically when, as may easily happen, they have spent in prison a time equal to the maximum sentence that could be imposed for their offense.

The result is that innocent persons in reality serve prison sentences of a year or so without ever being convicted, while others who are clearly guilty avoid imprisonment and even trial. So the distinction between innocent and guilty is obscured and the law is brought into contempt. Under such conditions it is not surprising if honesty in business matters tends to be thought quixotic, just as, for similar reasons, citizens who pay their income tax honestly in France are laughed at as dupes.

Serge Stavisky, 'provisionally released' in 1927, succeeded with the help of his lawyers (two of whom were also Deputies) in putting off the trial of his case for six years; nineteen adjournments of the trial were granted. Whenever the case was due for hearing, Stavisky produced a medical certificate to the effect that he was not fit to stand his trial. The adjournments were granted automatically by the lower courts as a matter of routine; the machinery of the law was so complicated and so cumbersome at the best of times that this kind of delay did not attract attention at the top. But all this time Stavisky was at large and committing or preparing new depredations on a scale bigger than any he had devised before. A few conscientious officials who had kept an eye on him tried to warn their chiefs. M. Pachot, a director of the *Sûreté Générale*, wrote no less than fifteen reports about Stavisky which should have gone straight to the Public Prosecutor; but either that official did not read them when they arrived or they went astray among the innumerable pigeonholes of the Ministries of the Interior and Justice, and no action followed.

'Monsieur Alexandre' — *le bel Alexandre* of the flashy salons — was at the height of his power. His gambling now went farther afield than the green

tables of Deauville and the Riviera. Floating fraudulent companies was his specialty. The gem of his collection was the 'Caisse Autonome des Règlements et des Grands Travaux Internationaux,' a title which seemed to promise great things, but merely sheltered Stavisky's scheme to plant the Hungarian bonds at a fictitious price on the French market. (M. Daladier, who was then Premier of France, had wind of this in time and warned his Ministers, and the scheme fell through.) Then there was the 'Compagnie Foncière d'Entreprises Générales de Travaux Publics,' remarkable for the fact that its chairman was a former prefect of police, M. Hudelo, and one of its board of directors a retired general. On the board of the 'Caisse Autonome des Règlements, etc.' were M. de Fontenay, a former Ambassador; M. Petitjean, a Belgian Senator; M. Ceccaldi, an honorary prefect; and the Vicomte de Guichen, a diplomatist. As M. Monnet, a young Socialist Deputy, said very well in the French Chamber on January 11: —

'If the police had really wanted to unmask Stavisky, they would have warned these people against going into this concern. . . . The directors each invested only 2500 francs. The company was floated with a capital of 1,000,000 francs. What was the first act of the board of directors, at their first general meeting? They decided to issue 500,000 shares at 1000 francs each. So here are these gentlemen putting 15,000 francs between the six of them into this business and thinking that this entitles them to ask the public for 500 millions. Is it not a perfect illustration of the system under which we live? In the capitalist world of to-day the men whom we see at the head of affairs have very little money, and it is public credulity that gives them decisive and really feudal power.'

V

In his last phase Stavisky — now known only as 'Monsieur Alexandre' — added racing to his other activities, running his horses under the nominal ownership of M. Dorny y de Alsua, a penniless and harmless old *beau*, formerly Ambassador for a South American Republic, who lent his name to the venture (to avoid awkward questions by the Jockey Club) in return for a salary. But there were times when Stavisky was short of money, and then he had to revive the methods of the Rue de Caumartin. Twice he narrowly escaped disaster. The first time, after winning 780,000 francs in three games at baccarat (M. Zographos holding the bank), he was suspected of using marked cards and barred from the tables. Yet not long afterward he was gambling again, after having indignantly overcome the objections of the Cannes Casino. It was said that he held a special card from the *Sûreté Générale* which gave him the entry as a police agent, but this was not strictly correct. According to an interview given to a newspaper by M. Ducloux, who is in charge of the supervision of gambling by the *Sûreté Générale*, what happened was this: When he was released from prison at the end of 1927, he visited the *Sûreté* 'to thank the inspectors for the way they had treated him,' and, by way of gratitude, he offered to act as an agent or *indicateur*. In accordance with the dangerous and demoralizing practice of the French police, the offer was accepted and Stavisky was helpful from time to time. (This connection of his was, of course, just what he wanted to protect him from police interference.) But it happened that while traveling he was detained for twenty-four hours at the Italian frontier as a man who was 'wanted' by the police. He was released on the strength of a telephone

call from the *Sûreté*, but on his return to Paris he asked for a written *laissez-passer* and this was given to him. The ticket-of-leave man was thenceforth under police protection! Indiscreetly, he used this personal letter from a *Sûreté* inspector to force his way into the gaming rooms at Cannes. The *Sûreté* heard of this and took back the letter.

Stavisky's second *gaffe* was made at Orléans, where he first turned his attention to municipal pawnbroking but was defeated by a vigilant mayor. Here he overreached himself and had to find 15,000,000 francs in a hurry to cover his liabilities. He realized that sum within forty-eight hours and escaped by the skin of his teeth.

These events brought Stavisky to his last and fatal gamble, the affair of the municipal bonds at Bayonne. (The Hungarian bonds deal might have made bigger money, but it was nipped in the bud.) At Bayonne the master crook found what he wanted: a gullible or dishonest mayor and an opening for municipal credits. By some process which has not yet been explained, he became entrusted in 1931 with the organization of a municipal pawnbroking and credit establishment, with a state recommendation and the right to issue bonds to the amount of its deposits.

The process he employed for the swindle was simplicity itself; it needed only a complacent treasurer and a little inattention on the part of the authorities. The bonds were made up in the form of checks, each with two counterfoils: an ordinary counterfoil on the left, the bond itself in the middle, and a second counterfoil (for the 'control' or audit department) on the right. But the bonds and counterfoils were printed blank; the amounts were filled in by hand, *ad hoc*; and there was no guarantee that the amounts on the bond and

on the counterfoils would be the same. M. Garat, the mayor of Bayonne, who was ultimately responsible, was in the habit (so it is alleged) of signing a whole book of blank counterfoils (those on the left) beforehand, leaving the rest to his treasurer. It was easy for the person who made out the bonds, if he had any reason to please 'Monsieur Alexandre,' to make out the two counterfoils for, say, 500 francs and the bond for 5,000,000. . . .

I need not recapitulate the further details of the fraud and its discovery. The responsibilities and collusions involved are now subject to judicial inquiry. After two years of these operations, bonds nominally worth many times the assets behind them were held by investors. An accountant gave the first warning last June; the overlapping and general slowness of the state services prevented prompt action. Some months later an insurance company presented bonds which could not be promptly redeemed, and the warning was repeated. This time it was heard, and by the end of December the Stavisky scandal was in full blast.

The first victim was the treasurer at Bayonne, who had made out the bonds. From his cell in the Bayonne jail he vehemently accused the mayor, M. Garat, who was arrested in his turn. (Two days earlier he had been mercilessly interviewed in his pyjamas, at two o'clock in the morning, by four ruthless newspaper men who saw him creeping home from Paris and insisted on being let into his house at that hour.) M. Garat, in his turn, threw suspicion on M. Darius, the editor of the weekly newspaper that had attacked him and later withdrew its charges, and M. Darius involved M. Dubarry, the editor of a Paris daily, the *Volonté*, which is alleged to have received a big subsidy from Stavisky. But M. Dubarry had persuaded the

Minister of the Colonies, M. Dalimier, when he was Minister of Labor, to write two letters recommending municipal pawnbroking bonds to insurance companies as safe investments. This indiscretion cost M. Dalimier his portfolio and nearly brought down the government; M. Dalimier resigned before the debate of January 11. MM. Garat, Tissier (the treasurer), Dubarry, Darius, and Aymard (a newspaper director and contributor) are all in jail as I write. The fat is in the fire with a vengeance; the government, the civil services, the law courts, and the police have to defend themselves against the angry suspicions — and the French can be quick both in anger and in suspicion — of Jacques Bonhomme.

VI

And now, what of Stavisky? On December 23, according to published reports, he was called to the *Sûreté* and questioned, not on the Bayonne affair, but on the last case against him, which was once more to come up for hearing on January 26. It has been said that he was deliberately warned, and he may well have heard from his friends the inspectors that his arrest was imminent. However that may be, he waited no longer, but left Paris by road soon after that interview in the company of a faithful friend, M. Pigaglio, a writer on the *Volonté*. They drove to Servoz, near the Swiss frontier, where Pigaglio had a villa, and arrived there just as the warrant for Stavisky's arrest was issued in Paris. The next day, Stavisky and Pigaglio moved to another villa which they hired for a fortnight; the heating apparatus of Pigaglio's villa was out of order. Here Stavisky was carefully hidden; the servant who brought in his meals was not allowed to enter his room. But after two days of this Pigaglio ap-

parently took fright (he may not have known, at first, what Stavisky was in for), and he went back to Paris, while Stavisky went on to Chamonix in a hired car. There he found another protector waiting to hide him — one Voix, whom he had employed in his offices in Paris. In a villa hired (under a false name) by Voix, he lay now for four days more, and there, on January 8, he was discovered and surrounded by the police, and (in the official presumption at any rate) shot himself as they broke into his room.

The death of Stavisky only added to the storm of public condemnation which now raged in Paris and through all France. The French public neither loves nor trusts its police; that is the penalty the force pays for being an irresponsible body, not answerable to the common law. Of late years there have been too many 'suicides' of prisoners who knew too much; now, when they occur, the Frenchman in the street assumes as a matter of course that the police killed their prisoner. The arguments for and against this assumption in the case of Stavisky have been thrashed out at length in the daily press, and they are still the subject of inquiry. Suffice it to say that there are three rival theories: (1) that the police shot Stavisky dead when they broke into his room, having been ordered from Paris to silence him at all costs; (2) that they drove him to suicide by moral pressure, keeping him under threats and suspense for an hour or more before they broke in; (3) that the police told the truth, that Stavisky really did shoot himself, and that the delay in breaking into his room before the shooting and in taking him to a hospital afterward — he was alive, though unconscious, for nearly twelve hours — was due simply to stupidity or hesitation on the part of the inspectors and to their anxiety to get proofs of his

suicide in the form of photographs, statements by witnesses, and so forth, before they moved him. Of these three theories, pending further information, I prefer the last.

The life history of Serge Stavisky shows him in a sordid rather than a romantic light. The interest of the affair, since the removal of its central figure, lies rather in the reactions of French opinion. The Chautemps Government, after some uncertainty, crashed to destruction to the accompaniment of vicious rioting. The audacities of Stavisky crop up every day in unexpected directions. M. Paul-Boncour, the Foreign Minister, has had to justify himself for having once, as an advocate, defended the future Madame Stavisky when *le bel Alexandre* involved her in one of his early schemes. M. Bonnet, the Finance Minister, strenuously denies a story that Stavisky was present, and was on intimate terms with the French delegation, at the Stresa Conference.

Particularly interesting has been the reaction of the press. The law of libel in France does not seem to be quite so effective as elsewhere. It is slow and uncertain in its working, and a first-class scandal consequently finds the great polemicists of the French press in their element. For sheer vituperation, going hand in hand with a certain humor, M. Léon Daudet, the leader of the Royalist *Action Française* party and director of the newspaper of that name, is unapproached. He has, of course, the advantage that he need not be civil to anyone among the political leaders of his day, since all Republicans are alike to him. Let us hear him on the Stavisky case: —

M. Camille Chautemps, Prime Minister, Minister of the Interior, shady and ingratiating person, is the leader of a gang. I use the word in its fullest sense: a gang of thieves and, when needed, of murderers of

both sexes, from the former Minister of Justice Dalimier to Stavisky, Hayotte [Stavisky's theatre manager], Dubarry, editor of the *Volonté*, and Xavier Guichard [director of the judicial police] — without counting a hundred secondary persons in the background, Senators and Deputies, blackmailers like Sartori and others — who live on the plunder of the gang under the high protection of magistrates of whom the finished example is the true master of the courts, the Public Prosecutor Pressard, brother-in-law and general agent of Camille Chautemps. . . . Dubarry, of course, should be thrown into jail, Dubarry the portfolio snatcher, fed with millions by that robber of the second power Stavisky. I promise you, Albert Dubarry tightens his buttocks at this moment! A few lines in the corner of his rag [the *Volonté*] on the second page, on 'the Bayonne frauds,' and that is all! He is no bolder than he was in times gone by, in the police court, in company with his collaborator Degoulet or Gohier.

I have quoted from the *Action Française* to give the reader a taste of invective as it can be and is wielded in the Paris press. I do not suggest that M. Daudet's assertions are true or even remotely near the truth, shrewd though they can be and entertaining though they always are. Whatever events may show regarding the present temper of the French people, it would be a mistake to take the Stavisky affair and its reactions as proof of any exceptional degrees of corruption or folly in French institutions or in French leaders. France is a remarkable nation; she is the most advanced democracy in Europe — I may add, without offense, in the world; she genuinely loves liberty, hates pretense and hypocrisy, and prefers to see and say the worst of herself and others. She has the defects of her virtues and pays the penalties of her institutions. Her administration, being a separate and half-secret thing, divorced from the daily life of the people and largely removed from

the influence of their elected representatives, has not shaken off the habits of the Napoleonic era which gave it birth; it is excessively centralized, complicated, old-fashioned, careless, and perhaps, here and there, corrupt. But the very readiness of the Frenchman to raise the cry of 'Traitor!' and to proclaim his own failings and his own absurdities in the hearing of other men is proof of the objectiveness and flexibility of the Frenchman's mind, and of the pungent humor which, more often than anger, governs it. To take away the taste of M. Daudet and to make some little reparation to the memory of Serge Stavisky, let me close this study with a quotation from the ironic pen of M. de la Fouchardière: —

A correspondent of mine is of the opinion that we are too hasty in crushing *le bel Alexandre* (is it possible that my correspondent is a woman?). Stavisky seems to him or her agreeable in the sense that he robbed only financiers, which, after all, may be a sort of justice.

M. Georges Bonnet last Sunday denounced hoarding as the principal cause of the crisis. Who did more than Stavisky to make capital flow and to speed up business? A legitimate family, two irregular 'extras,' a princely apartment at the Claridge, a villa at Saint-Cloud and another on the Riviera, two Hispano-Suiza automobiles, the encouragement of the equine race, the study of the centrifugal principle at roulette, the ownership of a music hall and five newspapers — these are activities well designed to support industry, art, sport, and literature. Stealing the Hungarians' money to spend it in France represented, besides, the application of a patriotic method highly useful to our national commerce. . . .

In these times of unemployment, M. Stavisky will have done something to open up the profession of Cabinet Minister, making a little room for new arrivals, who were growing somewhat impatient at being held up too long by the real immobility of their elders, who changed their places only to play puss-in-the-corner.

AMEND THE SECURITIES ACT

BY EUSTACE SELIGMAN

IN the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* appeared an article by Mr. Bernard Flexner opposing any amendments to the Securities Act. This article will present facts indicating the necessity for amendment.

Mr. Flexner has confused the issues by countless irrelevant statements and innuendoes which will inevitably inflame the existing prejudice against bankers. He defends the Act by attacking bankers. He talks about the securities business as 'the securities game.' He states or insinuates that Wall Street, a term he uses to describe the dominant class of bankers throughout the country, is stupid, dishonest, profiteering, antisocial. Of course there are dishonest and antisocial men in the banking business, just as, unfortunately, in every other business; but to charge that all or even a majority of bankers are such is an accusation that no reasonable person will believe. His article purports to 'call the bluff on an ugly campaign of propaganda.' Is it in any way wrong or immoral or ugly for anyone to appeal for the modification of a law if he believes that in its present form the law is socially harmful? Is it wrong for those familiar with the subject to express their honestly held views? Is freedom of speech to be denied?

Again Mr. Flexner confuses the issues by attacking Wall Street lawyers. All this is the familiar 'red herring' method of argument. Many an experienced court lawyer uses it when he has a bad case: he tries to divert the minds of the jury from the real issues by arousing their sympathy for his side, or their hatred for his opponent. Mr. Flexner describes the criticisms of the Act as 'wildly exaggerated,' 'absurd,' 'laughably ridiculous.' It is an insult to the intelligence

of the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* to try to convince them by such tactics. Again, Mr. Flexner charges that the critics of the Act are guilty of bad faith and do not honestly believe that their own criticisms are valid, and that the amendments which they propose should not be taken at face value, but are artfully and deceptively designed not to amend the Act but to destroy it completely. Such a charge is really preposterous. It is bad enough to call a man a fool because he differs with you, but to go further and say, 'John Smith must be dishonest if he says I am wrong; he can't honestly believe it'—such cocksureness and self-assumed moral superiority are indefensible.

I

Let us turn now to the first real issue. Is the fundamental purpose of the Securities Act sound?

The answer is clearly 'yes.' The purpose of the Act is to furnish adequate information to prospective investors in new securities.

Mr. Justice Brandeis in his *Other People's Money* has set forth in detail the importance of publicity in this field. His arguments are so convincing on this point that there is no possible question as to their validity, and it would serve no purpose to elaborate them here. The only serious criticism which has been made of the desirability of the Act in general is that made by certain constitutional lawyers who believe that, under the Constitution, legislation of this type should be adopted by the states and not by the Federal Government. In any broad approach to the problem this argument can be ignored. If the Constitution, properly construed, prevents a Fed-

eral Securities Act, amend the Constitution!

Since Mr. Flexner has questioned the good faith of those who, while professing agreement with the purpose of the Act, nevertheless advocate amendments, the writer believes himself to be justified in quoting his previous public statements on the question of publicity.

As far back as March 1925, at a meeting of the Academy of Political Science, I said:

While most corporations publish annual statements which give to the stockholders complete information in regard to the company, nevertheless many corporations fail to do so. The balance sheets and the earnings statements which are published are frequently in such form as to conceal from the stockholder the true facts about the condition of his company. It is therefore suggested that all corporations with more than a minimum number of stockholders should be legally required to publish balance sheets and also earnings statements in a standard and readily understandable form to be prescribed by law.

... Two suggestions can be tentatively set forth. The first is that the requirement of standard annual earnings statements, above referred to, be increased so as to compel monthly earnings statements to be published. The effect of this would be materially to cut down the advance information of the insider and thus to prevent him from taking as great an advantage of the stockholder as at present.

A second suggestion which is advanced with even more hesitation than the preceding one is that directors of corporations should be required to file annually a sworn statement as to all transactions had by them in the stock of the company of which they are directors. It is believed that such a requirement would materially lessen the tendency of directors to deal in the stock of their company on the basis of advance information, and would assist in raising the standard of business ethics in this regard.

Again, at a meeting of the American Bar Association in September of the same year, I stated:—

In order intelligently to exercise the right to vote for directors, some machinery must be created whereby the security holders can be given full information about the company's affairs. Many corporate reports fail to disclose full information, and a requirement of publication of uniform balance sheets and earnings statements would help materially in this respect.

This belief in the fundamental importance of publicity in corporate affairs is not

merely the view of one individual, but is held by the great majority of the responsible leaders in Wall Street.

II

It is a simple enough matter to require that adequate information must be given to the investor. The difficulty arises in deciding what penalty to provide if the information given is incorrect. Here is where the real conflict arises on the Securities Act. Of course, if the information is intentionally incorrect and there is fraud, the sky should be the limit as far as penalty is concerned. What, however, should be the penalty if the mistake was made in entire good faith because of some act of oversight, of which we all are occasionally guilty? Murder deserves one penalty, automobile speeding another. What is the appropriate remedy in this case?

To answer this question, the extent and importance of the evils which the Act is designed to correct must be weighed. Some supporters of the Act believe that if it had been in effect during the boom years the larger portion of the losses to investors in securities would have been prevented.

This view is largely erroneous. The great losses suffered through securities purchased in the boom years have been due primarily to the effect of the world-wide depression, which has caused values and prices not alone of securities but of all commodities to fall precipitously. In some cases mismanagement has caused the losses. But fraud, error, or omission in circulars has only occasionally been their cause. With comparatively few exceptions, the losses suffered by investors in securities have been due to the fact that the investors and the investment bankers, like everyone else in the country, mistakenly believed that the New Era was here to stay. The Securities Act will help in requiring full information, but, whether amended or not, it will not prevent security investors from suffering losses due to economic causes.

No clearer statement of this can be found than that of Mr. George W. Edwards, a severe but fair critic of American finance. In an article in the *Harvard Business Review* he writes:—

It is generally believed by the public that its heavy losses have been due to the issuing of fraudulent securities by the investment bankers. As a matter of fact there have been only a few cases of fraud actually proven against investment bankers. The various federal hearings on financial legislation did not, with the exception of the case of Kreuger and Toll, disclose conclusive proof of fraud in the case of any of the securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange, which represent the greater volume of the issues floated in past years. Even in the case of foreign bonds there were only a few cases of misrepresentation which would have brought such issues under the operation of the Securities Act had it been in force at the time. Fraudulent securities were sold in the period before the financial crash, but the amount was small in comparison to the total amount of securities issued. . . . In other words, the main errors of financial policy, namely the issuing of securities of poor quality and of too great a supply, are still outside the scope of the Securities Act.

The question of what reforms are desirable in order to correct or mitigate in the future the errors referred to by Mr. Edwards is, of course, outside the scope of this article. It is clear, however, that the Securities Act will never accomplish these results.

III

The thesis of this article is that under the Securities Act, to paraphrase the words of Gilbert and Sullivan, the punishment does not fit the crime. *The Act imposes too severe penalties for honest mistakes.* These penalties are far more severe than those in England, which has had legislation upon this subject developed over a period of many years and now existing in the form of the Companies Act of 1929.

What is the basis for this view? Bear with us if we are a little technical.

1

In England, if a circular contains an honest mistake, the investor can recover only to the extent that the mistaken statement *caused* damage to him. Under the Securities Act, he can recover even if the loss was in no way caused by the mistaken statement, and he can recover the full price he paid on the original offering.

Apply this principle first to some other

business. John Smith buys an automobile with shatterproof windows. Some time later, while the car is standing in front of his home, a tree falls upon it and demolishes it completely. John comes out and looks sadly at the wreck. Suddenly his face lights up and he says to his wife: 'Don't worry. Do you see those windows that are broken to bits? Well, the dealer who sold me the car said they were shatterproof and they were n't. It is a material misrepresentation, and so, under the new Truth in Automobiles Act, I can get back the whole amount I paid for the car.'

This illustration is n't funny. It is n't absurd. It is an exact application of this provision of the Securities Act. Under the English theory, of course, he could only recover the difference in value between ordinary glass and shatterproof glass.

Take a case not of automobiles but securities. Assume the Act was in effect when an industry such as the bicycle business was in its heyday. Stock was sold on a prospectus that contained a material mistake as to the company's earnings for a prior year. If the bankers had used due care they would have found out this mistake. *Years afterward* the new competition of automobiles arises, and nine years after the security was sold the bicycle company goes bankrupt because of such competition. An investor employs a lawyer who discovers the mistake in the circular, and the investor sues the bankers or directors and recovers the full amount that he paid for the stock nine years previously, although there was absolutely no relation between the mistake in the prospectus and the loss suffered by the investor.

What possible defense is there for such a result? To allow full recovery in such a case is to give the investor a Christmas gift and to make someone else pay for it. In England, of course, he would recover only the difference in value between the stock when he bought it and what it would have been worth at the time if the earnings statement had been correct.

If it is urged that the case put above is an unusual one and will rarely occur, the answer is short — that there are innumerable cases where there may be an honest mistake in a circular about a material fact

and yet where the loss suffered by the security holder is in no way caused by such misstatement, but by subsequent mistakes of management, general economic conditions effecting a decline in the values of all securities, or other factors.

It has been claimed that, admitting the Act is wrong in imposing liability where the mistake in no way caused the loss, yet at least it is so difficult to prove that a mistake in a circular caused any particular amount of damage that this proof should not be required. Of course the amount of damages cannot be proved scientifically in any branch of the law, but is determined by rough justice. This is no reason for abolishing proof of damages in one particular field of the law. Moreover, looking at the problem realistically, juries must decide these questions, and one can rest assured that no investor suing a director or banker will be deprived of his just due because of theoretical doubts as to the exact amount of damage to which he is entitled.

2

The second difference between the English and American laws is that the English law permits recovery only by an investor who purchases the stock on the offering in reliance upon the prospectus. The Securities Act, on the other hand, permits recovery by anyone who may have purchased the security, upon a stock exchange or otherwise, within ten years after the original offering and even if he never saw the prospectus containing the mistake.

Apply this principle also to some other business. John Smith buys a house upon the representation of the seller that all the pipes in the house are brass. In fact they are not. After a year, John Smith sells the house to John Smith 2d, who in turn resells it; and, after a succession of such sales, in the ninth year the house comes into the hands of John Smith 9th. Real estate values then decline. Having learned in some way, *after his purchase*, of the incorrect statement made by the original seller to John Smith 1st, John Smith 9th, who has never previously heard of the misstatement, is allowed to recover from the original seller.

On the face of it, this result is absurd. Yet

the Securities Act requires it. Under the English law, of course, he could not recover.

Mr. Flexner, in his article, argues that a difference between the English and American law in this regard is justified because of the difference in the methods of distributing securities in the two countries. Summarized briefly, this claimed difference is that the great bulk of securities are purchased in England by experienced investors, while in America securities are distributed through salesmen to small, inexperienced investors throughout the country. This inexperienced American investor, Mr. Flexner then goes on to state, 'probably does not see or care to see a prospectus.'

This statement by Mr. Flexner was undoubtedly an inadvertence. Under the Securities Act the American investor who purchases on the original offering, or within a year thereafter, *must* have the prospectus delivered to him if interstate commerce or the mails are used in connection with the sale. The Act makes it a criminal offense for anyone to sell a security to him through the mails or in interstate commerce without a prospectus being delivered at the same time, provided the purchase is made upon the original offering or within a year thereafter.

The American investor who thus purchases a security from the issuing bankers or any dealer connected with the distribution, upon an original offering or within a year thereafter, would be fully protected under the principle of the English Act. He would have not the slightest difficulty in proving that he had relied upon the prospectus, since it must have been delivered to him.

The person who would not be protected under the English Act but would be under the American Act is, not the bona fide investor who purchased the security through the solicitation of a salesman, but the man — often a speculator — who, some number of years after the public offering, bought the security on a stock exchange or elsewhere without ever having seen or heard of the prospectus. What is there in American conditions which makes it fair to give such an individual the right to recover from the original directors and underwriters with whom he has had no contact of any kind, upon the basis of a circular issued years

before, which he has never seen or heard of, and which has in no way induced him to purchase the security?

The point has been made that both in England and in the United States an investor who buys in the open market may be indirectly affected by a circular or registration statement which he has never seen, because of the creation of a general public belief based upon the statements in the circular or registration statement. Whatever validity there is to this argument, it would seem to be fully met by the provision in the Securities Act requiring that the circular be delivered on all sales within a year after the original offering, provided that the Act were amended to permit recovery by persons who bought in intrastate transactions within a year after the original offering, even though reliance could not be proved. For, as has been stated in an article in the *Yale Law Journal* by Professors Douglas and Bates: 'In most cases after a year or so the statements made in the registration would have become outmoded and wholly discounted by a host of other factors.'

3

A third difference between the English and American laws is that the English law imposes liability for an incorrect statement unless the director or investment banker can prove that he had reasonable ground to believe it to be true. The American law adds to the English law the further provision that, in determining what constitutes reasonable ground for belief, the standard of reasonableness shall be that of a fiduciary.

This difference also is a very practical one. The standard of care imposed upon a fiduciary is that imposed upon a trustee. It is substantially greater than that imposed upon an ordinary business man. Just how much greater is a matter of legal debate. However, the draftsmen of the Securities Act certainly believed that it imposed a higher degree of care or they would not have taken the pains to add this requirement to that contained in the English Act.

The importance of this difference can best be appreciated by a practical example. During the boom period there was a great deal

of chain-store financing. It never occurred to anyone at that time that long-term leases might be a liability rather than an asset. Yet, as a result of the depression, many of those chain stores which had long-term leases were compelled to go into bankruptcy, whereas the more fortunate stores with short-term leases have survived. Assuming that the Securities Act had been in effect at the time such securities were issued, should a court hold that, since a fiduciary is held up to a higher standard of care than an ordinary business man, failure to set forth the terms of the leases in the prospectus constituted the omission of material contracts not made in the ordinary course of business, which if he had used due care he would have mentioned, and that therefore he is liable? Hindsight is always better than foresight, and even under the British Act difficult questions of this kind arise; and juries in small communities naturally prejudiced against corporations and bankers will tend to decide such questions in favor of the small investor. Is it fair to impose a still further burden upon directors and bankers by setting up a more severe standard?

These questions, like most other questions under the Securities Act, are jury questions, and anyone familiar with the decisions of American juries in negligence cases knows that one of the real differences between England and America is the tendency, natural in a democratic community, to favor Main Street and not Wall Street. Who can say how much this will be increased when the judge in his charge to the jury must state that in determining whether the defendant has used due care they must judge him, not by the standards for an ordinary business man, but by the higher standard for a trustee?

There is a further practical side to the matter. If a mistake occurs in the registration statement, the burden of proof is on the defendant to show that with due care he could not have found it. Even if the fiduciary provision is omitted, he will still frequently have great difficulty in establishing his defense, although it may exist. How many of us could, if called into a court of law to-day, *prove* with respect to some transaction we entered into ten years ago

that we acted reasonably and with due care, when it has since developed that the transaction has turned out badly? Under the Act, the presumption is not of innocence but of guilt, and frequently an innocent man may be unable to overcome this presumption because of loss of records, death or absence from the country of the expert, partner, or employee who made the investigation of the particular company, or for other reasons.

4

The fourth difference between the English and American laws is that under the English law a director or banker is not liable if there is a mistake in any of the financial statements in the circular provided they have been verified by competent accountants. The Securities Act provides that the director or banker will be liable in such a case if the accountants have made a mistake, unless he can sustain the burden of proof that he had reasonable ground to believe that the statements were true.

In order to be safe under the American law what further investigation must the directors and bankers make? Must they employ a second firm of accountants to check the first? Why, in the absence of intentional fraud, if they have employed competent accountants to verify the figures, should they not be able safely to rely upon the accountants' report?

There is no reasonable answer to these questions. The American Act imposes an unfair burden in this regard upon the director and banker.

5

There is a fifth difference between the English and American laws. Under the English Act a member of an underwriting syndicate is not liable unless his name appears on the prospectus. The Securities Act provides that every member of the underwriting syndicate is subject to liability even though his name does not appear on the prospectus.

Accordingly, in order to avoid liability, the practice is frequently followed in England of having on the prospectus only the company's name or the name of some finance corporation formed for the purpose.

In America the practice is to have the names of the leading underwriters and also of the more important participants, and frequently, on a large issue, the names of numerous bankers appear on the circular.

Furthermore in America, while one or two banking houses in one of the large financial centres usually originate new financing, it is the practice to form syndicates consisting of investment bankers all over the United States, each taking small participations in the underwriting. For example, take the case of an issue of \$5,000,000 of bonds, on which a net profit of 3 per cent is paid. The two leading investment houses will each take a participation of \$500,000, upon which their net profit will be \$15,000 each, and forty investment houses throughout the country will each take a participation of \$100,000, upon which their net profit will be \$3000 each. If, subsequently, it should appear that through an absence of due care a material mistake had crept into the circular, the holders of the \$5,000,000 of bonds could recover the whole \$5,000,000 from either of the two leading bankers, each of whom made a profit of \$15,000 on the transaction, or from any of the forty other bankers, each of whom made a profit of \$3000.

This result would, on the face of it, seem inequitable and an undue burden upon the investment bankers. While it might be answered that any single investment banker could sue his associates and obtain contribution from them, it would be possible in many cases either that the associates were not financially responsible or, if a period of ten years had elapsed before suit had been brought, that his associates had gone out of business.

It would seem much fairer to amend the law so as to provide that no single investment banker could be sued for more than the total number of bonds representing his participation in the transaction and sold by him to the public. It should be noted that this suggestion is not to amend the American law so as to conform with the English Act by relieving those whose names do not appear on the prospectus; this would be going much too far in permitting bankers to avoid liability. However, even if the recommendation just made were adopted, it

would be possible that one of the leading bankers who had made a profit of \$15,000 would have to take back \$500,000 of the bonds which at the time may have proved worthless. And this would be the case not because of any fraud on his part, but merely because of the failure to use due care in discovering a mistake made by others.

Certainly an act which in its amended form would impose this risk of liability upon the bankers could not be said to be an act giving the bankers 'Sovereign Immunity.' On the contrary, investment bankers may well claim that the imposition of as great a liability as advocated in this article creates a risk which a prudent business man would not assume. Liability may rarely exist, but when it does the banker will probably be ruined; a 1 per cent chance of losing \$5,000,000 is far more serious than a 50 per cent chance of losing \$1000. And there is no other business in which the consequences of an innocent mistake can be as disastrous as they will be to the investment banker even if the Securities Act is amended to the extent proposed here. No dealer in automobiles is subject to the risk that, because of a single mistake, he can be successfully sued for an amount far greater than his capital and sufficient to bankrupt him several times over. Certainly no one can reasonably say, as does Mr. Flexner, that the acceptance of the amendments proposed in this article would be a great victory for Wall Street and would completely destroy the effectiveness of the Act.

IV

What will be the effect on American business if the Act is not amended?

Investment bankers are at the present time exceedingly unpopular. The cause of this unpopularity is in large part the fact that so many of the securities sold by them during the boom period have declined in value. However, the question is not whether investment bankers or any other group are deservedly or undeservedly unpopular, but whether they fulfill a necessary social function.

The furnishing of long-time capital is an essential cog in any economic system, whether capitalistic or communistic. It is

necessary for the refunding of existing issues, for the furnishing of capital to new businesses, and for the enlargement of facilities of existing businesses. Without it our entire industrial system would be jeopardized. And not only is this true in general, but it is especially true during a period of emergence from a great depression. This is an economic truism, but so important is it that a quotation will be of interest.

Mr. Leonard P. Ayres in *The Economics of Recovery* says:—

The unemployment that results from the decreased demand for durable goods is most of the depression unemployment. It can be cured by the sale of corporation bonds, and it is probably true that that is the only way it ever has been cured in our long economic history except by the advent of war.

Who should carry on the activity of furnishing this essential long-time financing? There are critics of the existing economic system who believe that this function should be assumed by the government. Professor A. A. Berle, Jr., writes in the *Yale Review*:—

In a word, it is not surprising that there is a definite movement to take many of the attributes of finance away from investment bankers and put them into the hands of the government.

Mr. G. D. H. Cole, in 'The Socialization of Banking,' advocates a National Investment Board which

would have to possess authority to raise capital from the public by borrowing, as such existing agencies as the Central Electricity Board are already authorized to do; and the government would be in a position, if it so desired, to guarantee these National Investment Board issues in whole or in part, in the same way as it has in the past guaranteed certain Public Utility issues—for example, in the case of the London Underground Railways. The Investment Board, thus raising its capital from the public, would then be in a position to reinvest it in approved schemes of economic development.

There is not sufficient space in this article to discuss whether or not this programme is desirable. It must be assumed for the purpose of any discussion of the Securities Act that investment banking is to be conducted by individuals and not by the government;

if the government is to take over the underwriting business, no Securities Act will be needed.

Who are these individuals to be? Under recent federal legislation, commercial banks have been forbidden to carry on this activity directly or indirectly except in the case of municipal or government bonds. Investment bankers thus remain as the only individuals to exercise this function, and they must be permitted to continue in business subject to proper regulation.

Would you, as a reasonable man with some capital, wish to enter the field of investment banking if the Securities Act remains unchanged? Would you wish to jeopardize your entire capital every time you took an underwriting participation and incur the risks of liability which arise under the Act not from fraud or dishonesty but from failure to live up to the requirements of care imposed? Would you, for a profit commensurate with the normal business risks in the transaction, subject yourself to contingent liabilities amounting to hundreds of times your profit?

Perhaps you would, and then again perhaps you would n't. No, it is not sulkiness or passive resistance to the Securities Act which makes investment bankers reluctant to underwrite new issues if the Act is not amended.

Just how much effect the Securities Act already has had is difficult to say. Undoubtedly some critics of the Act have gone too far in pointing to the small number of new security issues since July 1933 as evidence of the effect of the Act. The truth certainly is that the most important factor in producing this result has been the general business and financial condition of the country. It is impossible to measure scientifically the effect of the Securities Act as an obstacle to new financing. Very substantial effect it has had. Notwithstanding existing conditions, there has been since July 1933 a large amount of new offerings of municipal securities of both good and doubtful credit, which are exempt from the Securities Act. There are industrial issues, of at least as good credit rating, the issuance of which has been prevented by the Securities Act. Specific instances could be named where this has been true.

Of course it is not true that while the Securities Act remains unamended there will be no new financing subject to it. While up to the present time, with few exceptions, there has been no financing of major importance, undoubtedly there will be companies that have maturing bond issues which even in this market can easily be refunded. The directors of such a company are faced with the alternative of refusing to register the new refunding issues, with serious consequences to many thousands of the company's existing security holders, or of assuming the serious risks of the Act. The fact that they elect to choose the latter course will, of course, be no evidence that the Act has not a great deterrent effect upon new securities. Most directors and bankers, notwithstanding some views to the contrary, still have a sense of social responsibility, and will, if need be, subject themselves to personal risks to save their company and its stockholders from receivership. Where no such emergency exists, however, *the same directors and bankers will be loath to incur such risks merely for the purpose of raising additional capital to improve or expand the plant of their company.*

There is every reason to believe that if the Securities Act is not amended the following results will appear:—

1. It will be vastly more difficult for even the best companies to raise needed capital.

2. The profit spread demanded by such bankers as will be willing to assume the greatly augmented risk and the fees charged by experts will be substantially increased. The burden of this additional expense will of course fall on the stockholders of the companies selling the securities.

The ultimate result of all of these consequences may be to force the government to step in as the only or chief source for the supply of capital either for new enterprises or for the refunding of obligations of old enterprises.

Mr. Flexner, in his article, charges that, to the extent that the Securities Act is a deterrent on new financing, it is due to a boycott against the Act engineered by the bankers in reliance upon opinions of their counsel, who have conjured up wholly imaginary fears with respect to the opera-

tion of the Securities Act in a campaign to bring about its amendment.

The charge that lawyers have attempted to conjure up bogey men is baseless. The criticisms of the Act made above are not fanciful. The provisions of the law discussed above are clear. The dispute is solely whether those provisions are unfair and impose unreasonable risks upon directors and bankers.

There are numerous other criticisms of the Act which might be made. The writer has, however, carefully avoided commenting on any point on which lawyers might differ as to what the correct construction of the Act is. There are many provisions of the Act which are doubtful and ambiguous, and which if given a construction adverse to directors and bankers would even further increase their risks. That this is the view not only of corporation lawyers but of impartial students is evidenced by the following statement by Professors Douglas and Bates in the *Yale Law Journal*:—

There are many uncertainties and obscurities in the Act. Hence the ultimate interpretation as to its scope or applicability to many transactions and individuals is of necessity unpredictable. Once a transaction is held to fall within the Act, the nature and extent of liability remain uncertain. . . . If, therefore, it is the desire of Congress 'to protect the public with the least possible interference to honest business' in accordance with the President's mandate, the Act should be amended promptly not so as to change its fundamental principles but in order to make it unambiguous, clear, and consistent.

In any discussion of the ambiguities of the Act, fairness requires that praise be given to the Federal Trade Commission for the administrative rulings which they have been making under the Act and through which they have attempted to remove such ambiguities and mitigate some of the hardships of the Act.

V

The Securities Act in its present form will have a particularly harmful effect with respect to directors.

Under the Act the new and greater liabilities described above are imposed not only upon underwriters but upon directors.

They are imposed equally when a corporation issues securities to the public, when it gives its stockholders the right to subscribe to additional stock, and in certain forms of corporate reorganizations.

These new liabilities are imposed upon directors who themselves, in contradistinction to the bankers, are making no profit out of the transaction. They may be small stockholders or large stockholders, but as stockholders their interest in the company is only that of the other stockholders who are not directors. Again, they may be merely representatives of institutions owning securities of the company; or again they may be directors having no appreciable financial interest in the company, but asked to serve upon the board for the benefit of their business advice and experience. Why should such men be subjected to the new great liabilities of the Act which flow not from dishonesty or fraud but from errors or omissions in a circular or registration statement dealing with facts as to which they cannot have personal knowledge and with respect to which they must rely upon the officers of the company and others?

It is very easy to say that directors should know all about the business of their company. As a practical matter this simply is not possible. The only persons who can know all about the business of any company are the officers who devote their entire time to its affairs. Even then, in the case of a large company, no one officer can know all about everything. Yet the registration statement for which the directors must be responsible contains multitudinous facts which no one person can possibly know about. Has the reader any idea what is in a registration statement? Anyone who thinks that a registration statement is like the short circular required by the English Act, which can be easily read and checked by each director, is living in a fool's paradise. Although it may seem incredible, under the Securities Act the registration statement of a large company will of necessity be a printed book of two or three hundred pages. How can a director possibly himself check the correctness of everything in it, using the high standard of care required by the Act in making this check? An inadvertent error may make him liable for the whole issue.

If he has relied upon honest and competent executives carefully selected; if he has employed expert accountants and counsel of integrity and standing and has honestly relied upon them, it would seem that he has fully discharged his duty. To impose a further duty of checking seems impracticable.

The liabilities imposed by the Securities Act upon directors are unreasonable. If the Act is not changed it will tend to have the effect of reducing boards of directors to the operating officers of the companies. Such a result would be socially most undesirable. No one familiar with the affairs of corporations can fail to realize the importance of having upon their boards of directors men of broad business experience and judgment who themselves have no direct connection with the operation of the company and who can bring to bear upon the company's particular problems the experience gained in wider fields. The liberalizing effect upon operating officials of the point of view of outside directors is not generally realized.

It is of course true that a practice has developed in the United States of having large and unwieldy boards of directors, many of the members of which know nothing about the corporation's affairs and merely lend their names to it. This practice is properly to be condemned, and the Banking Act of 1933, in reducing the membership of boards of directors of banks to a maximum number, is the expression of a sound policy. However, it would be equally unsound to create through the Securities Act a situation where no outside directors would be willing to continue to serve and the officers of our vast corporations would be left as the sole directors.

For the legitimate protection of these outside directors, the Securities Act should be amended so as to include the section in the British Act providing that, with respect to a director, if it appears 'that he has acted honestly and reasonably and that, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, including those connected with his appointment, he ought fairly to be excused for the negligence, default, breach of duty or breach of trust, the court may relieve him either wholly or partly, from his liability.'

VI

Some of the effects on bankers and directors if the Securities Act is not amended have been pointed out. There is another very important effect of the Securities Act in its present form. This effect will be produced on the existing holders of securities of all companies which may hereafter have to finance. It also will be produced upon the credit standing of such companies.

These effects proceed from the fact that the Securities Act imposes a further and additional special liability upon the corporations themselves issuing new securities.

In an action against underwriters and directors there is always the possibility of a defense upon the ground that the mistake in the prospectus could not have been discovered by one using a fiduciary's standard of reasonable care.

In an action against the corporation itself, this defense is not permitted; the liability is absolute if there is a material mistake in the prospectus.

The effect of this provision is that if, with the best of intentions, a material error or omission appears in the prospectus, and even though it could not have been discovered if the highest standard of care possible had been lived up to, nevertheless the purchaser of the security can recover the purchase price from the company unless it can be proved that he knew of the error or omission at the time of his purchase. From this it follows that if the company has gotten into financial difficulties, or is in bankruptcy or receivership, someone who purchased common stock ten years previously may have a claim against the company ranking equally with the claims of creditors.

This means that bona fide bondholders, merchandise creditors, and commercial bank creditors may have to share the company's assets in bankruptcy with common stockholders just because there was an unavoidable mistake in the circular. The existence of this liability may put in jeopardy the credit of any company which has sold stock within ten years.

It is impossible to see how this result is a just one. Needless to say, of course, the English law is contrary.

This absolute liability provision of the Securities Act also applies another way. The Act provides that anyone who controls a company is likewise absolutely liable in the same way as the company itself. The Act does not define 'controls,' and, as has been well stated elsewhere, 'no one knows what "controls" will be held to mean.' At any rate, it certainly includes an individual or an estate or a charitable institution, like the Hershey Foundation, which, while having no active control over a company's affairs, owns a majority of the voting stock or a lesser amount sufficient to assure the election of the board of directors.

What possible reason is there why such a stockholder should be held absolutely liable because the corporation in which the stock is owned has, in issuing a security, accidentally made a mistake in a circular, and when there has been present not only no dishonesty but not even any carelessness? This result, which, of course, is not produced by the English Act, is indefensible.

Obviously, this criticism of the 'control' provision of the Act does not mean that it should be entirely eliminated. It is only in the type of case discussed above that it produces an unsound result. Of course underwriters should not be permitted to avoid their proper liabilities by forming dummy companies with a nominal capital to carry out their transactions.

VII

The issue in the so-called fight on the Securities Act is a perfectly simple one. Like most legal questions, it is a matter of degree and of where to draw the line. On the scales of justice must be balanced, on the one side proper protection to investors, and on the other side the avoidance of undue burden upon legitimate business. The writer does not object to protection to investors. On the contrary, he believes in it whole-heartedly and would join the supporters of the Act if the issue were its repeal instead of merely its amendment in certain respects. If all false issues are ignored and

the arguments presented above are considered on their merits, the writer, at least, is convinced that a majority of impartial readers must agree that the Securities Act needs amendment.

If this conclusion is accepted, how shall amendment be accomplished? Speed is essential, since it is desirable to remove as promptly as possible the existing brake on new long-time financing. At the same time, it is necessary to create machinery to ensure that the amendments proposed are carefully drawn, reasonable, and do not go too far.

To that end the following dual programme is suggested:—

First: Immediate enactment by Congress of the eight amendments proposed in this article. All of them are merely proposals to eliminate differences between the Securities Act and the English Act. Even if the views herein set forth are deemed in part unsound, no great social harm could result if, for a period of six months or a year, American investors were to be given protection which is *greater* than that accorded to English investors. On the other hand, the advantage would be that during this period the harmful effects on business, which many persons believe to exist under the present form of the Act, would be eliminated.

Second: The appointment by President Roosevelt of a committee with a personnel of such unimpeachable standing that it will command public confidence. Such a committee might properly include in its membership an industrialist, an investment banker, a corporation lawyer, an economist, a professor of law, a legislative drafting expert, an accountant, one of the draftsmen of the present Act, and a member of the Federal Trade Commission. Such a committee should be instructed to make a thorough study of the Act and of possible amendments, and be required to hold full public hearings at which all points of view may be presented, and to report its recommendations within a period of six to twelve months so as to enable Congress at its next session to enact well-considered and permanent legislation upon this subject.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I CARRY A CANE

In the American scene a man who carries a cane except to church or a party separates himself from the common walk. His cane is an anomaly. No American newspaper would think to ask, as did the *London Chronicle* in 1762, 'Do not some of us strut about with walking-sticks as long as hickory poles, or else with a yard of varnished cane scraped taper . . . which switch we hug under our arms?' The practice, I imagine, was copy-catted in the colonies, but patriotically abandoned by most during and after the Revolution. A few clung; and as time went on the present convention became established.

It is as true as when Plautus said it that men do more things by habit than by reason; and that, as I tell the curious, is why I carry a cane. I call it a stick; but the curious seem always to call it a cane, this name being apparently associated with its legitimate use by the aged or infirm. 'Do you,' they ask, hinting at some secret infirmity, 'need a cane?' And then — 'But why do you carry it?' It is a harmless habit whose many advantages could not have been an incentive. These an habitual cane-carrier can learn only by long experience.

Looking far enough back, however, it becomes evident that evolution *needed* a cane, and that man and his cane descended from the tree together. Although there is now difference of informed opinion as to whether man descended from a monkey, it seems agreed that he descended from a tree. Time and again, for accidents must have happened, he came down and climbed back. But at long last, by happy juxtaposition of a reaching, though rudimentary, hand and an unreliable branch, he brought his cane with him — a stout limb, torn from the parent trunk, which enabled him to stand erect, survey the plain, and take his first faltering but manly steps. Others watched from the tree, tore off their canes, and

descended more cautiously. Others heard of it. Wherever they went they took their canes with them. The cane of Pithecanthropus, better known as the Java Man, had, I cannot but believe, long mouldered into dust somewhere in the neighborhood of his more enduring skull.

Professor Julius Lippert, in his *Die Kulturgeschichte in einzelnen Hauptstücken*, says that the staff — by which obviously he means this first cane or stick — 'must be regarded as the very foundation of man's external equipment.' As the legs strengthened, the staff shortened: it became a club, and, in combination with stone or metal, a tool or a weapon. The staff proper, sharpened at one end, was a spear as well as a walking-stick; curved at one end, it continued cane but was also crook, a noteworthy improvement when shepherds pursued their sheep. For pastoral suggestion the crook was retained in the cane and crosier of an archbishop, and, thus associated with religion, in the pilgrim's staff. Various ornamented for royal use, Pithecanthropus's rude stick came in time to be at once a cane and a sceptre. The church-goer is still a pilgrim; and Mrs. Post advises a plain stick of Malacca or other wood, ornamented at most with a plain silver band or top, as the accompaniment of formal male dress. The advice makes it incumbent, and a gentleman may do no less. What separates the habitual cane-carrier is that he carries his cane with the informal attire commonly designated as his business suit.

It should, I think, be fairly evident, in the restricted sense in which the business-suited use the word, that I *need* no cane. As likely as not I am carrying it without visible need, walking on sound legs, the stick projecting before me at a downward angle, and, if somebody tries unexpectedly to cross my path, promptly tripping him up. This is rare and his own fault; but it may happen, especially in a railway station,

and one should always be careful not to carry his stick that way in that place. If it does happen, it were best in a railway station, for there the heedless, one-idea'd fellow will probably pick himself up and go on without looking back. Well he knows, even while being upset, that no train will wait for him to stop and ask a stranger why he carries a cane. Later, I hope, he will remember his Shakespeare:—

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

But there are other uses than discouraging undignified haste. As Professor Lippert wrote, 'the staff was an artificial extension of the arm,' and it will often happen to any man, though customary canelessness keep him from realizing it, that such extension would be serviceable. The other day, for example, I stood on a curb estimating the speed of an approaching motor truck and debating whether to stop or go. The wind blew. I had my staff in my hand, resting on it as Jacob (see Hebrews 11.21) when he worshiped. I was still undecided when my hat went—in a graceful arc. It came down on its brim and looked, so I could not help thinking, as if I still had it on and were being swallowed up by the pavement—like a pitiless quicksand. The horrified driver applied his brake. The truck quivered and stopped—directly over my hat.

A caneless man would have had to crawl under the truck. He would have looked like a baby, risked death, and soiled the knees of his business suit. With my artificially extended arm I extracted my hat. The driver and I saluted each other, he with his hand and I with my stick, and the truck moved on.

This incident was exceptional (like tripping the man up, and I have been glad ever since that he was n't a lady), but the loss, chase, and recovery of the hat are a common experience. A caneless man may then run till he pants, stopping, stooping, reaching, straightening, and again running; whereas with an artificially lengthened arm he might have pinned the fugitive to the pavement and had it back on his head almost before anybody else knew what had happened. Common, too, is the occasion when a man must knock on a door; then the caneless man abuses his bones, but I knock

with my stick. It is useful to draw maps, diagrams, or imaginative pictures in sand, mud, or gravel. Kipling refers to the antiquity of this practice, —

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first
on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and
scratched with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen
was joy to his mighty heart, —

and I think would agree with me that Adam walked in the Garden with the same stick. Every man must sometimes willy-nilly converse patiently while standing up in public, and in this emergency a stick to lean on is next best to a seat. I have been told, though I have had no opportunity to try it, how to repel assault and kill the assailant with two movements of the cane. He rushes. I point my stick at his middle. He promptly bends over. I sidestep and strike him at the base of his skull. He falls dead and I go on my way, no doubt twirling my stick. Other uses—to knock the ashes from the pipe, to summon the taxi, to salute the acquaintance in the motor car, to remove the newspaper that the vandal has thrown on the sidewalk, etc., etc.—will occur to any habitual cane-carrier.

'Le législateur des Hébreux, Moïse,' wrote M. René-Marie Cazal in his *Essai historique, anecdotique sur le parapluie, l'ombrelle et la canne*, 'avait changé sa canne en serpent pour vaincre l'incrédulité de Pharaon; il avait séparé les eaux de la mer Rouge en étendant sa canne sur les flots; au milieu du désert, il avait éteint la soif de tout son peuple en frappant de sa canne des rochers stériles d'où jaillirent des sources d'eau limpide.'

Here some reader may object that Scripture calls it a rod. I would remind him that canes and rods have both been correctionally used. The well-known rod mentioned by Solomon was reasonably as long as the cane M. Cazal tells me Louis XIV threw out of the window. He was peeved by the Duc de Lauzun—and out went his cane. 'For not to strike with it,' cried he, 'a gentleman!' I would remind him also of two lines in an ancient ballad:—

Wi' walkin' rod intil his hand,
He walked the castle roun'.

But enough and enough. In the time of Louis XIII, M. Cazal tells me, 'tous les gentilshommes portaient des jolies cannes,' some of which were hollow, and through them, like little wanton boys that play with bean blowers, gentlemen blew at ladies 'des bonbons entourés de déclarations et de poétiques hommages.' It was a pretty custom. I am glad that M. Cazal, now I hope carrying his cane under his wing, did not omit it.

But it is only when, like Moses, one habitually carries a stick that he knows its companionability and becomes attached to it as a smoker to his pipe. Stick and pipe, indeed, seem to go together. I find myself disappointed that Hazlitt, afoot on a journey and enumerating the blue sky, green turf, winding road, and dinner to come, did not include a stick in his hand and a pipe in his mouth. 'I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy,' he wrote, describing behavior on a 'lone heath.' Plainly he had no pipe in his mouth; and had he carried a cane I think he would have added, 'I throw my cane in the air, I catch my cane as it comes down.' It is, I grant you, but a wooden comrade; yet man has a way of coming to regard with affection his pleasanter inanimate associates. So a tobaccoist might have become attached to his Indian, a pilgrim to his staff, or, as M. Cazal would add, 'Moïse à sa canne.' But who carries his stick only to church or a party can never know this companion-ship. His stick might be anybody's, provided it would not offend Mrs. Post; and if Mrs. Post said so he would bedeck it with ribbons like Charles II. Such a man, in short, honestly wonders why I carry a cane.

For myself, I would have no cane without a crook, and am well pleased that my staff has again come to be called a stick. So I believe it was when the first cane-carriers stood in the vestibule of recorded time. In the dawn of speech a sound meaning 'tree' would naturally have preceded a sound meaning 'stick' or 'part-of-a-tree.' As the first canes came from trees, and man in the making had already long ago descended, the name that Pithecanthropus gave his cane would logically have been stick. We have come back to

that name after many departures. Staff, rod, bourdon (see *Piers Plowman*), —

Apparailed as a paynim
In pilgrim's wise,
He bar a bourdoun, —

walking-rod, cane, walking-stick, etc., each has served man, in the appreciative words of M. Cazal, to develop the graces of his youth, enhance the nobility of his mature years, and support the weakness of his senility. Attached as I am to my stick, it is often important that my stick should be attached to me. For such attachment the unknown shepherd who so long ago surprised his flock with an improved staff did more than he meant. With a proper crook to hang it over his arm, a man and his stick are one and inseparable.

AN ATLANTIC MIRACLE

THE *Atlantic* lay open on the desk. As I lifted it and faced the room I admitted inwardly that I felt desperate, defeated already. The words of Mrs. Davis, veteran teacher in the Florida school where the national crisis had landed me, sounded again in my ears: 'You can't be thinking of using the *Atlantic* in your reading hour! Nothing could more surely prove you a beginner. You don't know these cracker children. No, I don't care what sort of article it is — it can't be done.' I had smiled calmly then. I had been all confidence. But that was morning, with some semblance of life and coolness in the air. And now!

I looked about the room. Wet hands pushed the damp hair back from eyes that were glazed with heat and drowsiness; here and there a head was laid on a bent arm, frankly courting slumber. Improvised fans waved lazily, a continual puffing came to my ears, a soft blowing away of the myriads of gnats from eyes, mouths, and noses. Outside, the Spanish moss hung motionless from the live oaks in the yard. It was September, just three days after the hurricane, and it was 'greenhouse weather.' All the great casement windows stood wide open, yet no air came in. It seemed there was no air in all the world. I clutched my failing courage

in both hands and smiled. 'You will like this story especially well,' I said, 'because it's true.' And with a long breath I began.

The minutes passed. I turned the page. Without looking up I knew the fans were slowing their tempo, that they were still. The room was quiet now, but not with sleep. On the printed page before me the wind rose, the sea rose with it, and the boat, so small and defenseless in that vast immensity of tumbling water, fought for her life, shaking herself free of one great wave to pause an instant on its crest defiantly and plunge again. Skylights were broken in, the galley was awash, the ship groaned in every joint, and the men upon her toiled and struggled, battling with that angry force, tremendous and unceasing. Fear and courage fought for the possession of their minds and wills. Then suddenly the sun shone from a blue sky, and the wind was gone. There remained only the mountain-high, tumultuous sea.

I paused and looked up at last. Thirty-six pairs of wide eyes were fixed upon me. Loren, the oldest boy, spoke quickly. 'It ain' gonna last long. The big blow'll be on 'em in hafe an hour. It only taken thet long Monday.' My eyes lifted from his face to the open window. Almost lost to sight in the mass of wreckage along the roadway, — pine trees, oaks, and palms, and tangled telephone wires, — two men were working. A pine, partially uprooted, hung dangerously askew above the field of their labors. The slit had been made, the wedge inserted, the men lifted their axes, flashing in the sunshine. Their heads appeared like tiny dark dots in the deep tangle of green. A few dull blows, and then the cracking sound, and the heavy thud as the tree fell. My eyes came back to the waiting eyes below me. I looked as serious as they. 'We shall see,' I said.

The 'big blow' came. Night fell, the seas broke over the ship. They tore off her hatches, they broke down her doors, they rushed into every nook and cranny of her. The lights went out, the engines stopped, the end came. Thirty-seven of us, quite breathless, watched the *Clark* sink, and with mingled hope and horror assembled six of her crew upon a raft. The weary days

passed, our spirits rising with each faint smudge of smoke on the horizon, despair seizing us as each hope failed. When at last a sailing vessel sighted the raft and rescued the almost dying men, we breathed a soft but audible sigh. The last words were read, presenting as ruined and penniless the hero of this true and heartening tale of high courage on the great sea, this tale whose awesome demon had touched us, also, with his finger only three days ago. A chorus of questions arose. His name? When did it happen? How old was he? Where does he live now? Did he go back to life as a sailor? What does he do for his living? And, wonder of wonders, to each question an answer was brought forth.

I laid the magazine down, closed now, on my desk, and touched its cover gratefully. December 1929. How many times, and for how many reasons had I been grateful to my files of old *Atlantics*! I glanced at my schedule, stole a guilty look at the clock, and plunged into the business of the afternoon.

After school, poised for homeward flight, books and papers tucked under my arm, I stood talking with other teachers in the hallway. Mrs. Davis was among them, and suddenly I wanted to tell her, before leaving, of the successful reading hour. But as I started to speak Willie appeared from my room, where he had been putting forth one last desperate effort toward evolving something that approximated English upon his English paper. His eyes fell, not on me, but on something underneath my arm. He touched it with a hesitant finger. 'Air you agoin' to take the little yeller book home?' he asked me anxiously. 'We ain't finished all the stories, hev we? We'd be proud to hear some more to-morro.' I smiled at him. 'Not to-morrow, Willie. I've planned something else for to-morrow. But I'll bring it back. We'll have the little yellow book again.' His smile flashed back. 'Thet's grand!' he said, and was off.

Mrs. Davis looked after him, as he picked his way through the debris of the storm in the hot blaze of the afternoon sunshine. 'I've seen wonders and marvels in my day,' she said slowly, 'but thet thar,' — falling into the vernacular, — 'thet thar's a miracle!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'FROM MED to MUM,' by **James Norman Hall**, is not only an adventure of his own, but, vicariously, an adventure of the *Atlantic's* as well. After completing *Mutiny on the Bounty* and its sequel, *Men Against the Sea*, Hall and his collaborator, Charles Nordhoff, still had a third of their epic ahead of them. The extraordinary exploits of the mutineers and the history of the colony on Pitcairn Island remained to be told. Pitcairn rears its rocky head from the thundering surf of the mid-Pacific, and on it to this day live the descendants of the *Bounty's* mutineers — one really ought to go there and look the place over before writing about it. So thought Hall, and last August he bade farewell to Nordhoff at Tahiti and set sail for the strangest island in the world, expecting to be gone only a month.

Time passed, the month was up, Hall did not appear. More days went by, then a week, and Nordhoff wrote us a letter. Hall was overdue and no word had come from him; the boat to which he had entrusted his life was a leaky old tub; anything might have happened, and Nordhoff was anxious. So were we. No news may be good news, but at such a time silence is ominous.

The days grew into weeks, the weeks into a month — two months — and still there was no word. Finally, in late November, came a second report from Nordhoff. Several garbled radio messages had been picked up at Tahiti; Hall's ship was wrecked on an uninhabited atoll and one life lost; it appeared that Hall was safe, but the messages were so confused that it was hard to make out just what had occurred. Relief . . . then new uncertainties and anxiety . . . hope.

Shortly thereafter a hastily penned note from Hall himself put an end to our fears: —

When I left for Pitcairn Island on August 17, I thought I should be at Tahiti again by September 20 at the latest. But there seems to be a fatality connected with the *Bounty* that carries over even to the year 1933. The *Pro Patria*, the schooner on which I was traveling, was wrecked at three o'clock in the morning, September 15, on an un-

inhabited coral island called Timor, 300 miles from Pitcairn and 900 from Tahiti. It was a memorable experience and I have no desire to go through another like it. Then we had some open-boat voyaging of our own to do.

I have just arrived at home at 9.30 this evening after a 500-mile voyage from the island of Hao, in the Low Islands, eighteen of us in a six-ton cutter boat. I have had very little sleep this past week, and am now ready for bed. But I wanted to send you a brief note first, for I find that the north-bound mail boat is in and due to leave at six to-morrow morning.

Fortunately the shipwreck occurred after we had been at Pitcairn. I had two full days and one night ashore there, and the experience was well worth being shipwrecked for. I met all the ghosts of the *Bounty's* company. I can't go into the details now, but will give you the full account next month.

And so he did and here it is — to be published in full in this and succeeding issues of the *Atlantic*.

Nickerson Southward ('This Question of Salary') is the pen name of a business man who has been engaged in competitive industry, both in manufacturing and in commerce, and has also had important connections in the utility field. **Louise Crothers** ('Charles W. Eliot') is the widow of the late Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, who, remembered by *Atlantic* readers as an essayist of the first water, was pastor of the Unitarian church in Cambridge where Dr. Eliot was invariably to be seen on Sunday mornings. Δ Unique has been the career of **Margaret Dana**: she is a specialist in the merchandising problems of Main Street. She owned several shops in small towns and was so successful with them that she began to offer a merchandising service to country storekeepers, which included instruction in styling, buying, advertising, window dressing, and salesmanship. In the course of this work she had the 'good luck,' as she calls it, to save many small stores from threatened ruin, and became so interested in their problems that she chose a section of the country as a

living laboratory and has spent the past two and a half years getting at the bottom of their troubles. 'Elegy of the Country Storekeeper' summarizes some of the results of her study. **Curtis Billings** ('Are You Safe to Drive?') is a member of the staff of the Public Safety Division of the National Safety Council. Δ In the Graduate School of Columbia University there is now enrolled a Chinese student named **P. K. Mok**, who is preparing to return to his native land to teach comparative literature and to engage in editing. Though young, he has already taken part in exciting and dangerous events. In 1927, when he lived in Canton, he was able to watch from two strategic points the gathering clouds of civil unrest which he has so graphically described in 'Red Storm.' As a neighbor of Odenov, he knew well that fomentor of discord; in fact, the agitator lived in a house belonging to Mr. Mok's family, and it was the young man's delicate duty to call once a month and collect the rent from the Communist who was even then plotting to abolish all private property. At the same time, he frequently ate with the coolies and dock hands at Old Sam's restaurant, where he cracked jokes with Gold-Tooth Four and, as he puts it, 'let them divide my property — tobacco — without their discovering that I did not belong.' Δ 'Diversities of Gifts' is another of **F. Lyman Windolph's** portraits of King Street, the thoroughfare in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on which he has his law office. **Charlotte Kellogg** ('Countersign'), energetic in humanitarian enterprise, is a poet and biographer. Her most recent book, *Jadwiga, Poland's Great Queen*, has gone through three editions. She is the wife of Vernon Kellogg, the well-known zoölogist.

George A. Sloan ('First Flight of the Blue Eagle') is president of the Cotton-Textile Institute, and chairman of the code authority for the cotton textile industry. Δ 'People Who Have Crossed Our Threshold' is but one segment lifted from the kaleidoscope of **Lillian D. Wald's** forty years as head of New York's Henry Street Settlement. The whole of it is contained in her volume, *Windows on Henry Street*, to be published early in March by the Atlantic Monthly Press. **Roderick Lull** ('The Death of Mr. Barker') is a young man who knew how to apply the advice of Horace Greeley in reverse. Born in California and now living in Portland, Oregon, he sent his story East for his first signal recognition. Δ

Such a monument to exacting scholarship is the *Oxford English Dictionary*, recently completed with the publication of the Supplement, that one is able to understand the modesty of **Ernest Weekley** when he characterizes his 'Words, Words, Words' as no more than 'random nibbles' at it. Head of the Modern Language Department at University College, Nottingham, Professor Weekley has published a dozen authoritative volumes on philology and linguistics. Δ The author of 'When the World Crashes' is a Presbyterian minister who for obvious reasons prefers to remain anonymous. **Josephine W. Johnson** ('Under the Sound of Voices') is a young American writer who, whether she composes in prose or verse, is always the poet.

The *Atlantic* does not attempt to report 'spot news,' but when some event of international significance occurs the editors consider it their function to help readers to an understanding of the background. As with the Kreuger case, the *Atlantic* cabled to an experienced European **Observer** and is glad to be able to present the first detailed and authoritative account of 'The Stavisky Scandal' which at this very moment is rocking France. To catch up with the rush of events it was necessary to tear the issue apart, but *voilà!* — here it is. **Eustace Seligman** ('Amend the Securities Act') has practised at the bar for twenty years and is a member of the New York law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell. He is the son of Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, emeritus professor of economics at Columbia University. He is one of the two directors representing the public interest of the Federal Home Loan Bank for his district, as well as a director of various other corporations. His interests include a trusteeship of the Foreign Policy Association and membership on the advisory council of the American Labor Legislation Association.

From the depths.

Dear Atlantic, —

With heartfelt gratitude and blessings I write this note of thanks for Father Wilbur's 'Preface to Catholicism' in your November issue.

Years ago I was well trained by the sisters, but arrived at no understanding. I had not the depth to 'see' beyond church rules and laws. It was just a show, without meaning to me. I went my own restless, wayward way, piling up difficulties for myself. Divorce and remarriage before I was

The "Growing Pains" Delusion

"Looks to me as though you have been enjoying a lot of growing pains since I sold you that suit."



CONTRARY to widespread belief, children do not suffer pain just because Nature is making their bones longer and their muscles stronger. It does not hurt to grow.

Whenever a child suffers from so-called "growing pains," a thorough investigation should be made by a physician. "Growing pains" come from definite causes. Among them are improper nourishment, muscular fatigue following over-exertion, exposure to cold or inclement weather when not suitably clothed, improper posture which may induce flat feet, round shoulders, round back, flat chest, pot-belly, curvature of the spine. Tuberculosis of the joints is a rare cause.

One of the most serious causes of "growing pains" in childhood is rheumatic infection. Indeed, if disregarded,

it may lead to permanent damage to the heart.

The onset of rheumatic infection is often so insidious that its danger to the heart may be unsuspected. This infection may cause a sore throat, as well as pains in the legs, arms or elsewhere; occasionally St. Vitus' dance. Sometimes it is accompanied by a steady, low fever. A child with rheumatic infection may look anemic, may be listless and may have no desire to romp and play. He may have little appetite and may lose weight.

While sunshine, rest, fresh air and nourishing food often help Nature to effect a cure if the disease has not progressed too far, do not delay having a needed medical examination if your child has "growing pains." He may be in great danger—the danger of permanent heart trouble.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

twenty-six put me entirely away from the Church and my own people.

The years brought babies and tears and struggles and heartaches. Only my God and myself know the bitter seeking and trying and failing, the despair, the trying again, the almost quitting.

Now, watching alone through the night with a dying baby in my arms, I quote what I understand from Father Wilbur's piece: 'When those who have practically sunk themselves deep in the mystery of suffering experience with ineffable joy that somehow a Strange Presence or Otherness comes in the depths of their hearts to suffer in them, with them, and somehow instead of them . . . they identify this Mysterious Stranger.'

This is what I wanted to know twenty years ago, but did not understand.

Do you mind if I do not sign my name? I am the 'respected' wife of a noble man and mother of four noble children in our small community.

A READER

An ex-soldier's point of view.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have followed with interest Mr. Burlingame's series of articles entitled 'The Embattled Veterans.' I am a veteran of the Spanish-American War and of the World War. In the first I was just a buck, in the latter an officer in the 32nd Division.

I think it is fair to point out that the soldier of the Spanish-American War served at a time when the pension policy of the United States had been fixed by years of law and regulation worked out for the veterans of the Civil War and of earlier wars. At the outset of the World War the government announced a change in policy by which disabilities incurred in service would be compensated according to degree. Every man who served on the Border in 1916 knows that the pay of a private was \$15 a month, and every man who served in 1917 knows it was \$30 with 10 per cent increase for overseas.

For the veteran of 1898 there was no doubling of pay, no War Risk Insurance, no federal bonus on discharge, no state bonus, no adjusted compensation certificate, no anti-typhoid shots. There was not even a promise of an adequate monthly allowance in the event a soldier was disabled in the service. The men of the Spanish-American War never even thought of such things. They did believe that they would be treated like the Civil War veterans and that in their old age they might have help from the pension bureau instead of going on poor relief.

In 1918, I looked upon the faces of men who died carrying out my orders. It was not pleasant. In 1898, I was one of an army of 2500 typhoid patients in the 2nd Division hospital of the 7th Army Corps at Jacksonville, Florida. In that hospital boys too weak to help themselves lay with flies upon their lips, teeth, and tongue.

There were no trained nurses, not even tents, cots, and bedding ready when I was admitted. That was not a pleasant experience, either. If there had been such things as honor rolls back in 1898, my company could have shown almost as many gold stars as its home town displayed after 1918 with six times as many men in service. A great typhoid epidemic can kill and disable as surely as shot and shell.

The men I saw upon the battlefields of France and the men I saw neglected in the hospitals in 1898 surely have a preferred claim upon this nation that cannot be discharged by telling them to go to the poor officers of their towns and cities. No such treatment will be acceptable, and no leader ever has had or ever will have any authority to pledge the service men's support to such a proposition.

G. W. GARLOCK
West Salem, Wisconsin

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.

Dear Atlantic, —

I am one of those retiring, silent readers who seldom, if ever, write a letter to the editor. I am breaking that precedent now simply to pay a compliment and to make a plea.

I have been a subscriber to the *Atlantic* for many years, and I like it because, having reached a high state of perfection, it needs not and does not change, fundamentally, though it may and does continue to improve.

Time and again I have had the disconcerting experience of having some magazine to which I had become attached blazon out suddenly with the screaming announcement of a change — a change of style, a change of cover, of type, of characteristic features, of editors, of publishers, of what not. And in nearly every instance the change has been decidedly for the worse.

Don't try to paint a lily. Therefore, my plea: Do not change the *Atlantic*.

ROBERT L. NOURSE, M.D.
Boise, Idaho

Omission.

Dear Atlantic, —

In my article, 'The Fight on the Securities Act,' published in your issue for February, in the second paragraph of the second column on page 236, I overlooked mentioning the Banking and Currency Committee of the Senate, and I want to take the opportunity of saying that this committee held hearings over a period of weeks on the bill and passed it. It differed from the House bill, and a conferees' bill was adopted in both houses without dissent. I should have stated that both the Senate and the House devoted weeks of study to the bill.

BERNARD FLEXNER
New York City